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IND

25¢

APR.

JACKY-JACKY:

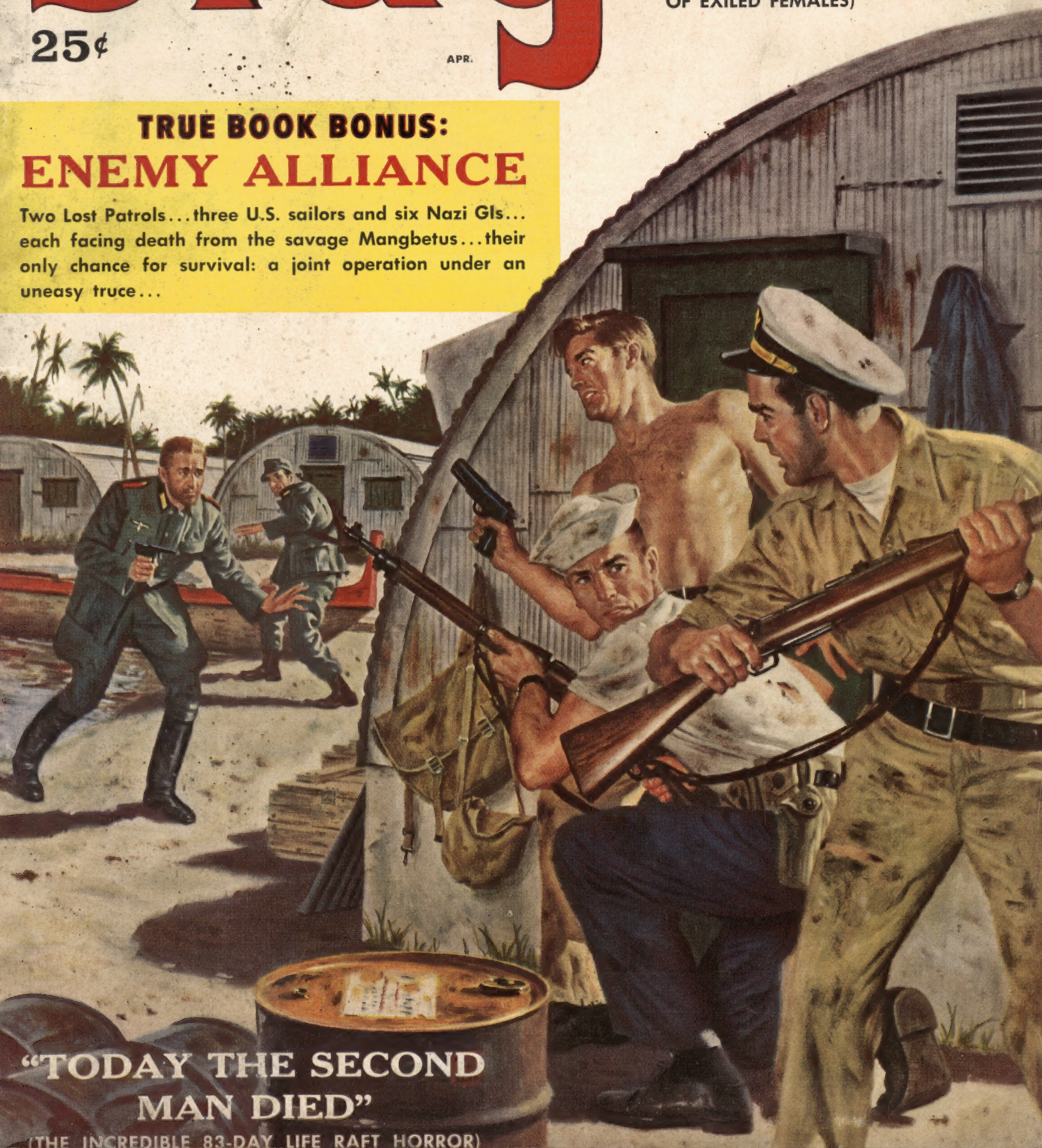
KING OF CONVICT WOMEN ISLAND

(HE RULED A SOUTH SEA COMPOUND OF EXILED FEMALES)

TRUE BOOK BONUS:

ENEMY ALLIANCE

Two Lost Patrols... three U.S. sailors and six Nazi GIs... each facing death from the savage Mangbetus... their only chance for survival: a joint operation under an uneasy truce...



"TODAY THE SECOND MAN DIED"

(THE INCREDIBLE 83-DAY LIFE RAFT HORROR)

ENTER FREE!

NEW MOLLÉ QUICKIE CONTEST!

HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN JUST 14 DAYS

FIRST PRIZE $1500.00 Cash!

$150.00 SECOND PRIZE | **$50.00 THIRD PRIZE** | **4th through 20th PRIZES, each $5.00** | **21st through 100th PRIZES, each $1.00** | **100 PRIZES Altogether!**

YES, YOU ENTER FREE! — AND THERE ARE NO JINGLES TO COMPOSE, NO STATEMENTS TO WRITE!

HERE IT IS—the NEW Molle Quickie Contest—it's FAST, it's FAIR, it's FUN, and it costs you nothing to enter. No wonder the Quickie Contest has, almost overnight, become America's favorite puzzle game for the entire family! Study the Sample Puzzle at right—there are NO Tricks, NO Catches—this is a contest based on SKILL ALONE with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not on the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail to you personally the High Score for this puzzle! QUICK enough? FAIR enough? FUN enough? Don't delay—Act today! Think of the CASH that might be yours!

HOW TO SOLVE THIS OFFICIAL PUZZLE

1. First identify the object shown below.
2. Enter the name of this object somewhere in the puzzle frame.
3. Then select other words from the Official Word list to complete a solution to this puzzle. Three words must read **across** and three words must read **down.** Each of the letters used is worth a certain number of points as determined from the Table of Official Letter Values. Add up the Letter Values for the **nine** letters used and you've got a Total Score for this Official Puzzle. The idea is to get the highest score possible.

TOTAL SCORE

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ABB	BEG	DUN	NET
ACE	BIS	DUO	ORA
ADD	BOO	EAT	ORE
ADZ	DEN	EGO	PUP
AGE	DID	ERA	SEA
ALA	DIE	GET	TEA
ALB	DIG	HUM	TON
ATE	DOE	ICE	TOO
BAT	DOG	JUS	ZOO
BED	DUG	LOO	

OFFICIAL LETTER VALUES

A — 10	N — 10
B — 10	O — 10
C — 5	P — 5
D — 10	Q — 0
E — 10	R — 10
F — 7	S — 2
G — 10	T — 10
H — 9	U — 8
I — 3	V — 7
J — 1	W — 5
K — 8	X — 4
L — 10	Y — 2
M — 6	Z — 10

BONUS PRIZE! GET SOMEONE ELSE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BONUS PRIZE OF AN EXTRA $500 CASH IF YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE!

To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

EASY RULES

1. ENTRY COUPON. Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. 3 words must read Across and 3 words must read Down. One of the words used must be the identity of the object illustrated in the Official Puzzle. Each of the 9 letters used is worth a certain number of points—add them up and you've got your score. That's right—add the values for the 9 letters—**but add them only once as shown** in the sample! The 6 words must be from the Word List—the Letter Values are listed beside the Word List. Use no word more than once.

2. PRIZES. The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

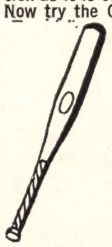
3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER. This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over $500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. TIES. Ties are to be expected, in which event, tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters, and the puzzles may be made up of more than one frame each. Tie-breaker puzzles will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions. **to compete for the $1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize** At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make such further rules as deemed necessary for proper functioning of contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants, and all contestants agree to be bound by same.

5. DATES. Entries must be postmarked not later than **July 4,** 1959. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!** You may draw by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No submissions will be returned and no responsibility is assumed for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Judges' decisions final. Prize money on deposit in bank. Full list of winners available to all contestants as soon as final judging is completed. HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN 14 DAYS OF DATE ENTRY IS RECEIVED.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Now try the Official Puzzle at left.



B 10	A 10	T 10	10
I 3	C 5	E 10	10
S 2	E 10	A 10	3
			5
			10
			2
			10
			10

TOTAL SCORE 70

MOLLÉ
Brushless
SHAVE CREAM
For the world's smoothest, most comfortable shave
• Heavier, richer cream loaded with lanolin
• Leaves your face refreshed
• Gives you a shave that lasts all day!
MOLLÉ BRUSHLESS
MOLLÉ BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM

YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)

1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY TOTAL SCORE

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. 17

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)

1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY TOTAL SCORE

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. 17

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

LEARN ACCOUNTING

for a BETTER JOB

...MORE MONEY

A SHORT STREAMLINED COURSE TO PREPARE YOU QUICKLY FOR YOUR START IN A SUCCESSFUL ACCOUNTING CAREER!

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You need no special talents to be a success in Accounting. You do not even need a preliminary knowledge of bookkeeping. All you need is the will to win—the will to work—and if you apply yourself you, too, can get into the permanent bigger-money class.

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Send the coupon today—our FREE booklet "Opportunities in Accounting" will be sent promptly along with a sample lesson. It explains fully how we train you from the ground up—or from where you are now—according to your individual needs.

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Dept. 4378H 417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, a sample lesson in Accounting... also, your latest illustrated book, "Opportunities in Accounting."

Name.....*Age*.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

APRIL, 1959
VOL. 10, NO. 4

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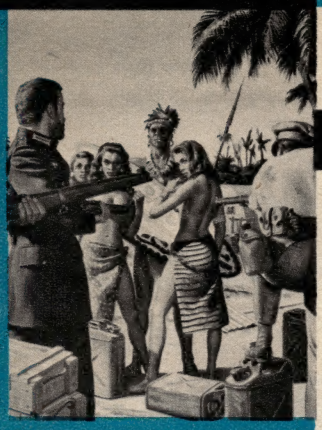

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LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND — THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY IN MEN'S MAGAZINES. IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE FRESH, NEW STORIES YOU WANT TO READ. ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

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I'll put a real HE-MAN in your mirror!

YOU'LL BEGIN TO SEE HIM IN JUST 7 DAYS...

Just Check the Kind of Body You Want In the Coupon —And I'll Show You How Easily You Can Have It!

WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR do you feel proud of yourself? Or does it reflect the kind of picture you'd rather "keep to yourself"? Well, I promise you'll be mighty pleased with the brand-new HE-MAN body I can put in that mirror for you. And you'll begin to see this new "you" in no time flat—JUST 7 DAYS. If I'm wrong, you pay me absolutely nothing. Best of all, I need only *15 minutes a day* to do this for you!

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Win this handsome Trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

I Turn "Sad Sacks" Into Fine Physical Specimens

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Just check the kind of body you want—right in the coupon below—and I'll show how easily and quickly you can have it!

I'll chip every pound of flabby flesh from your waist and stomach. I'll tone up your system, straighten your back, give you a proud ram-rod "West Point" posture. The handsome new body I give you will show right through your clothes. Finally, I'll help you to a warmer, more confident personality to go with your new physique.

My Proven Method: DYNAMIC TENSION!

I'll do all this for you with my own exclusive method, "Dynamic Tension." It's the identical method that changed me from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" . . . the system that's already built husky, strapping bodies for many thousands of others like yourself. No one else can offer you this method. No equipment for you to buy—no barbells or other apparatus. All you need is the potential powerhouse of energy that's in your body RIGHT NOW. And all *I* need is 15 minutes of your time a day!

My famous system is *the same one* which many great athletes use for keeping in condition for boxing, wrestling, baseball, football, and other sports.

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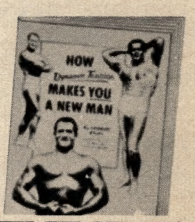
Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it *fast*. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles *where* you want them; add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man—confident, popular, successful.

See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health . . . your personality . . . your future—WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 140-D,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Here Are Just a Few of the Thousands Who Have Become HE-MAN My Way:

Proud of His Build Now

Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."—P.V., Va.

Now Ten Times Stronger and Healthier!

"I am grateful for the wonderful improvements you have worked on me. Your course has reformed my soft flesh into solid, power-packed muscles. I am now more than ten times stronger and healthier than before."—E. W. Donovan, New Orleans, La.

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

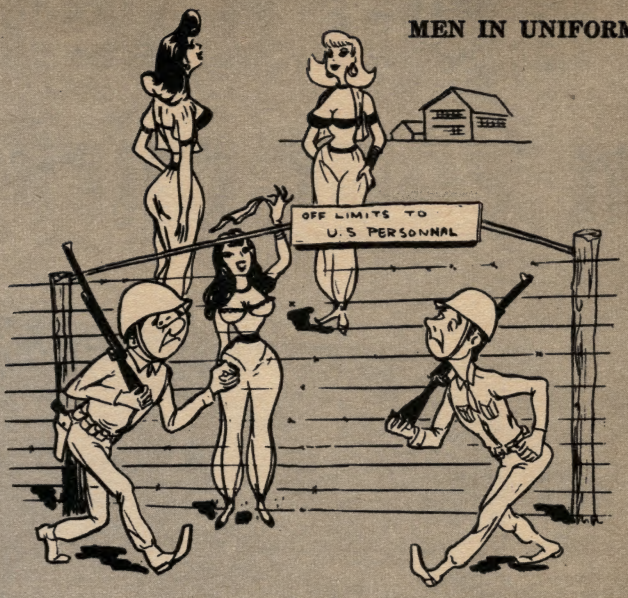
Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:
(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid in the Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

NAME..... AGE.....
(please print or write plainly)
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

INSIDE FOR MEN



MEN IN UNIFORM

STAG CONFIDENTIAL

INSIDE FOR MEN

Make a hit with an Egyptian call girl and SHE'LL GIVE YOU A TOOTH . . . Lady "drowners" on the loose in Norwegian bars. They'll invite you home to take a bath, DROWN YOU IN THE TUB FOR YOUR WALLET . . . Food in many Syrian restaurants IS PREPARED IN THE MEN'S ROOM. . . .

If a French teen-ager helps a blind man across the street, SHE'S LIKELY TO END UP IN AN ALGERIAN BORDELLO. "Blindies" are notorious agents for North African white slavers . . . Some South Italy dons consider their lives a failure unless they die with a young, pretty, nude girl alongside them in the deathbed. . . .

"The Split" is a new dance craze sweeping Britain. Girls wear skintight skirts, one who can "split" skirt in most places wins contest. . . .

Queen of one South Pacific island is the woman with the most active love life . . . For a slight extra charge in one Belgian restaurant, the waitress WILL SERVE YOU BARE-BOSOMED. . . .

Chinese trying to hold back their population spread with a contraceptive called "Healthy Pleasure Honey." . . .

Movement in Britain to tattoo all married men, prevent bigamy that way . . . Scandinavian women are great REAR END SLAPPERS, can really do you serious damage with their playful taps . . . You not only can rent a car and a small plane while traveling in Europe, YOU CAN ALSO RENT-A-GIRL. Cost for a three-month Tour of the Continent (age 25-35) is $1,200 plus tips, expenses. . . .

Scotland Yard has found that British rapists almost always apologize before leaving scene of crime . . . In Brazil, driver can sue a pedestrian he knocks down or runs over. . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

One code Nazis could never break was the American Indian code. It was, word for word, the way one Indian talked to another . . . Japs to this day don't believe MacArthur waded ashore in Philippines right behind assault troops, THINK PICTURES WERE PHONY. If Japs believed it, they would have assigned the entire Japanese Air Force to a "get MacArthur" suicide raid, to avenge Admiral Yamamoto's earlier death. . . .

Fortunately, "woman compounds" in Turkey are off-limits to GIs and MPs do good job of enforcing regulations. These are ramshackle cages in which women prisoners, unable to pay court fines, WORK OFF THEIR DEBTS BY TAKING ON ALL COMERS. . . .

ARMY WILL SOON HAVE gas that will put enemy armies to sleep without hurting them, rob them of will to fight . . . USS Midway, off Formosa, still can't figure out how a brassiere got mixed in with the ship's laundry . . . NCO who never raps superiors, carries out orders, like them or not, always rates higher with troops below him. . . .

Platoons in any future fracas will all carry "chill charts" so there'll be no repeat of all the cold injuries we suffered in retreating from the Chosin Reservoir during Korean trouble. . . .

Kamikazes were amazing in that they were relaxed enough to TAKE NICE, COMFORTABLE DOZES right up until time of suicide missions . . . Shocker of a survey at

Continued on page 40

AMAZING MUSIC DISCOVERY

Has You Playing Real Music The Very First Time You Try!

Thousands Now Play Who Never Thought They Could — Requires No Teacher — No Boring Practice of Scales and Exercises . . . QUICK, EASY, INEXPENSIVE!

IF you are one of the many thousands who have always wanted to play music, yet hesitate to learn because "it takes too long," or "it costs too much"—here's wonderful news! Now, with this modern home-study method, you can actually play your favorite instrument *the very first time you try*—and you can go on to master that instrument in a much shorter time than you'd ever imagine possible!

NO "SPECIAL TALENT" REQUIRED

No previous training needed — no "special talent" required. Right from the start, this amazing music discovery will have you playing *real melodies* instead of practicing tedious scales and exercises. Earliest lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc. Clear, simple directions and large, show-how pictures teach you exactly what to do, so you can't go wrong . . . even if you don't know a single note of music now! Soon you'll be playing ALL your favorite songs and compositions *by note!*

EVEN CHILDREN LEARN QUICKLY

Over 1,000,000 people the world over have taken up this easy-as-A-B-C way to learn music. It's all so clearly explained, so easy to understand that even children "catch on" quickly. Yes, ANYONE can learn to play piano, violin, accordion, guitar or any other instrument. No inconvenient lesson periods—no expensive hourly tuition. You learn in spare time of your own choosing. *You become your own music teacher* . . . and progress as rapidly or as leisurely as *you* wish. And lessons are only a few cents each, including valuable sheet music you'll keep always! The whole family can learn for the price of one.

STOP CHEATING YOURSELF OF THESE JOYS

Why not let this U. S. School of Music method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? Popularity! New friends. Gay parties. Good times. More self-confidence and poise. Extra money from playing or teaching. Possibly even a brilliant musical career. Best of all, the deep *personal satisfaction* of being able to create your own music—provide your own entertainment!

WHICH MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DO *YOU* WANT TO PLAY?

☐ **PIANO** "I hope others will discover how easily and cheaply you can learn with this wonderful method."—Mrs. J. C. Rogers, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

☐ **GUITAR** "It's been fun. Hasn't cost anywhere near as much as a private teacher. Now invited to affairs, dances."—HOWARD HOPKINS, E. Syracuse, N. Y.

☐ **ACCORDION** "I got my start with a U. S. School of Music Course. How easy it is to play this 'teach yourself' way!—LAWRENCE WELK, Famous Orchestra Leader

☐ **VIOLIN** "I have played for dances, and am now studying Heifetz's 'Hora Stoccato' and a couple of concertos." — IVAN W. DAYLEY, Lisco, Nebr.

...OR ANY OF THESE OTHER INSTRUMENTS:

☐ Saxophone
☐ Trumpet, Cornet
☐ Pipe, Reed Organ
☐ Tenor Banjo
☐ Ukulele
☐ Clarinet
☐ Trombone
☐ Flute
☐ Steel Guitar
☐ Piccolo

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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio A94, Port Washington, N. Y.

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☐ Violin
☐ Piano Accordion
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☐ Tenor Banjo
☐ Ukulele
☐ Clarinet
☐ Trombone
☐ Flute
☐ Piccolo
☐ Modern Elementary Harmony
☐ Mandolin
☐ Practical Finger Control

Do you have the instrument?.....

Mr. / Mrs / Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address .....

City..... State.....
(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

☐ If under 18, check here for Booklet A

OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE CANNIBAL EMPRESS OF CHINA—Weird home remedies have been passed down from generation to generation among every nation of people on earth. The Chinese are no exception. It is an old Chinese superstition that if you eat the flesh of a close relative or friend, you can cure yourself of any disease. What the medical basis for this old wives' tale is, nobody seems to remember. However,

during the 1890s the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi—one of the last of the Manchu dynasty—fell ill enough to believe she was going to die. When she was visited at her sickbed by the Emperor and the chief eunuch of the palace, she hinted to them that only the age-old remedy would cure her illness. In a fantastic show of loyalty, the chief eunuch carved a chunk of flesh out of his thigh, which was cooked in with his Empress' next meal. Tzu Hsi showed an immediate improvement and was back at her ruling chores in a matter of weeks. For his selfless gesture, the chief eunuch became one of the most influential men of the Manchu hierarchy until it gave way to the revolutionary Chinese Republic.

♦♦♦

MURDER ON THE SIDELINES—When sports writers label lacrosse the roughest game in the world, chances are they are thinking about a match that was played way back in 1763. Scene of the game was Fort Michilimackinac in northern Michigan; 100 Chippewa Indians were taking on 100 Sacs. While the garrison of English soldiers and a few trappers who were in the neighborhood at the time looked on, the Indians—wearing loincloths and nothing else—tore up and down the field, slamming each other around brutally as they fought for possession of the ball. Suddenly, the ball spun off the playing field and landed in the middle of the spectators on the sidelines. As the two teams took off after it and scrambled among the white men, their squaws, who had been watching the game in silence, began slipping knives and tomahawks from under their blankets and passing them to their braves. In a prearranged ambush, the Indians then swarmed all over the small garrison, scalping and murdering about half, and taking the rest prisoner. After looting the fort, the Indians disappeared. You'd think that this would have been the end of lacrosse as a sport, but, a hundred years later, it became the official national pastime of British Columbia—in spite of the horror of the Massacre of Michilimackinac.

♦♦♦

A MIRACLE FOR THE MAU MAUS—One of the wildest stories to come out of the Mau Mau terror in Africa involved an act of faith and a heavenly miracle. A missionary, his wife and four children were caught up in the middle of the territory through which the fanatic natives were on a rampage. But, when an armed guard was sent to escort the missionary and his family to safety, the dedicated man refused to leave his post. As the blood-mad natives poured out of the jungles surrounding the mission buildings, the missionary and his wife dropped to their knees and put their last hopes in the faith they both had preached all their lives. Their prayers were interrupted by a fantastic roaring and, looking up, they saw a giant meteor tearing through the sky. The tail of fire that lashed out from the meteor was an awesome sight—both to the missionaries and the stunned Mau Maus as well. When the flaming ball disappeared from view and its violent thunder had given way to silence, the natives broke ranks and disappeared. All through-

out the following Mau Mau reign of terror, the savage warriors never once returned to threaten the heroic missionary who refused to retreat from his House of God.

THE MAN WHO SAVED 34,000 ARISTOCRATS—Masquerading as a porter, Charles de la Brussière cheated the guillotine out of 34,000 victims. By worming his way into the building where the Tribunal of the French revolutionaries met,

the aristocratic Frenchman spent his working hours sweeping the floors of the building. Then, when the place emptied out for the night, he managed to steal into the documents section and loot the files of records of people under sentence of death, whose turn to be beheaded had not come up yet. Among the 34,000 death sentence decrees he destroyed were those of the future Empress Josephine and the Marquise de Lafayette, whose husband played so famous a role in our own American Revolution.

♦♦♦

THE DAY PARIS WAS SHOCKED—Scientists have gone to all sorts of strange lengths to prove a pet theory. But few have ever set the stage for an experiment with the Rube Goldberg wackiness of an 18th Century Parisian cleric. To demonstrate his belief that the transmission of electricity was instantaneous, the good *abbé* spread out a human circle of 900 fellow monks, each connected to the other by pieces of iron wire. Between the first and last monk in the more than a mile long line-up stood a Leyden jar—wrapped inside and out with metal foil. By means of a hand-cranked gadget that set up friction between pieces of glass, the Leyden jar could store up large amounts of voltage. At a given signal, the two end monks grabbed the terminals of the Leyden jar. Each of the 900 monks immediately shot off the ground with Rockette-like simultaneous precision—a graphic demonstration that the *abbé*'s experiment was a shocking success. ♦♦♦

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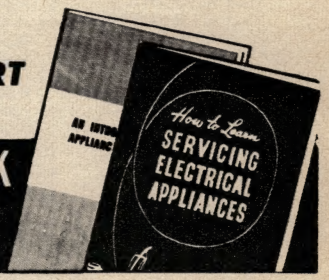

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Right now job opportunities are tight all along the line. Economists now predict a period of mild ups and downs. Look for the "big break" to come in the next three years, they say. That's when good jobs will open up as never before. And men who are preparing themselves *now* will ride the crest of the boom.

DARK OUTLOOK FOR UNSKILLED WORKERS

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All the experts agree: Education, skill, specialized training will net the greatest rewards in the coming boom. The time you spend improving yourself is perhaps the wisest investment you can make *right now*. Your future success and happiness could hinge on your mastering a certain subject or acquiring a special skill. But there are obstacles. You may have a family to support. Or a job to hold down. You may feel you're too old to learn.

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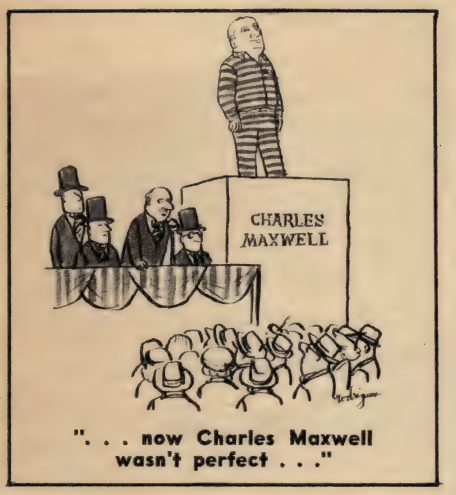


". . . now Charles Maxwell wasn't perfect . . ."

While driving along a creek bank, a man came across a young guy lying lazily under a tree with a fishing line in the water. The cork was bobbing violently, so the man said, "Hey, you've got a bite."

"Yeah," the fisherman drawled." "Would you mind pulling it out?"

The man did, only to have the lazy fisherman ask, "Would you mind taking it off the hook, then rebait the hook and toss the line back in the creek?"

The man did this, too, then said, "Being as lazy as you are, you ought to have some kids to do these things for you."

"Not a bad idea," the fisherman yawned. "Got any idea where I can find any pregnant women?"

♦♦♦

A minister was returning home late one night from a sick call when he noticed one of his parishioners staggering down the street. "Let me help you to your door," said the minister, guiding the inebriated member of his flock gently home.

When they got to his door, the besotted man begged the minister to come in with him, but the minister demurred because it was late.

"Please, Reverend," the man pleaded. "Just come in for a moment. I want my wife to see who I've been out with tonight."

A car screeched to a halt as it came upon a motorist standing beside a tiny European sports car—completely overturned.

"Good heavens!" cried the driver. "Are you O.K.?"

"Sure," answered the man. "Why?"

"Well, how did the accident happen?"

"What accident?" was the answer. "I'm just changing a tire."

♦♦♦

The couple had taken their bright and sensitive daughter to the zoo. The little girl was particularly interested in the lions.

After looking at them for half an hour, she said to her father: "Just in case a lion should break loose and something should happen to you, what number bus do I take to get home?"

Walter Slezak went to Hollywood for some television appearances, and while there telephoned an old friend he hadn't seen for years.

"How's everything with you?" asked Slezak.

"I was in an auto accident recently, but I can't kick," was the reply from the sick man.

"That's a shame," muttered Slezak. "And your wife?"

"She ran away with the butler last week, but I can't kick!"

"Gee, that's tough. Well at least you're working."

"Who's working? I haven't had a job in over six months—but I can't kick."

"For heaven's sake," cried Slezak, "with all your misery, why do you keep saying you can't kick?"

"Because," moaned the friend, "I'm in a cast from the waist down!"

"That's my wife. She's a barrel of fun once you get to know her."

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit in the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

ENEMY ALLIANCE

To survive World War II's weirdest ordeal, six German infantrymen and three Yank sailors shared the same food, the same fight, and even the same women.

by DEAN W. BALLENGER

On December 5, 1942, just two days short of a year since Pearl Harbor, and just a few weeks since the American landing in North Africa, three men were playing poker in a quonset hut on an abandoned French army base in Equatorial Africa.

Two were German soldiers. The other was a US Navy man. They played quietly, panting in the heat. The humidity had made the cards limp. Each man had a dark band of sweat around the belt of his pants.

A fourth man, Chief Petty Officer Mike Stern, USN, came out of the sun, wiping his face. He leaned his German infantry rifle against the doorsill, and threw his white cap beside a German helmet on a cot.

"Deal me in, Kraut," he grinned at one of the players, Oberleutnant Otto Gueltemeyer. "I'll give you a chance to win back some of your deutschmarks."

"Ja, Yank," the lieutenant said. "When the game ends, you won't even have a nickel to ride your BMT in New York."

The other two men at the table groused over the delay. One, Wehrmacht Corporal Hans Schultz, picked an insect off his jack boot and put it on the table. "I raise *ein* little spider," he said.

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

They stepped into the clearing, guns ready, and listened to the Mangbetu chief's offer to trade six women for one quonset hut.

Art by Mort Künstler

STAG True Book BONUS

ENEMY ALLIANCE

The other, US Navy Chief George McCarthy, slammed a beer bottle on it and said, "You're covered."

They played several more hands of draw poker in silence. Stern looked at his watch, then pushed back his chair. "I have to go out and relieve Zugsfuehrer Bohmbelbohdt on watch. I'll send him in to play my hand." Gueltemeyer nodded. Stern took a web belt and .45 off the back of a chair and strapped it on. Then he picked up the German rifle again and went out into the heat.

He was back in minutes. "Bumblebutt isn't there," he said. "The weeds are trampled. It looks like the natives did something to him."

The others were silent. Then Gueltemeyer stood, quickly snapped on his helmet and became an officer again. "Schultz," he snapped. "Call the others. I want them here immediately with their weapons."

Schultz saluted, and ran out of the hut to the other quonsets nearby.

Gueltemeyer said to Stern and McCarthy, "I am going after Bohmbelbohdt. Since he is German and you are Americans, technically he is your enemy. I would not blame you if you refused to come with us. I'll leave it up to you."

Stern looked at McCarthy, then at the lieutenant. "We'll go with you. It might have been one of us, in which case we hope you'd help us."

A minute later, Schultz and two other German soldiers in battle dress and a third US Navy man, Chief Petty Officer Harry Harris, ran into the quonset. Gueltemeyer ordered Schultz to remain and guard the base while the rescue party went out. McCarthy was to stay with him.

The rescue party then was Gueltemeyer, two of his men, Stern and Harris. Each man carried a German rifle, a pistol, and three French grenades hanging from a cord looped over his shoulder.

They searched, swearing at the heat, the bugs, the war, the natives. In an hour they found Bohmbelbohdt. He wasn't dead, but it would have been better if he had been.

He was naked and crucified on a mango tree. His arms were outstretched along two limbs. A spear driven through each wrist held them there. They had left him his boots, and with them he had scraped the bark through to bare wood in an effort to take the weight from his wrists. His eyes were closed. Gueltemeyer lifted his head up. "He still breathes," he said.

Stern and Harris pulled out the spears, and the others lowered him to the ground. Then Zugsfuehrer Hermann Koehn, a medical specialist, found the crucifixion was the least of the horrors.

"The Mangbetus have pierced his eyes with thorns," he said.

He stood and looked down at Bohmbelbohdt. "I can do nothing for him, lieutenant. Shock, loss of blood, probably a thorn piercing his brain. No one can do anything for him."

Gueltemeyer swore and shrugged. Then he suggested the others look away for a moment and shot Bohmbelbohdt through the head.

They took the body back, Stern holding the arms, Koehn holding the legs. Near one of the quonset huts they dug a grave and put the body of Zugsfuehrer Fritz Bohmbelbohdt into it in full uniform. Koehn emptied a can of gasoline over his corpse and Gueltemeyer threw a match after it. The fumes caught fire with a hollow *whomf* sound.

Gueltemeyer turned to Stern, (*Continued on page* 88)

When France fell, tribal headmen like the one above drove their people to attack the colonial garrisons.

Warriors gladly picked up arms, worked themselves to fighting frenzy on war dances and home-brew.

They attacked swiftly by river, hitting French outposts one by one in flotillas of 10-man war canoes.

The colonies faced a second menace with the fall of the homeland. German troops were moving in across the Mediterranean.

At Nganchu, the commandant dug in to face both dangers. He stationed his troops in trenches on 24-hour machine gun alert.

THE INCREDIBLE 83-DAY LIFE RAFT HORROR

On the sixteenth day, their food ran out. Four days later the water was gone. Rain saved them for a while, but on the sixty-fourth day the first man died. From then on, each man waited his turn.

by ALVIN NIZER

Three of the exhausted men sprawled on the raft in mid-ocean pretended they never heard the desperate cry from the water. But the fourth carried the responsibilities of an officer in the United States Navy. Slowly he lifted his head to peer out into the pitching waves. "It's Izzi," he said. In civilian life the officer taught speech at Purdue University and he pronounced the name It-si, though as Izzi's superior officer he well knew no one else ever bothered to do so.

"Help him aboard," he ordered. Wearily the other men pulled themselves upright to drag Izzi over the side—*and now there were five.*

It was 1942, the South Atlantic. Almost three days before, each of the men on the raft had his feet planted firmly on the scrubbed decks of the SS *Zaandam,* a converted Dutch merchantman. The *Zaandam* was a fairly new ship, with luxurious appointments around passenger and officer quarters. But November, 1942, was wartime, with luxury forgotten. One new thing added to the *Zaandam* was a United States Armed Guard crew, to man the ship's three guns. In charge of this American gunnery crew was sensitive, scholarly Ensign James Maddox, of Evanston, Illinois. One of the men under him was a strong, friendly youngster named Basil Dominic Izzi, of South Barre, Massachusetts.

The sleek hull of the *Zaandam* had been painted a dull, depressing gray. The merchantman had last touched port at Capetown, South Africa, taking on a cargo of hemp and several groups of Dutch and American seamen whose ships had been torpedoed. On November 2, 1942, the *Zaandam* was off the coast of South America, 13 days away from New York. November is a warm, mellow month on the South Atlantic and, until 4:30 on this particular afternoon, everything aboard the *Zaandam* seemed routine.

Then a torpedo hit amidships. Ensign Maddox, Seaman 2/c Izzi, and others of the Navy Armed Guard raced to battle stations while strapping on life jackets. Manning the guns they had been so diligently trained to fire, the men found only lip-biting frustration. No one had yet spotted the deadly submarine, its torpedo had left no visible wake. The gun crews stood tense, ready—and totally helpless.

Standing at battle stations, the men realized that the impact of the torpedo had not been what any of them expected. There's no streamlined *whoosh* when a torpedo finds its mark. Rather a gigantic crash rocks the ship. Next a blinding sheet of flame sweeps over everything, leaving shattered bulkheads, twisted wreckage, the screaming agony of burned, crushed men. Also, there's foul, choking smoke and a pungent, sick-making smell. (*Continued on page* 46)

With Izzi and Beasley holding onto his ankles, Nicko flung himself out of the raft and crushed the bird to his chest.
Art by Bob Schulz

Chicken Head Gurino:

MR. MURDER OF MURDER, INC.

Chicken Head was a Murder, Inc. slob.
A gun in his fist, he owned the town.
Until the day he crawled, blubbering,
into the first church he could find.

On orders from the later-executed Lepke (top), Gurino killed scores. Some victims were found as far away as Monticello.

by FRANK MULLADY and WM. H. KOFOED

A couple of neighborhood kids heard the shots; they had been exploding intermittently for 10 minutes or more. The kids ran around a corner and down an alley and took turns looking through a knothole in the fence.

What they saw was a dilapidated chicken coop against the rear wall of a house. On one knee, beside the open door of the coop, a heavy-set young man in an undershirt reached in with his left hand, pulled a squawking chicken out by its legs and sent it scurrying across the yard.

As it ran, the big guy pivoted on his knee, and then the kids saw that he had a revolver in his right hand. One shot severed the chicken's head and hurled it against the fence. Scattered around in the same area were the decapitated bodies of half a dozen chickens.

That's how this five-foot-eight, 265-pound Brooklyn hoodlum came by the name of Chicken Head. His real name was Vito Gurino, and his career in crime actually began and ended in a church.

At the age of 18, after months of practicing marksmanship as described above, Chicken Head was serving as a bouncer for a bookmaking joint near Our Lady of Peace Chapel. All went well until the priest began a one-man campaign against the gamblers.

This incensed Gurino, who promptly set fire to the church and was as promptly arrested. While the parishioners were taking up a collection to repair the fortunately minor damage, the priest was interceding for Gurino and succeeded in having him paroled.

But this act of kindness was scorned by Chicken Head, who regarded himself as a very tough character indeed. He mistook his plug-ugly fearlessness, his swaggering strength and his pinpoint markmanship for manhood, and he even got to thinking that he must cut a sharp figure with the girls.

So it wasn't too unusual that my first contact with Chicken Head came about when, along with Detective Donnelly, I arrested him for rape. His victim was a 90-pound, 17-year-old girl.

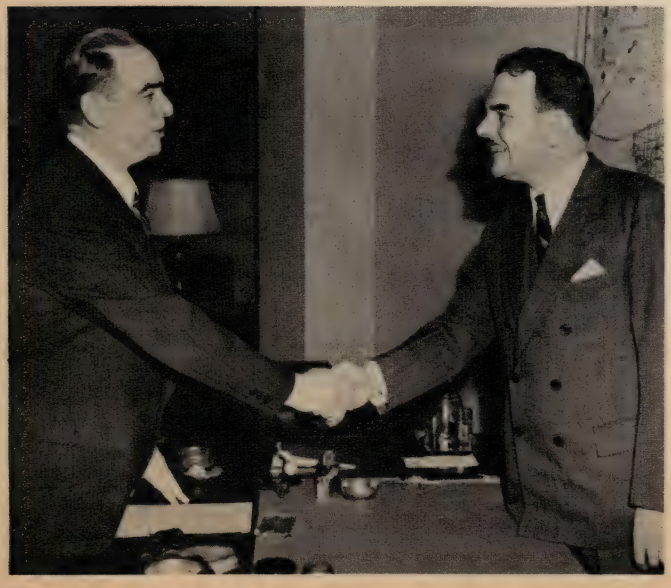
The next morning Donnelly and I went around to the station house to take him from a cell to the line-up. We found him wholly unconcerned about his predicament but very much annoyed at a minor inconvenience.

"What the hell!" he said. "What the hell! You guys oughta do something about the water running all the time in that cell."

Admitted to bail on the rape charge, Chicken Head married his victim before the grand jury heard the case. No indictment was found because the new Mrs. Gurino would not testify against him and he went free.

When a young man like Chicken Head walks away from two serious charges such as arson and rape while still in his teens, it's a sure bet that a goon is in the making. As things go in the underworld, discharges from custody for grave offenses tend to balloon a mug's reputation. It worked that way with Vito Gurino. His standing among the lower echelon of criminals rose with his weight, which now had reached 275 pounds.

Well, a married man has responsibilities, so Chicken Head began to look around for some dough. He recalled that Willie and Harry Grimes ran a crap game on week ends inside a fenced vacant lot on Alabama (*Continued on page* 42)



Two D.A.s, Brooklyn's Bill O'Dwyer and New York's Tom Dewey, earned national reputations by cleaning up crime.

Albert Anastasia, another of Gurino's bosses, was shot down in a barber shop in 1957 by two unknown, masked mobsters.

The PHONY PROPHET and his 3rd FLOOR HAPPINESS ROOM

by HOWARD MALLOY

With a hellfire spiel, the foreign-born butterball bilked Chicago's faithful of $12,000,000—and talked their wives into his electric thrill-bed.

On an otherwise peaceful Sunday morning in June, 1901, a pudgy, spindle-legged, highly excited man waddled to the platform of a Michigan Avenue auditorium in Chicago. He looked out over 5,000 attentive faces, his beady, deep-set eyes pausing each time they spied an attractively proportioned young lady. He licked his lips, opened his small rubbery mouth and roared:

"Brothers and sisters, our time has come. We are going to leave sinful Chicago! We are going to form our own city!"

The crowd bellowed approval. They had been inspired by his wild-haired ranting for over a year, but this was the most awesome performance yet. The little fat man, unsmiling, pounded his lectern for silence.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

While others of his worshippers waited in trance-like ecstasy, Dowie's chosen beauty slowly entered his private salvation room.

Art by Al Rossi

Oddball Dowie owned a flowing beard, bishop's dress, a whining wife and a son called The Unkissed One.

THE PHONY PROPHET

"On the shores of Lake Michigan," he stormed on, "in the city of Zion, we will live without the corruption of tobacco, whiskey and the other stinkpots of the sinners!"

Now there was no holding the mob back. Men, women, girls and boys leaped to their feet and screamed with delight. John Alexander Dowie, the loud man on the platform, stared at the girls in particular and beamed.

A week later Dowie delivered a second major pronouncement. This time the crowd had swelled to 7,000, and his abundant crop of gray-white hair waved like Kansas wheat as he shouted across the auditorium.

"Faithful," he warned, "let there be no mistake about who will hold authority in Zion. God is sending me there, and no one who follows me will be able to challenge my power. For I am Elijah the Restorer!"

A cavernous hush passed over the audience at this declaration. One man seated down front—and he must have been a very brave man—sprang to his feet and called out, "How do you know you're Elijah?"

Dowie fastened his gaze on the man and held it there a full minute. Tension crackled in the quiet of the meeting hall. Then he spoke, so softly that people halfway back strained to hear.

"How do I know I am the Prophet Elijah?" he

Frisco's Barbary Coast wasn't sinful enough for "prophet" Dowie. After a fling there with a blonde, he moved on to Chicago.

asked. "I know it because God told me so. If it is not so, then He lied to me. Are you suggesting that God lied?"

A murmur of disapproval swept through the crowd, followed by catcalls at the man who had questioned the shaggy little orator. The offender sat down hard and the mob cheered Dowie. Counting the cowed challenger's objection, he was in the saddle by 6,999 to 1.

One month later a great exodus from Chicago began. Over 5,000 of the faithful piled their belongings into wagons and carts and on their backs and departed whiskey-soaked, tobacco-charred Chicago behind their leader. On their arrival at Zion, 40 miles northwest on the scenic shore of Lake Michigan, they found that he had already been hard at work. A large sign with red, foot-high letters had been erected on what he had named Elijah Avenue. It read:

"Thugs and thieves will find this city hotter than Hell!"

That was how John Alexander Dowie launched a career of hypocritical fakery that outraged American religious leaders of all faiths but nevertheless fooled thousands of gullible people. During almost five years of iron-fisted rule in Zion, Illinois, he plundered his followers of over $12,000,000. Before he was finished he even invaded New York, where he figured devil-chasing would be lucrative, and raised so much comical hullabaloo that half the police force was assigned to calm him and his mob down.

Through it all the pompous little swindler mixed his phony piousness with an insatiable lust for female flesh—a troublesome yen that finally made Zion "hotter than Hell" for him.

John Dowie was a weird one from the day he celebrated his thirteenth birthday in Adelaide, South Australia. He was a frail, sickly boy whose parents were fed up with his constant illnesses. As his peculiar birthday party ended—peculiar because he had been forbidden to invite any guests—his father told him bluntly to get strong or get out. So John lifted weights, stretched elastic bands to make his chest muscles bulgy, and ate only "health" foods.

Four years later his sensitive ears heard the first knock of opportunity. An employee of the Adelaide gas works came to the job drunk one day, pulled the wrong pressure valve and the town's gas supply exploded into flames. The citizens were left with no light but that of the big fire. Young John quickly bought up all the kerosene in sight, set it up for sale on a street corner at outrageous prices and raked in a tidy sum.

You can imagine the lad's chagrin on his arrival home when he yanked pounds and pence out of every pocket only to have (*Continued on page* 75)

World's Fair revelry in the Windy City suited the fake healer's aims. He managed to "save" both fallen men and fallen women.

SAVE THE LAST NOOSE FOR MENDOZA

She put a rope around their necks, blew them a kiss, and slapped the horses out from under them. Then when 14 were swinging, she went after the last one, the bandit who killed her mother.

by EMILE C. SCHURMACHER

Watching the slender girl as she quietly made preparations for his execution, the cattle rustler who called himself Luis Verde showed only emotionless curiosity.

With bound wrists and a hangman's noose around his leathery neck, he stood upon the broad back of her spotted horse behind the ornate, silver-mounted saddle. He stood silently as Juanita Sala had ordered him to, turning only his dark head so his gaze might follow her deft movements.

Her spurs tinkled as she went about her task. She measured the length of rope with a thoughtful glance and tossed the coil over the stout cottonwood branch above Verde's head. She knotted the loose end in a double hitch around the trunk. When she had finished, she stepped to the side of her horse, plaited rawhide quirt in hand.

Standing nearby in the little group of Texas Rangers, Berry Smith of Brownsville, youngest and newest recruit to Captain L. H. McNelly's Company A, half-muttered to himself.

"She's young like they say. Can't be any older'n me."

"You're right, son," Lieutenant Robinson at his elbow spoke up grimly. "In years she's 19, too. But she's lived a hell of a lot longer than you."

The mockery of a smile appeared on Verde's lips as he looked down at Juanita Sala. Challenge gleamed in his dark eyes, as though he knew she was only bluffing.

She ignored his taunting stare. She stood straight and supple, her beautiful long legs in jeans and cowboy boots determinedly set in a mannish stance.

The sun of late afternoon mirrored darting glints in her blue-black silky hair. It shone tantalizingly upon the rounded softness of her open-throated shirt and caressed every curving perfection of her body.

Slowly she raised her left hand to sultry lips. *"Adios, bandido."*

She said it softly, almost as if she were making love. But looking into the coldness of her eyes, Verde knew at last she wasn't bluffing.

"Señorita—"

With the fingers of her left hand she blew him a mocking kiss. Her right hand moved quickly and the quirt lashed the rump of her horse.

The startled animal plunged abruptly forward. Verde's neck cracked sharply as his body fell backward and down.

Seated on his roan cow pony a little apart from the Rangers, old Jesus "Chuchu" Sandoval, the *capataz*, or foreman, of the Sala Ranch, spurred his mount and seized the bridle of the spotted horse. The bandit's body was still swaying and twisting in lazy little half-circles when Sandoval led the animal back to Juanita Sala.

She vaulted lightly into the saddle. The old *capataz* gave her an approving nod.

"Your father himself would have said this has been (*Continued on page* 56)

"To the others, *señorita*, you blow a kiss before death," he said. "Surely there is a warmer good-by for me, the leader?"

Art by John Kuller

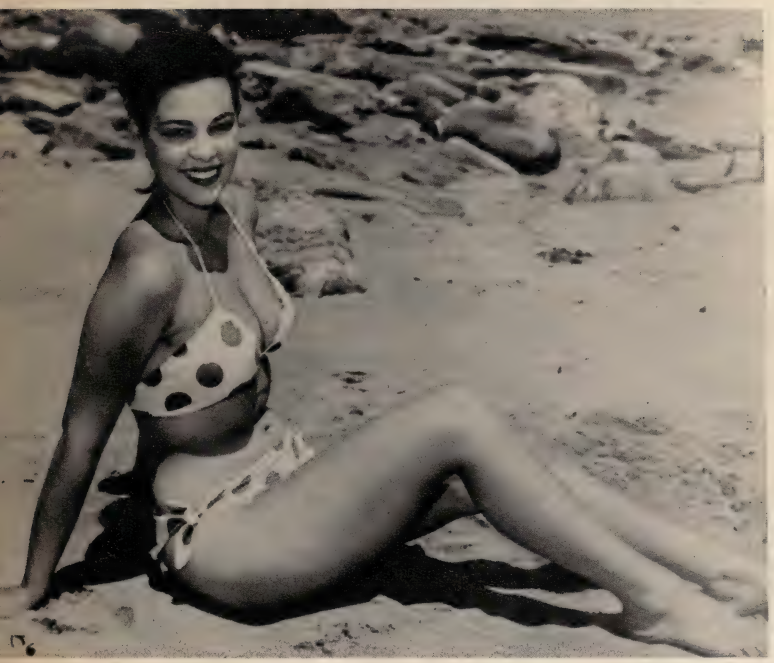
HAVE RIFLE—

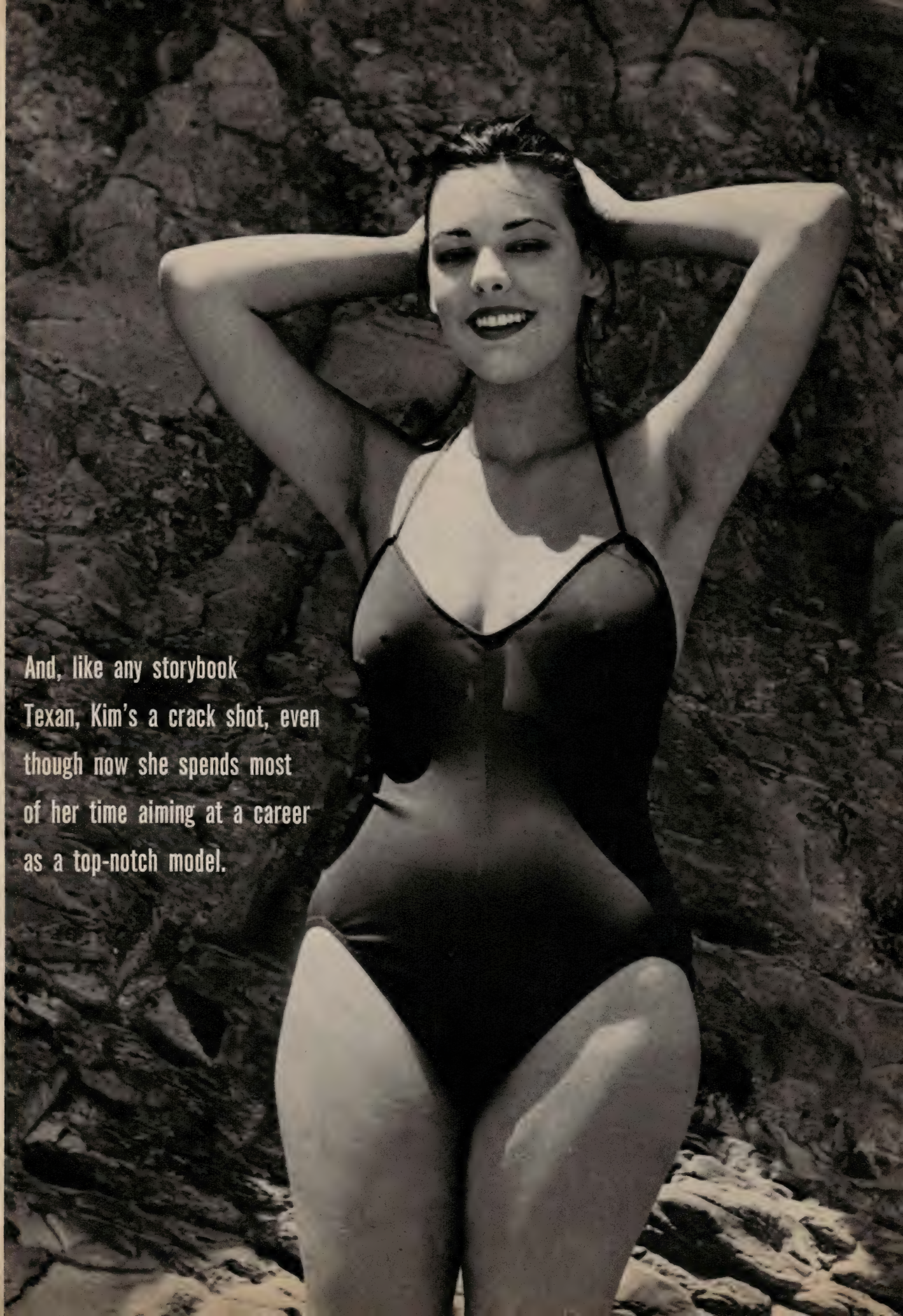
You're risking your life if you run down Texas to Dallas-born Kim Wadsworth. She's

CAN SHOOT

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

just liable to have on hand a shooting iron that she uses in her rifle club matches.





And, like any storybook Texan, Kim's a crack shot, even though now she spends most of her time aiming at a career as a top-notch model.

He spent five hours underwater placing a quarter-ton charge beneath HMS Valiant. If it went off on time, he was going to the bottom with England's Mediterranean fleet.

For six months, Italian frogmen practiced penetrating harbor defenses simulating those at Alexandria.

"The *Valiant* will blow up in 10 minutes."

The Italian frogman, Lieutenant Luigi Durand de la Penne, spoke to an interpreter. His words were translated into English to Captain Charles Morgan, skipper of the British battleship *Valiant*. It was December 20, 1941. Morgan's 32,000-ton warship was one of two Allied battlewagons in the Mediterranean Sea. It seemed impossible that anything could slip by Alexandria's closely guarded harbor defenses. Yet, this lean, blond 27-year-old frogman had done it. And Morgan realized the Italian was the only one who knew where the time bomb was planted.

"Where have you put the charge?" Morgan demanded.

Silence from the captured frogman.

"Very well. Take him back to the hold," the British captain said.

Two guards led the Italian prisoner into the forward hold in the bowels of the dreadnaught. Locked in there, he started counting off the precious remaining minutes.

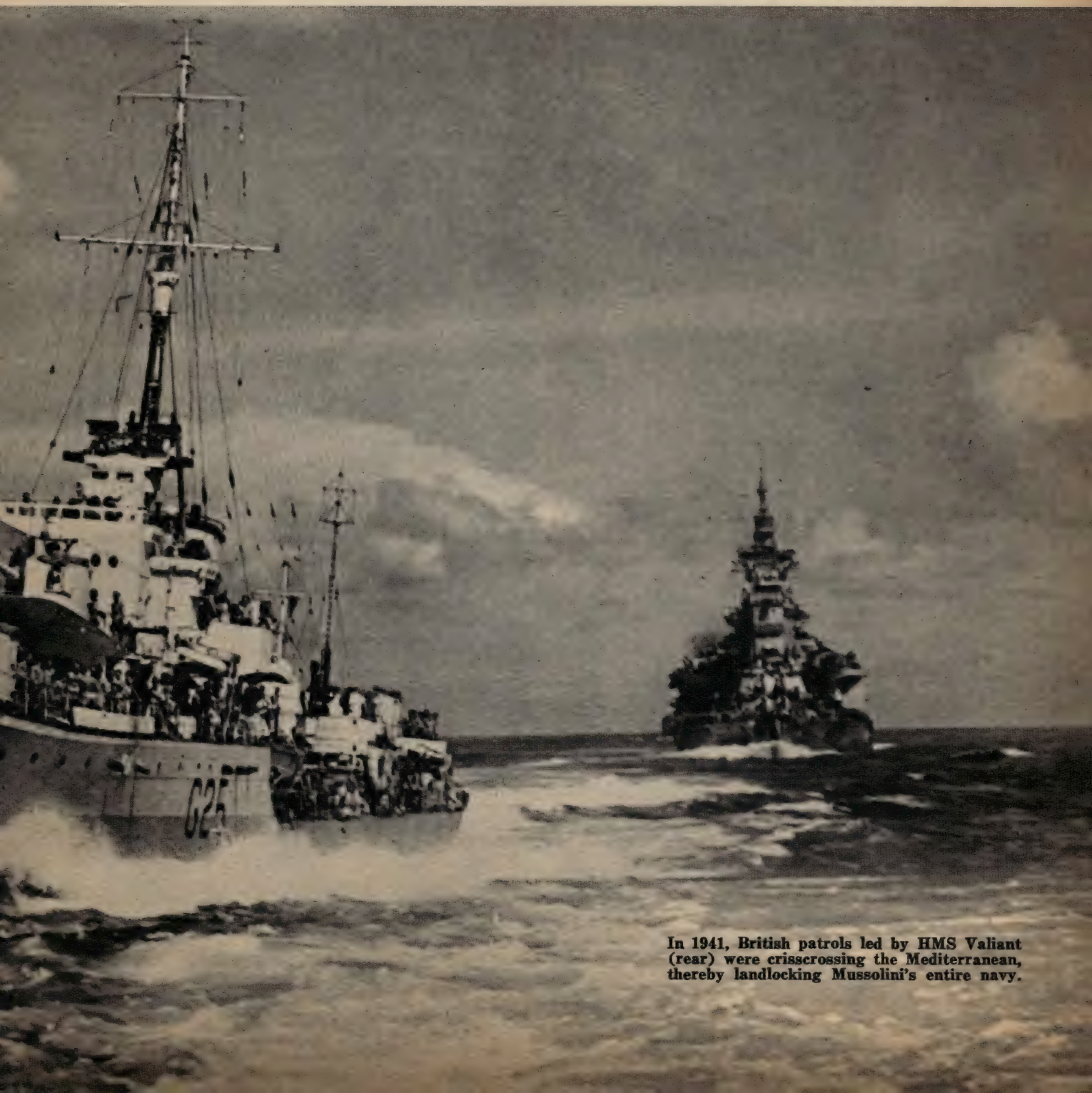
De la Penne knew what the British were desperately trying to find out: his quarter-ton charge was directly below him on the shallow harbor bottom. And he knew more than that. There were two more frogman teams who were this very minute carrying charges toward other British vessels. Their targets were the prize battleship *Queen Elizabeth*, sister ship to the *Valiant*, and a 16,000-ton tanker. If they were successful, these frogmen singlehandedly would tip the power scales in the Mediterranean. The Italian Navy would have gun-for-gun superiority for the first time. And Mussolini's fleet could move to the offensive.

Outside, de la Penne heard the sound of running feet. Invisible hands slammed watertight doors. The loudspeaker crackled the order, "Abandon ship." On deck there was a frantic attempt to dislodge the charge. Sailors passed a line under the ship's keel. They swept her from stem to stern, but the deadly warhead, lying undetected on the sea floor, stayed in position.

The minutes ticked by. Down below, de la Penne ran to the hold's single (*Continued on page* 60)

THE HUMAN TORPEDOES WHO BLEW UP THE BRITISH NAVY

by DAVID HANDLER ZINMAN



In 1941, British patrols led by HMS Valiant (rear) were crisscrossing the Mediterranean, thereby landlocking Mussolini's entire navy.

JACKY JACKY- KING OF CONVICT WOMEN ISLAND

by ROBERT J. LEVIN

When 20-year-old William Westwood halted his chestnut mare outside the Black Horse Inn, a well-known establishment in New South Wales, Australia, he simply intended having a meal. But as he glanced up, after hitching his mare to the rail, he felt a sudden and unexpected hunger that had nothing to do with food.

Standing on the porch and eying him coolly was a red-haired girl with a barmaid's apron over her gingham dress. She had a sturdy, well-proportioned body that, even when motionless, gave an impression of sexual vitality. Her face was beautiful but stamped with disdain, as though she had heard too many men telling the same lies for too long. Even her stance—legs apart and arms crossed under her breasts—seemed to express contempt for the male animal.

Westwood greeted her pleasantly as he entered the inn, a private house licensed to offer food, drink and lodging. The redhead directed him into a large parlor with several armchairs, a round oak table, and an oversized sofa that could be used for sleeping purposes. Shutters, drawn to keep out dust and heat, lent the place a feeling of shadowed privacy.

Westwood dined alone. Although the waitress made no effort to be friendly, neither did she protest when, as she served him, Westwood's hand rested lightly on her hip. And the fact that she couldn't take her eyes off him made him confident of getting the particular dessert he was after.

Once, when his eyes met hers, Westwood said jokingly: "I'm beginning to feel like a horse you're speculating on buying."

"You look familiar," replied the redhead. "Haven't I seen you before?"

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

The starved and ragged women eagerly helped as the three convicts boosted each other up over the gate into their palisaded compound.

Art by George Gross

If it hadn't been for the outcast females of Norfolk barracks, Will Westwood might never have become the most fantastic legend in the pages of Australian bushranging.

Jacky Jacky held the redhead between himself and the gun. "So you were just after the reward," he said regretfully.

JACKY JACKY

He shook his head. "Never been in this town in my life."

"Stick around awhile," she said. "Things will get more lively."

Before the meal was over, Westwood learned that her name was Mary Gray and that her father, a widower, owned the inn. He had also learned, without having to ask, that she wore no corset.

After clearing the table, the redhead returned to the parlor with a bottle of wine and, as Westwood had ordered, two glasses. He closed the door behind her. She accepted this with a shrug, continuing to pour the wine with a strong, steady hand. Then she drank hers, not with delicate sips but rinsing her mouth and downing the sherry like water, the practiced method of a woman improving the flavor of the kiss to come.

Quickly Westwood emptied his glass. Embracing the redhead, he was astonished at the strength of the body that thrust itself against him. She moved willingly toward the couch, but as he pulled her down, she twisted unexpectedly and managed to fall on top of him. Before he could object, her lips silenced his with a savagery that fired his blood.

Moments later, she pulled back. "There," she whispered, "I've given you something to remember." Then, with a cry that set Westwood's ears ringing, the redhead yelled: "Pa, come on—I've got him!"

Westwood felt her arms and legs clamp tight around his body. In alarm, he grabbed her hair, intending to yank back her head and slap some sense into her. She retaliated by sinking her teeth into his shoulder. The harder he pulled on her hair, the deeper she sank her teeth into his shoulder.

He rolled off the sofa and landed on the floor with her body underneath his. The impact knocked the wind out of her. She opened her mouth to suck in air, but her hands and legs remained wrapped around Westwood. He could have hurt her with a knee in the stomach or a couple of hard kidney punches, and yet he didn't resort to that. Instead, he ripped her dress from the collar to below the waist.

With a gasp, she relaxed her grip for an instant. It was enough to let him shove her aside and leap to his feet.

"Hold it!" A bald, fat man stood in the doorway, looking ridiculous with a white apron around his waist and a pistol in his hand. His voice quavered as he ordered Westwood to step back.

The redhead didn't wait. Seizing Westwood by the knees, she pulled his legs out from under him; and as he fought back, it struck him that the girl was getting some kind of thrill out of the encounter. Oblivious of her bare breast and exposed legs, she tried to straddle Westwood and pin him to the floor. But his strength proved too much for her. Finally he managed to slip behind her back and pinion her arms, so that her body shielded him from the pistol.

He yanked her to her feet. They both stood there, swaying, gasping for breath, while the fat man with the gun stared in helpless anguish.

"Pa," wailed the redhead, "I told you to get Henry's help. The reward is big enough to cut three ways!"

"So that's why you were staring at me," said young Westwood regretfully. "And you baited me with this beautiful body." He kissed the nape of her neck. "If you had waited a little longer, I might even have said it was worth it."

With his free hand, the fat man used his apron to mop his sweating face. "You won't hurt her, will you?" he whined. "Everybody says you may be a bushranger but you're a gentleman."

William Westwood, better known throughout New South Wales as Jacky Jacky, one of the most daring of Australia's many fugitive convicts, gave a brisk nod. "Thanks for the compliment," he said. "Now make me a gift of your gun."

The alacrity with which fat tavern owner Gray responded to the order should perhaps have alerted Jacky Jacky, but it didn't. The bushranger picked up the gun that had been slid to him along the floor and trained it on its owner. With his left hand still wrapped around the redhead, Jacky Jacky slowly backed up toward the door. At the threshold, he stopped.

"Keep quiet and stay where you are for 15 minutes," warned Jacky Jacky, "because your daughter is going to keep me company that long. If you try to give the alarm before that, I may have to do some ungentlemanly things to her."

As he stepped backward through the doorway, a hard-swung club caught him squarely on the head. William Westwood, alias Jacky Jacky, dropped where he stood. He never knew that the redhead, with no regard for her nakedness, fell to her knees and gently cradled his bloody head. He

didn't hear her scream at the tall, slightly cross-eyed man who stood grinning at the door: "You didn't have to try and kill him, Henry Waters!"

With a single blow, carpenter Henry Waters had ended a hunt that state troopers had been carrying on for more than a year. He had captured Jacky Jacky. The date was May 23, 1841, making it just four years less one month from the time the boy first set foot on Australian soil. He was then 16—and had already been branded a serious criminal.

His crime: picking the pocket of a London merchant. His penalty: exile to Australia. This was England's expedient way of ridding itself of thieves and pimps, drunkards and debtors, and other assorted criminals who could not be conveniently hanged. No effort was made to make the punishment fit either the crime or the culprit. Theft of a loaf of bread and theft of a pearl necklace both received banishment to an Australian prison camp, and it did not matter whether the thief was young or old. For 16-year-old Billy Westwood, a pauper's son, one abortive attempt to pick pockets doomed him to a life of agony and degradation that defies description.

He landed in Sydney and was assigned to a penal colony in a remote part of New South Wales. For two years he endured near-starvation and backbreaking labor without losing his unquenchable optimism. Such cheerfulness reminded other prisoners of Australia's favorite bird, the kookaburra, also known as the laughing jackass, or jacky, for short. Since the bird's other nickname is the woop-woop pigeon, that naturally led to Billy Westwood being dubbed with a doubled monicker, too—Jacky Jacky.

During his third year of imprisonment, Jacky Jacky laughed less often. He became convinced that he wouldn't "get his ticket" (be pardoned) until he was an old man; and so he successfully planned and executed a break for freedom. Like other fugitives before him, he fled into the bush—wild, uninhabited country relentlessly scourged by the wind and by such extremes of heat and cold that even vegetation withered and died.

Here, where few animals could survive, the human animal learned to exist. Jacky Jacky and other bushrangers lived in caves or crude cabins, roving far on horseback to rob travelers or raid outlying settlements. The young outlaw's reputation spread swiftly. Within a year he had become an almost legendary figure whose fame rested on his daring exploits, his hatred of oppression of the poor, and his amorous way with women.

For sheer audacity, no bushranger was Jacky Jacky's equal. The raid at Braidwood, for example, was executed simply so that he could thumb his nose at the authorities. He knew the route the stagecoach followed from Tamworth, and if he had been a run-of-the-mill raider he would have ganged up with other outlaws, waited in a lonely desert arroyo and shot it out with the guards. But that would have been—as Jacky Jacky himself put it—"a bloody bore." So he planned things in a way that promised him more fun.

From up in the hills, a few miles outside Braidwood, Jacky Jacky watched the coach as it traveled the snaky road into town. It was a Yankee coach, imported from the United States by Australia's famous Cobb and Co., and Jacky Jacky knew that the driver had been brought from America, too, where years of experience with Wells Fargo had taught him the tricks of the trade. Ten sorrel horses surged ahead in an easy canter, a sure indication that the guards and driver alike had relaxed. They had passed the danger point, they felt, and were as good as home.

The young outlaw rode over the hill and down the other side, emerging onto the road. He eased the reins on his roan stallion, slouched in the saddle and might almost have been dozing in the sun as the horse ambled along. From behind, the great stagecoach swept around a bend. No one paid much attention to the sleepy, lonely figure ahead, except for the driver who cracked his whip like a pistol shot as a warning to clear the road.

Jacky Jacky twitched the reins and his stallion moved to the side. But the moment the coach came abreast, the outlaw drew his pistol and, with a touch of his spurs, sent his horse bounding alongside so that he could threaten the driver at point-blank range. Swearing, the driver started reining in his team. A guard, sitting next to him, belatedly reached for his rifle. One shot sang its warning buzz close to the man's ear, and he hastily let his hand drop.

In a matter of minutes, Jacky Jacky had looted a mail bag of packaged currency, paying no attention to the astonished stares of the passengers. Then he said aloud: "I know you've got some bullion aboard, but I can't be bothered with that right now. It would weigh me (*Continued on page* 81)

The barrier of savage dogs effectively prevented escape by land, so he planned to swim through the sharks, instead.

by NORMAN H. LOBSENZ

There are times when you'd rather kiss a cop than Brigitte Bardot. Like when you're hanging onto a rock in the middle of the ocean, or dangling from a church steeple with your hip and leg shattered.

Back in 1935 flying in an airplane was still high adventure. To the handful of men who comprised the fledgling Aviation Bureau of the New York Police Emergency Service Division—then the first and today still the only one of its kind in the world—every flight was a gamble with death. One of its planes was a now long-forgotten Loening Commuter Amphibian. Although it had three seats, its 90-horsepower motor could just about get it off the ground with its normal complement of two riders. So the third seat was always empty, and the men of the Bureau called it "the angel seat"—assigning it to the invisible angel they hoped rode with them on every patrol.

Dick Ryan remembers the day he is sure the angel seat was taken. It was a blustery day in late September. Ryan, a veteran of more than 25 years in the Emergency Division and who is now in the Harbor Precinct, was on a routine

From "Emergency!" by Norman H Lobsenz. Copyright 1958 by Norman H. Lobsenz. Courtesy of David McKay Co., Inc.

NEW YORK'S DOWN-

patrol off Coney Island when he spotted two swimmers being carried out to sea by a combination of a rip current and an ebb tide.

"We had no radio in the planes in those days," Ryan told me, "so we couldn't do the simple and obvious thing of getting a police launch out to them. It was strictly up to us. My pilot, Peter Terranova, swooped low and we tossed out one of the balsa life rafts the old planes carried. But it fell short, and the men were too weak to battle heavy seas and get to it. Then we tried to land on the water—after all, that's why we were flying amphibians. But there were heavy ground swells. The waves were coming about eight feet high and 50 feet apart. Amphibians had to land in the trough of a wave, of course; but with that sea running we'd be smashed to bits by the next crest, like hitting a brick wall."

Ryan asked Terranova to make another pass over the swimmers, and to come in as low and as slow as possible. When the plane was about 30 feet high, and making about 60 miles an hour, Ryan kicked off his shoes, took off his flying goggles, and crouched in the plane's hatchway. He remembers Terranova saying to him, "What are you going to do, you crazy Irish bastard?"

"I've got to," said Ryan. "We can't get 'em any other way."

Timing himself to land between waves, Ryan jumped from the moving plane. He reached the balsa life raft, drew it with him to one swimmer, hauled him onto it. Then Ryan swam to the other man, had to fight him for a moment to break his hysterical iron grip, pushed him onto the raft, and began towing both men to shore. With the help of Terranova, who had landed closer to the beach where the swells

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ON-A-DIME ANGELS

In 1933, when the Navy dirigible Akron crashed into the sea off the Jersey coast, ships and blimps rushed to the rescue.

Treacherous winds forced one blimp down; a New York police amphibian collected the five-man crew, taxied to shore.

NEW YORK'S DOWN-ON-A-DIME ANGELS

were not so high or dangerous, Ryan got the swimmers on the beach. An ambulance, called by a foot patrolman who had watched the rescue, was waiting. Ryan and Terranova clambered back into their plane, took off, and landed back at the Aviation Bureau's home field 45 minutes later than they were supposed to.

"The captain of the Bureau in those days was Arthur Wallander, who later became police commissioner," Ryan recalls. "He started to bawl us out before the prop had even stopped turning. I was in my soaking-wet flying suit, and I kept right on walking to quarters. But I could hear Wallander lacing into Terranova.

" 'What are you so late for?' he growled.

" 'Ryan jumped out of the plane to save two guys off Coney.'

" '*He did wha-a-a-t?*'

"I turned around just then and saw Wallander looking at me with his jaw down to here, as if I was a man from Mars."

Ryan hollered back to him, "I guess the angel seat was carrying a passenger today, Captain!"

There are no angel seats in the up-to-the-minute helicopters the Emergency men fly today. But it is not farfetched—in the light of the Aviation Bureau's lifesaving history—to say that each of its planes is an angel seat itself.

For in addition to its routine work, the flying cops are responsible for rescuing an average of 200 people a year from deadly or dangerous situations.

Not long ago, for example, when gale-force winds struck suddenly along the coast, one helicopter crew spotted an overturned rowboat off the Rockaways and two men struggling to cling to it despite 10-foot-high waves. The pilot, Sergeant Harold Behrens, a bluff Aviation Bureau veteran who has been involved in a score of dramatic rescues, maneuvered his plane down to a mid-air standstill just beyond the tip of the wave crests. His partner, Patrolman Thomas Williams, tossed a line and life rings to the drowning men.

"Hold on tight!" Behrens yelled. Then he headed his plane inshore, started moving slowly, and literally ski-towed the men nearly half a mile to the beach.

Another time Behrens saved five fishermen whose enthusiasm for angling had led them to the end of a rock jetty at Coney Island and whose singleness of purpose had rendered them oblivious to the rising tide until they were completely marooned. Because of the danger of breaking up on the jagged rocks, Behrens couldn't land his helicopter. So, coming down to within a foot or so of the fishermen's heads, he simply leaned out of the cabin and handed each one a life jacket, told him how to put it on, and ordered him to stand fast until a police launch—which he had already radioed for—took them off their perch.

Probably the most spectacular rescue took place in 1951, when Captain Gus Crawford, then senior officer of the Aviation Bureau, and Patrolman (now Sergeant) John Jordan, staked their lives on their skill as pilots and Emergency men.

Atop the soaring Gothic spires of New York's sky-reaching Cathedral of (*Continued on page* 66)

Stranded on 250-foot-high parapet of St. John the Divine Cathedral, the injured steeplejack could only be saved by copter.

Other states have copied New York's helicopter traffic patrols to spot week-end jams and accidents on the highway.

But the majority of rescue work is picking up fishermen marooned by rising tides, and kids on homemade rafts.

STAG CONFIDENTIAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Pensacola, Fla., pre-flight center shows guys who volunteer for certain hazardous experiments check out as being "slightly more feminine in interests" than non-volunteers. . . .

NEW FOR MEN

Personalized branding iron for your tools . . . Plug-in night light that runs for a year on less than a penny's power . . . Spotlight that's pressurized to work 250 feet under water. . . .

A new electronic "secretary" that changes your spoken word into typewritten text at speed of normal speech . . . New fish scaler

One thing that'll make a man-killer out of a tame bear is THE PRESENCE OF A WOUNDED BEAR. In other words, hunter will follow spoor of a half-dead bear he's shot, THEN SUDDENLY GET JUMPED BY A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BEAR DRIVEN MAD BY THE BEAR BLOOD. . . .

Any new pistol should be given a thin coat of paste wax and BUFFED TO A HIGHER POLISH . . . If you insist on carrying your outboard motor in the car trunk, AT LEAST BUY AN INNER TUBE, rest it on that. . . .

Shrewd pork-knockers (local term for foreign prospectors, hunters) along the Amazon will often hire KNOWN MURDERERS FOR GUIDES. These are the only boys who can deal with the head-hunting natives . . . Those Japanese Arisaka actions were modified Mausers, and the ones with cast

NEW FOR MEN

MEN OUTDOORS

THAT ATTACHES TO AN ELECTRIC DRILL . . . Slide rule that'll help fishermen predict weather. . . .

An under-the-dashboard dispenser that BREWS COFFEE IN YOUR CAR . . . A new game called GETTYSBURG that lets you refight Civil War, MAKE IT END ANY WAY YOU WANT . . . Ear alarm for TRUCKERS, DRIVERS WHO DOZE OFF. . . .

Permanent steel sander—so you don't have to keep buying new sandpaper . . . Duck decoys that are BROADER IN THE BEAM than any others you've seen . . . Compact, 25-pound, easily operated machine that PROCESSES COLOR FILM. . . .

MEN OUTDOORS

That SHRUNKEN HEAD YOU BOUGHT in the Brazil marketplace is odds-on to be a cleverly shrunken monkey's head. . . .

WHEN YOU KILL YOUR FIRST DEER in some Southern communities, they christen you a deerslayer by smearing the ANIMAL'S BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR FACE. . . .

receivers ARE 100% LEMONS. But if yours has a forged receiver you're in good shape. . . .

MEN IN CRIME

TENDON-CUTTING now the favorite way of protesting lousy prison regulations . . . RULE IN MOST PRISONS is no inmate will ever be punished or disciplined on the word of another inmate. In other words, contrary to most beliefs, wardens do not use "stoolies." . . .

You visit Stateville Prison in Illinois and THEY'LL CHECK THE GUM IN YOUR MOUTH FOR NARCOTICS . . . British feel our murders are terribly dull, LACK CHARM AND WIT. In US you get a gun and shoot someone. Since it's tougher to get weapons in Britain, limeys have to use more ingenious methods; hence the acid bath murders, the two-year poison killings, etc. . . .

In some ways, that N.Y. law forbidding ordinary Joes to own unregistered pistols PROTECTS CRIMINALS, doesn't protect their

victims. In other words, stick-up man can operate pretty freely, KNOWING THE ODDS ARE 1,000 to ONE HIS VICTIM WON'T BE TOTING A GUN. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

WITH ALL THE BELLYACHING about subzero temperatures, skin-peeling winds, no broads, civilian construction workers who build the Air Force's radar sites in Alaska ARE PLENTY HAPPY WITH THEIR FAT WAGE SCALES. Average guy can "clear" $265/wk. after taxes, and story is most men can buy, pay for a house in States after few seasons working up North . . . Even though horses are disappearing, HORSESHOERS ARE VANISHING EVEN QUICKER and there's a powerful demand for these boys. Strong young guys who get into the Internat'l Union of Shoers can knock down $20,000/year. Big work is at the larger stables around country. . . .

Espionage is just as tough a racket as it sounds. One third of the British agents during World War II WERE CAPTURED BY NAZIS AND TORTURE-KILLED . . . Little easier for a guy to get work in Las Vegas now that law's been passed outlawing lady crap and faro dealers . . . Roofing has got to lead the list as a terrific opportunity for new salesmen. . . .

Watch for a truckload of jobs to open up for blue collar workers in federal shipyards now that Navy is turning over nuclear work to these yards. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

A MAN'S WALLET

A MAN'S WALLET

Thirty-four bucks down is enough to buy you a one-kilo gold bar in Canada. Then you can pay as little as $63/yr. to own it completely AND IF THE PRICE OF GOLD SHOULD RISE you are in one sweet position . . . Army will pay HEAVY MONEY for 1,000 German shepherd dogs—to do sentry duty around missile bases. Dogs should be between nine months and three years old, males preferred, between 60-90 pounds, no white ones. . . .

Our government is pretty burned up over the HUSTLERS who illegally get to crew members of British ocean liners, finagle "stowaway" deals that let them get from New York to Europe and back for $28 . . . Fortune-hunter crowd dragging tail up to Chibougamau in Central Quebec—where abundance of gold, copper, nickel has been found. . . .

THE CON IS ON when the salesman tells you a gadget costs "only" something, "only $100" or "only $2,000." It's the oldest trick in the slickster biz . . . Cost you $200 for a man's white shirt in Russia . . . Remember that WHEN THE PICTURE SCOOTS OUT on your TV set, it can be one of 200 parts malfunctioning. Gyp repair boys, of course, will immediately say it's new tubes you need. . . .

WEIRDEST TALE FROM OLD KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH involved man who collected sawdust from a barroom floor and panned $278 from it in two hours . . . South Dakota paying bounties THROUGH THE NOSE for bobcats, coyotes, foxes, both adult and pups. . . .

Dallas landlords giving out BOOKS OF GREEN STAMPS to tenants with delivery of each month's rent . . . Jockeys, for some reason, carry the BIGGEST BUNDLE around with them of all celebs. Rare to find one who can't peel off a few quick thousand in small bills. . . .

CRUSHING DEMAND ALL OVER SOUTHWEST AND WEST for experts in food service . . . BOOKMAKER WILL ALWAYS CRUSH YOU IN THE END because he's got big money and you haven't. Figure it this way. If you toss coins with a guy, and he starts with 100, you've only got 10, he'll beat your ears back every time, eventually . . . BEST USED MACHINERY IN THE COUNTRY—AND IT'S ALL FOR SALE—is on file (in pictures) at the Machinery Dealers Nat'l Assoc. in Washington, D.C. . . .

MR. MURDER OF MURDER, INC.

Continued from page 19

Avenue in Brooklyn. The operation was not a big one, involving less than $1,000. But even potential millionaires must start somewhere, so Gurino chose noon of a Sunday to invade this lot, armed with a baseball bat.

"Come ahn, line up—against that fence!" he bellowed at the 20 or more players gathered there.

There was considerable milling around and then Willie Grimes emerged from the crowd and went over to Chicken Head.

"What is this, a pinch?" he inquired, making the boner of the month in mistaking Gurino for a policeman.

That mistake put an idea in Chicken Head's skull which he later used in a vicious murder. At the moment he ignored Willie and called over to Albert Grimes to pick up the money on the ground.

"Come ahn! Come ahn! Gimme!"

When the younger of the Grimes brothers had handed over more than $600 in bills and coin, Gurino tightened his grip on the bat and suddenly whipped it around, smashing the boy's right arm. You could hear the bone crack . . . and then Albert was writhing on the ground, holding his arm and moaning.

Everybody seemed overawed by this behemoth who had so unexpectedly appeared among them, but Chicken Head still had business to transact. He could strut later. Turning to Willie Grimes, he calmly ordered him to "empty out the pockets of them guys."

Bewildered, sullen, angry, but afraid, Willie complied.

With practically every last dime of that crap-shooting crowd in his pockets, Gurino took a still firmer grip on the bat and whirled on Willie. The blow resulted in a compound fracture of the left shoulder and collarbone, and left another sobbing, raging casualty on the ground.

Chicken Head walked unhurriedly from the scene. He knew that crap shooters rarely if ever complain to the police.

This overbearing slob soon became a terror in that swarming section of Brooklyn known as Brownsville. In this overpopulated area of 12 square miles resided more than 700,000 decent, hard-working, law-abiding citizens. Altogether too many of them felt, at one time or another, the criminal hand of Chicken Head Gurino.

ONE of his victims, a man named Morris Heckmann, ran a kosher butcher shop on Georgia Avenue. It was his custom to close at sundown on Friday and open at sundown on Saturday. For five successive Saturdays, just as he opened the store, he was held up and taken for everything he had in the till and on his person. Not content with this, the robber repeatedly struck Heckmann with a blackjack, on the head, the arms, the face. Mr. Heckmann at last reported these crimes.

Detective Bill King set up a plant on Heckmann's store, and on the Saturday following the fifth robbery Bill sat nearby in a car. He saw Gurino enter the store and recognized him. A few minutes later, as Chicken Head emerged with the jauntiness of a boulevardier, counting out some $35 in bills, King hopped out of his car and put the arm on him.

"O.K., bum. Now let's see what happened to the butcher?"

Mr. Heckmann, as usual, was bleeding from face cuts inflicted by Gurino. He readily identified his assailant and Gurino was charged with assault and robbery. But four months later, when Gurino was called to trial, no power on earth could get Heckmann to repeat his identification in court: the butcher had been frightened out of his skin by Gurino's threats.

WITHIN a few short years Chicken Head had piled up a total of 26 arrests, most of which came to naught; but Main Office Detective Clarence Gilroy and I had a little better luck with him early one September morning.

Clarence was hustling a police car down Sutter Avenue, in the East New York section, along about 3:30 A.M. As I sat beside him, my roving eye observed a car parked just off an intersection, its lights out and the motor running.

When we had passed the intersection, Gilroy let me out of the police car and then drove around the block, coming up in back of the parked car just as I approached on foot.

And who do you suppose at that moment bounced out of the other car, baseball bat in hand? Gurino! But almost as quickly he was bouncing around in the gutter. For Gilroy had a left hook fast as lighting and an equally devastating right cross that travelled only about eight inches and landed with the impact of a pile driver.

After taking a long count, Gurino staggered to his feet. "Ya bum, ya," he complained. "Ya hit me wit' an iron bar when I was lookin' at *him* . . . ." pointing at me. He simply didn't believe that a bare fist could do all that damage.

We found more than $7,000 worth of cigarettes in cartons which two young hoodlums had carried out of a warehouse under Chicken Head's direction. This time Gurino had no citizen to frighten, and County Judge Martin sent him to Sing Sing for two and a half to five years.

Because of "good behavior" while in the pokey, Chicken Head emerged after 19 months, itching for action and some easy money. This time he set his sights a little higher, aiming at a stick-up of the State Street crap game. This was a large gambling operation carried on in the shadow of Brooklyn's Criminal Court Building. Businessmen gathered nightly in a loft there and thousands of dollars changed hands. Chicken Head visited the place a couple of times to case it and study the surrounding terrain, and of course he was noticed, for by that time Gurino had become a character.

Shortly after one of these visits, a hooligan named Harry Maione stopped Chicken Head on the street and said meaningfully out of the corner of his mouth, "Go see Louis Capone at his restaurant. It's important." Capone was a minor gangster who ran an Italian restaurant on Fulton Street. This place was a notorious dive operated by a man who was later executed in the Sing Sing death house.

Chicken Head knew that Maione was merely transmitting orders, but he didn't know from whom. Anyway, he called on Capone.

"Maione says ya wanta see me," he said sullenly.

"Yeah. I got word that you're hanging around that State Street game. It wouldn't be nice for anything to happen there. A lot of big people would get mad at you," Capone advised with sinister gentleness.

"I wasn't doin' nothing and what the hell do I care who gets mad at me?" the explosive-tempered Gurino shot back.

Though this Capone guy never got excited, nobody would ever mistake him for a cream puff. He studied the murderous-looking tub of lard for a few minutes before answering.

"Have a pizza, Chicken Head, and cool down. I think we can use you—if you'll listen to some common sense. Maybe we can put you on the payroll. But only if you know how to follow orders."

"Who gives the orders?"

"Albert A."

"You mean *Albert Anastasia?*" the awed Chicken Head murmured. The name of the master killer impressed even him.

"I don't mean anybody else. Now you be home this Sunday afternoon and Albert A. will be around to see you," Capone said.

CHICKEN HEAD was ready with his automatics and favorite targets—live chickens—when Albert Anastasia arrived. Gurino went into his act. Anastasia watched coldly as the helpless birds were sent into those final gyrations just before they died.

"Good shooting," the head hoodlum told Gurino. "But I got a lot of guys who are crack shots. If you want to be on my staff, you have to know how to take orders. That's the big thing."

"A-ah, I can outshoot any guy ya got," Gurino answered.

"Could be. But can you outshoot four of them?" Albert A. asked pointedly.

Chicken Head had some doubt about that, so Anastasia warned him: "You work with me and do as you're told. Any time you get too smart, I got a guy who's smarter." Even Gurino was wise enough not to demand proof.

So this blubbery goof went on the big guy's payroll. At first he worked as a muscle in the shylock racket—beating up dock workers who fell behind in their payments to the moneylenders. Then Anastasia hired him out to Louis Lepke, to threaten and bully Manhattan dress manufacturers into submitting to extortion. But these were comparatively mild chores for such a great talent, and soon he moved on to more dangerous assignments.

John "Beano" Bean made the mistake of

holding up syndicate-owned gambling houses in Boston. Bean was the sort of guy in Boston that the younger Gurino had been in Brooklyn. He defied all the rules that the big mobsters live by. He couldn't seem to understand that when the top-ranking bums run an enterprise the lesser bums are supposed to keep their hands off.

So Beano's name went up on the red board and a contract (the gang term for a killing) was given. Anastasia sent for Chicken Head and issued orders.

Gurino went to Boston for a few days to study the habits of the marked man. After that, he machine-gunned Beano to death in Boylston Street, right in the busiest part of the city, and returned to Brooklyn the next day.

DURING his activities as a slugger for Anastasia and Lepke, as they terrorized legitimate businessmen, Vito Gurino got ideas of his own. If Lepke and Anastasia could keep him on a payroll plus traveling expenses and do the same for a score of other killers and sluggers, how much more were the head men taking in weekly? Gurino thought he might find out by starting his own business on the side.

He selected his territory, rented a store and put up a sign, *Brownsville and East New York Protective Association.*

For a start he took in only bakeries. He promised to "protect" them from any trouble. His rate was $60 a month. Soon he had five small storekeepers signed up. But after a while, Adolph Kling, one of the five, could not see what he was getting for his money and so informed Gurino.

Following the traditional technique, Gurino promptly shattered both of the plate-glass windows in Kling's shop. When new glass was put in, it went the same way. Then two stench bombs were thrown into the store during the busy hours, scattering and frightening the customers.

That blew it. Kling had taken enough. He came down to headquarters to complain about Chicken Head.

"What did Gurino say he was protecting you from?" I asked Mr. Kling.

"From Gurino," he replied grimly. "He made no bones about it."

So Detective Harry Beck and I went looking for Chicken Head and after a few hours confronted him with the aggrieved baker.

"Mr. Kling says you demanded money each month for protection," Beck accused him.

"'I was keepin' away burglars and things. I got a legit business here," Gurino insisted.

"Mr. Kling thinks differently, and we're inclined to believe him," I put in.

"What the hell," he snarled, "even when I tell you guys the trut', ya don't believe me!"

We booked him for extortion, and as the court procedures got under way, he was released on $25,000 bail. And now began a campaign of terror by innuendo against Mr. Kling. Chicken Head would call him on the telephone and describe in detail the horrible things that awaited him if he ever dared to go on the witness stand. Gurino's stooges would drop in at the Kling bakery, buy a loaf of bread, and regale the poor man with dreadful tales of Chicken Head's ferociousness and all-around bestiality.

In no time at all Mr. Kling was a nervous wreck. He began to resist the importunities of the law. He balked at any further steps against Chicken Head.

It got so bad that the baker, in fear of his life and refusing to co-operate with the court, was committed to Civil Prison as a material witness. And so the innocent plaintiff remained behind bars while the defendant went his merry way, as free as any law-abiding citizen. Seven months later the case was dropped and Kling was released.

About the only thing accomplished by this extortion arrest was that the massive bum temporarily discontinued his protection sideline and confined himself to the activities for which he seemed best fitted. Such as the rub-out of a miserable hop-head named Willie Shapiro.

Willie, a little man who wore an old-fashioned, high, stiff collar, was the last of three Shapiro brothers. Meyer and Irving had been killed in the endless gang brawls that beset the Brownsville-East New York section. The worst crime ever committed by Willie was swiping apples and oranges from the open-air stands along Belmont Avenue.

While working as a pin boy in a large bowling alley, Willie was introduced to the narcotics habit by another pin boy. When high on the stuff, Willie would get off a few thousand words about knowing who killed his brothers, winding up with the promise that some day he would even it up. Actually, as everybody knew, Willie Shapiro had neither the guts, the weapons, the strength nor the inclination to subdue an alley cat. Only Gurino could see the nondescript young man as a menace.

One night Shapiro went to a place on Rockway Avenue to buy a little heroin. As Willie emerged from a hallway, the waiting Gurino hooked one of his gorillalike arms around his neck and dragged the struggling, dope-ridden bag of bones into the cellar of a bar run by Joe Daddonna. There he worked over the screaming Shapiro with a baseball bat until he was unconscious, then dumped him into a car.

Gurino then drove to the dunes of Canarsie, where he buried Willie Shapiro in the sand.

When the body was discovered a few days later, the autopsy report of Medical Examiner Emanuel Marten read: "Deceased had more than 20 multiple fractures. Sand in the lungs indicates burial while alive."

"Nobody got to worry about that high-collar Shapiro boy any more," Chicken Head boasted in Capone's restaurant. "I took care of him."

"Vito, you talk too much. When you do a job, keep quiet. You never know who rats to the cops," the experienced Capone counseled.

Chicken Head's answer was typical: "A-a-ah! That's why I bumped him—he was always talkin' about goin' to the cops. I hate cops and I hate a rat. In this racket ya gotta stand on your own feet."

"Well, anyway, just watch that big blabbermouth of yours," insisted Capone, who feared a loose tongue more than a nightstick. "You keep on shootin' it off and you'll lose more than your job."

BY THIS time the heat generated by Kling's extortion charges had evaporated, and Gurino went back to his protection racket. Another and more pretentious store was rented and a telephone installed. Cards were printed, bearing the inscription *Neighborhood Patrol System,* and Gurino hired a couple of small-time thugs to do his patrolling.

Here's the way it worked. Sometime during the night Gurino's bums would slip cards under the doors of stores that were being protected. The presence of these cards was supposed to assure each owner that his

"Is it coming back to you yet, Pierre?"

"Oh, come on out, Sam! It's been months since you filed your income tax."

property was under constant surveillance by these vigilantes. Within four months Chicken Head had more than 70 stores paying him $60 a month, averaging $1,000 a week net profit. His reputation was such that no storekeeper would refuse the levy nor dream of protesting to the authorities.

As his own business flourished, Gurino adopted another of the big mobster's gimmicks. He wanted a piece of the businesses he protected. Naturally you would not expect the likes of Chicken Head to invest money in these enterprises. He just muscled his way in as a partner. Usually it began on a small scale, 10 per cent or so, but in one case Vito Gurino wound up as sole owner of a well-established bakery.

AUGUST Linman started by hiring Gurino's patrol service because he was afraid not to. After six months Gurino came around with a proposition.

"Gus, ya got nine people working for ya. Ya got a pretty good thing going. I think we are such good friends that ya oughta cut me in for a piece."

So Mr. Linman made Gurino a partner, drawing 10 per cent of the profits. Other visits brought it to almost 50 per cent, but not until Gurino had exerted a little of his charm—spelled *threat*—over Linman.

"Gus, I'm sick of havin' to beg ya to let me be an equal partner. Listen: I got somethin' to do on Long Island tomorrow. Ya look in the papers the next day and see what happens to John."

"Who's John?" Linman asked.

"Look in the papers," was all Chicken Head said.

John Bagdonowitz was a luckless house painter who had run afoul of the shylocks. John's weakness, when he had a buck, was to play the races, and there always seemed to be more races than there were paint jobs. Sometimes it seemed to John that he could paint a seven-room house faster than those glue pots traveled the mile and an eighth. Of course, those he didn't bet on could run a lot faster.

John made his biggest mistake, however, when he borrowed $200 from Anastasia-protected moneylenders. For a few weeks he managed to scrape together the exorbitant interest demanded. Finally he didn't have a dime and appealed to his "bankers."

"Nothing doing," was the judgment. "Albert A. says to get it up or you'll be sorry."

"Look, as soon as I land a couple of paint jobs, I'll square up the whole works," Bagdonowitz pleaded.

The bankers waited a few weeks, then summoned the painter again.

"I already paid you 120 bucks, and I got 10 more for you now. Things are slow in the paint line," John explained.

"How are you going to get rid of this $435 debt with just 10 bucks a week?" Bagdonowitz was asked.

"What the hell are you talking about? I only got 200 in the beginning, and I've already paid off 120. How do you figure I owe $435?"

"You owe 435. Pay up or else. You know the interest rates."

"To hell with the whole bunch of you!" Bagdonowitz exploded. "You won't get another damn dime out of me!"

So it was on John Bagdonowitz that Chicken Head had the contract when he advised his baker friend to watch the newspapers.

Right on schedule Gurino appeared at the Bagdonowitz home and rang the bell. While waiting, he placed a sawed-off shotgun out of sight to the right of the door jamb. Not 75 feet away a uniformed cop was directing traffic, but little things like that didn't bother Chicken Head.

Mrs. Bagdonowitz came to the door.

"John Bagdonowitz home? I'm a detective," Chicken Head announced, remembering that incident a few years back when he had been mistaken for a cop.

"What would a detective want with my husband?" Mrs. Bagdonowitz asked nervously.

At that moment Bagdonowitz, hearing the talk, came into the hallway. "What's the matter, mama? Who is it?"

Chicken Head grabbed his weapon and pushed inside. Mrs. Bagdonowitz screamed, only to be knocked unconscious by a blow on the head. John knew now what it was all about. This was the mob's payoff for failure to pay up.

John Bagdonowitz ran for his life, back through the hall, the dining room, the kitchen, but he didn't quite make it. As he reached the kitchen, Gurino blasted his head off with the shotgun.

Going out the back door, Chicken Head walked through a driveway to the street, went up to the traffic cop at the corner and asked for directions to the nearest bus. . . .

"Ya read about John out on Long Island?" a voice asked August Linman over the telephone.

The next day Vito Gurino had a 50 per cent partnership in that bakery. "Everything legal-like," he explained later. "We got papers and all."

Within a few months Mr. Linman felt the urge to travel, and Gurino became the sole owner of the bakery.

It did not take too much persuasion for Chicken Head to acquire part interest in four other Brooklyn and Queens bakeries. He also acquired a 20 per cent piece of a prosperous meat market on Liberty Avenue.

ONE day Detective Clarence Gilroy picked Gurino out of his Cadillac and took him in on a vagrancy charge. Gilroy said he was "looking for customers." What he meant was that, with Vito in the can, he hoped that some respectable citizen would come forward with a complaint against him.

Vito was his usual swaggering self on the line-up platform, where Chief of Detectives Sullivan referred to him in anything but flattering terms.

"A-a-ah, nuts! I ain't that bad," Vito replied.

"There aren't enough words in the dictionary to describe how bad you are," the aroused Sullivan went on. "You're a murdering fat slob. You'd do anything. Nothing's too rotten for you."

"Then how come the newspapers say I'm only Public Enemy Number Seven?" Chicken Head countered triumphantly. "If ya got me tabbed right, I oughta be higher up."

Of course, nothing came of all this, for no civic-minded complainant appeared, and another "discharged" went into the record books.

Gurino was a practical joker. A frequent butt of his humor, such as it was, was Al Silverman. A figure in gambling and policy circles, he frequented Capone's restaurant, as did others of his ilk. One night he got the hot foot; another night, engrossed in the race results, he suddenly discovered that his newspaper was afire. Then, one evening, he fell asleep from the effects of too much wine, after first removing his expensive, made-to-order shoes. He woke up while they were being nailed to the floor.

Human nature being what it is, Al Silverman looked about for some means to even the score with Gurino. He would have done better had he taken a rattlesnake to bed with him.

At four A.M. he called Chicken Head on the phone. "Hey, Vito, what happened? I see your bakery on Atlantic Avenue has been closed down."

"What are ya talkin' about, Al? It ain't never closed."

"It was when I went by a short while ago," Silverman said, and laughed heartily as he hung up.

Vito got dressed and hurried over to Atlantic Avenue. As he neared the bakery he squinted in an effort to discern the words on a huge sign that flapped back and forth across one of the windows. At length he was able to read the six-inch-high letters painted on the canvas:

CLOSED TEMPORARILY
OUT OF BLUBBER

Enraged, Chicken Head went looking in all directions. "Somebody put a big sign on my joint," he muttered darkly, "and I think I know who the guy is."

Silverman got wind of Gurino's mood and, amazed that this nonstop joker was so aroused, telephoned him. What he heard caused Silverman to vacate Brooklyn pronto and hide out in Somers, Connecticut. Within a week Chicken Head caught up with him, and after slashing his victim across the head and face with a butcher knife, draped the dead body over a picket fence.

"I hung *him* up like a sign," Gurino exulted.

He was picked up later by the Connecticut State Police. However, as there were no witnesses, they had to turn him loose within a few days.

But dark clouds were gathering. Thomas E. Dewey had been hacking away at New York's criminal empire, and now his efforts were being augmented by those of William O'Dwyer, who had been elected Brooklyn's district attorney. With a two-flank assault under way, the mobs were seeking cover. Some of the infamous Murder Inc. hoods were being successfully prosecuted, with the dreaded hot seat in the offing, and Vito Gurino was part and parcel of that crowd.

Defensive measures were undertaken by leaders like Lepke and Anastasia. Witnesses had to be silenced—either by threats or by sudden death. And Chicken Head became a very busy man; most of the tougher jobs would go to him. One in particular stands out: the case of "Joe the Baker" Liberito.

Joe the Baker was the most important witness in a gang murder. To prevent the mob from getting to him, Liberito was taken into protective custody and given bed and board at the Civil Prison in Queens. Material witnesses are usually paid a nominal sum for each day they spend in confinement, and Joe was perfectly satisfied. He enjoyed a reasonable amount of freedom inside and at the same time felt safe from gang triggermen.

One night a keeper approached him. "There's a man here to see you, Joe," he said.

"Who is it?" Liberito asked.

The turnkey shrugged and led Liberito to the jail kitchen. There, sitting on a table, was Vito Gurino. The turnkey, obviously a man of discretion, left them alone.

"Are ya gettin' everything ya want?" Chicken Head asked, with all the slobbering concern of the big bad wolf.

"Everything is fine, Vito," was the response.

"Didja do any talkin'?"

"You know I ain't that kind of a guy," Liberito was beginning to shake.

"Ya better not," Chicken Head said in a hoarse whisper, showing him a gun.

That was episode No. 1 in the saga of Joe the Baker. Episode No. 2 occurred a few days later when Gurino paid another call at the Civil Prison and asked for Liberito.

"I don't want to see that guy any more," Liberito stormed at his jailers. "If he insists, make him come down here to the cell and talk through the bars. And you stick around."

This convinced Gurino that Joe the Baker was of dubious character, an unstable and dangerous witness; and the only thing to do with a guy like that was to knock him off.

TWO nights later, with forged bail papers and in the company of another man who for a consideration of $100 was supposed to present the papers, Chicken Head drove again to the Civil Prison. He sat outside in the Cadillac, a machine gun across his lap, waiting for his companion to spring Joe the Baker.

But once inside the jail, Chicken Head's hired man, under questioning, lost his nerve and spilled the works. Sirens began to wail. Guards were moving around, reaching for their guns. Gurino knew what that meant and stepped on the gas.

As a result of the Dewey drive the top brass of the mobs were knocking off their own men like tenpins. Any hired gun marked for arrest, any hood on the Anastasia or Lepke payroll who at one time or another might have witnessed a gang killing, walked the streets in danger of his life—not from the police, but from his former employers.

The implied bait from the prosecutor's office—"Come in and turn state's evidence and save your own skin"—only stepped up the assassinations. The machine-gun-riddled bodies of hoodlums were being found in gutters across the breadth of Manhattan and Brooklyn.

When Chicken Head got it by grapevine that he was next, he went to pieces. His lifelong scorn of the law and of the church began to change now as he saw them as his only sanctuary.

One night at nine o'clock the wild, dishelved figure of Chicken Head Gurino burst through the doors of the rectory at the Shrine Church of the Sea at 193 Tenth Avenue in Manhattan, where he practically threw himself upon the priest, pleading, "Don't let 'em get me, Father. They're waitin' outside. They're all around. They're gonna kill me. Don't let 'em in, for God's sake!"

The priest called the West 20th Street Station and when detectives arrived, Chicken Head was a mass of blubbering jelly, almost incoherent. "Take me in. Protect me. I'll admit to everything I did. Albert A.'s guns are after me," was the way they translated it.

At the trial before Judge Goldstein, Chicken Head entered separate pleas of guilty to second degree murder in the cases of John Bagdonowitz, Caesare Lattora and Antonio Siciliano. He expected to receive the "book sentence"—20 years to life. But Judge Goldstein handed him a 30-years-to-life sentence for each murder, to run consecutively—a total of 90 years.

"You have a very distinguished record in crime," Judge Goldstein told him. "I am trying to make the sentence fit that record."

Chicken Head was stunned. Captain of Court Attendants John Madigan stood on Gurino's left. I was on his right.

"Take him away," said the judge.

Madigan snapped handcuffs on the prisoner.

"This way," I said to Chicken Head, and led the parade. As we passed through the courtroom doorway and started down a 50-foot corridor, with his milling relatives trying to tag along, he started to holler.

"WHAT the hell! Ninety years! What good did it do me to plead guilty? I'm 33 now. How am I gonna do 90 years?"

Anxious to prevent a scene, I said to him in a low voice, "Take it easy."

"Take it easy! Take it easy, he says! What the hell! If you know so much, tell me how am I gonna do 90 years?"

"I don't know," I said. "But do as much as you can." ♦♦♦

"Navigator to pilot: you just passed the point of no return."

LIFE RAFT HORROR

Continued from page 17

The submarine still lay invisible when another shattering torpedo struck. This one knocked out communications between Ensign Maddox on the bridge and his men on the gun platforms below. It made no difference—the second torpedo was the killer. Already the once-proud *Zaandam* was sinking at the bow. "Let's get out of here," one of Izzi's gun crew shouted, echoing the thoughts of all of them. The men jumped to the sloping deck.

From the bridge Ensign Maddox also made his way to the deck. He was a young and inexperienced officer, but a conscientious one. Now he tried to wave encouragingly to the men of his gunnery crew. That was the best he could do. It was every man for himself, and the first decision to be faced was whether to leap from the rapidly rising stern of the *Zaandam* or walk down the tilting deck straight into the unfriendly ocean.

Seaman Izzi decided to leap. Making his way to the rail of the up-in-the-air stern he yelled at men in the water below to clear a space for him. He grabbed the life jacket tightly in both hands, not wanting it to snap up and break his neck when he hit water. Young Izzi was a solid, chunky five-foot-five, with a barrel chest. He filled his lungs with a mighty gulp of air. Then he jumped.

FLOATING in a life jacket in the sea is also different from what you'd expect, Izzi found. For one thing, a man feels terribly, terribly alone. He may be only 10 feet away from men he knows, yet because of swelling waves it's impossible to see them. He may hear others calling him, but in the open water it's impossible to locate the direction of voices. Meanwhile, floating objects bump hard into his body and choppy seas make even the life jacket acutely painful. If he tries yelling himself, he takes in sickening mouthfuls of salt water, flavored with floating oil and burnt cork. Soon he pukes.

Even so, good things can happen. Seaman Izzi's two closest buddies aboard ship had been Joudy and Jensen. Joudy was taking a shower when the torpedo hit. In the water, Izzi drifted into his two pals, who were clutching a bamboo lifesaving mat. Such mats are made to be held to, not sat upon. Izzi grabbed hold, too. Besides Joudy and Jensen another American sailor named Kacevitch held tightly to the buoyant bamboo frame.

Came nightfall and the drifting men found new hazards. Shock, cold, swallowed salt water, all combined to induce a state of delirium, or will-o'-the-wisp fantasy. Like parched travelers in a desert, they saw mirages, happy visions of the mind. Izzi saw a roadside hamburger stand, its counters piled high with attractive doughnuts and cakes. A gang of men seemed to be heading into the hamburger stand, all lighting cigarettes. Izzi shouted that he was going to join them and began thrashing away from the bamboo mat. Joudy plunged after, yanked him back, violently shook him into sanity.

Others afloat were not so lucky. All around, through the long, murky night, a mass madness of delirium swept the drifting men. Like Izzi, they had visions of land, food, cigarettes, mothers, seductive pin-up girls. Letting go of whatever they held, they crazily floundered away to slow, certain death.

With daylight, broiling sun and sharks appeared. Immersion in salt water softened the skins of the floating men, hot sun brought painful underwater burn. As if sensing this, the sharks came, darting closer and closer. The only way the men could keep the monsters away was by thrashing weary legs. "Look out, here comes one," a voice would shout. All the men who heard would start kicking.

Sometimes a shark slipped in unnoticed. Kacevitch, clinging to the bamboo float, was one who didn't see the shark in time. It bit the fatty part of his thigh, leaving a gaping wound that tinted the water around the float a brilliant red.

During his second night on the tropical sea, Izzi had delusions of beer. Intoxicating images told him that in a crate floating nearby were three or four cases of bottled beer. Eluding Joudy, he swam around endlessly in search of the box. Strangely, the swim made him feel better. Izzi, at 19, was accustomed to exercise. Back home in South Barre, he was widely known as a skillful baseball infielder. Plunging around in search of the beer mirage seemed to quicken his blood. At dawn, head clear again, he got back to the bamboo mat.

If Izzi felt better, Kacevitch did not. Weak from loss of blood, he had to be supported in the water by Joudy and Jensen. "We gotta do something," Joudy muttered savagely. "We just can't let him bleed to death like this."

Izzi nodded. Heaving himself high in the water for a look-see around, he found that on all sides the sea was dotted with men holding bamboo floats, just like himself and his pals. But in the far distance he saw a raft that looked like a high-riding diving float a guy might lazily swim out to at a beach or mountain lake. On it he thought he could distinguish the slumped figures of men. He told Joudy about the raft. "I'll swim over there," he said. "Maybe they'll come back and take Kacevitch aboard."

Letting go of the bamboo, he started to propel himself toward the raft, hoping to get in front of it so the current would bring it to him. But this time swimming seemed hard—his all-night chase of the beer mirage had tired him more than he had realized. Izzi's body suddenly seemed to have lost normal buoyancy, to be far heavier than the water around him. Cramps locked his legs, making it impossible to flail them when sharks came near. The life jacket dug deep and hard, bringing sharp stomach pains. Every few minutes he puked, for in the choppy waves it was impossible not to gulp water.

Izzi always had had a happy, uncomplicated mind, but as he grew weaker black despair took over. "This is it," he told himself. Gradually he began to hope that his physical exhaustion would lead to blessed unconsciousness as soon as possible. He had only enough strength instinctively to shout "Help!" when he heard someone call, "It's It-si." From the pronunciation, he knew it was Ensign Maddox, his gunnery officer.

Aboard the pitching raft, Izzi gasped out his story. His spent body propped on one elbow, he tried to point out the bamboo float across the water. Maddox looked at him hard. "If we take Kacevitch aboard, you'll have to get off," he warned. Izzi hadn't thought of that. Right now the raft seemed to him as solid as a rock, as comfortable as an armchair. But his mind's eye shot back to the bleeding Kacevitch. "O.K.," he said, "let's go get him."

LOOKING at the raft, Izzi could see why the others might resent his presence. The raft was only eight feet by nine, with a deck of uncomfortable wooden slats. The bodies of the four men already there seemed to take up every inch of ready space.

It rode high, about three feet out of the water, kept buoyant at either end by two large watertight steel drums. In the middle of the slatted deck, between the two big drums, was a rectangular hollow which resembled an outsize coffin. In the sides of this coffin-space were small lockers holding supplies. In the bottom, a small hatch opened into the ocean below. Around the top of this coffin-space, making the deck, were some two feet of wooden slats. The raft was so constructed that five men—or even four—would have to spend most of their time half-in, half-out of the wooden coffin.

Already aboard the raft with Ensign Maddox were George Beasley, an American sailor, and two Dutchmen, Cornelius Van Der Slot, a taciturn man of 37, and Nicko Hoogendam, a boy of 17 whose parents had been killed by the Nazis. The last three had been the ones to find the raft, which had been blasted far off the ship by the first torpedo explosion. Van Der Slot had spotted it and was the first to climb aboard. This

(*Continued on page* 48)

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seemed to mean a great deal to him. Ensign Maddox had been the last man aboard.

Up to now the men on the raft had been too exhausted to find out what supplies were on hand. Now, feeling around the bottom of the coffin-shaped hole, they discovered a pair of oars. With these, they tried to paddle the clumsy craft toward the bamboo float Izzi pointed out.

Ocean currents are tricky. So are rafts, which turn out to be as navigable as washtubs. The harder the men tried to proceed in the direction of Joudy, Jensen and Kacevitch, the farther away the raft seemed to get. Within two hours Izzi faced a sickening fact. A current against which paddles seemed powerless was carrying the raft away from his three friends. Not only from his friends, but from the scene of the sinking, and all the other men still floating there. Sadly he turned to the others. "Guess I'm with you fellows," he said.

HE was—for the next 83 days, to make the longest survival ordeal on record. It's a feat to which the Navy points with wonder and pride, saying "Tell *that* to the Marines." But as they settled down to life on the raft, the five men had no idea of the floating hell in front of them. After days and nights in the water, the eight-by-nine raft seemed like paradise. True, it was uncomfortable. Equally true was the fact that the dungarees and shirts the men had managed to keep on their bodies might turn out to be inadequate against the weather. Yet they faced the future with hope.

One reason for this was the birds. Clinging to the bamboo mat, Izzi had been too miserable to notice them. But, as they tried to paddle the raft close to his three friends, he saw that hundreds of little birds still flew over the area of the sinking. These tiny creatures found the raft especially interesting. They circled over it in happy groups, twittering with excitement. Shading his eyes, Maddox peered upward to find if the birds had webbed feet. They didn't. "They're land birds," he informed the others. "With them around we can't be far from shore. Watch what direction they take tonight. Maybe the raft is drifting that way."

Birds still circled above as the men turned to investigating thoroughly the contents of the small lockers. Maddox took charge, calling out the name of each item his groping hands found—"two flashlights, a coil of rope, pair of scissors, two knives, tin box of matches, medical kit with iodine and bandages, piece of orange cloth, square of tarpaulin."

In another hatch Maddox made a great discovery—food. Crouching down he counted off "Tinned milk, 10 cans. Hardtack crackers, three dozen cans. Water, 10 gallons. Chocolate, 10 pounds."

He stood up, leaning back on the two-foot deck that ran around the center space. "That may seem like a lot of supplies, men, but it's not," he said. He studied the faces around him. "Birds or no birds, we're in a tough spot. It may be a week, 10 days, two weeks, before we reach land or anyone finds us. We've got to prepare for the worst by eating an absolute minimum. From my training, I know how little that can be."

Holding up one hand, he began computing on fingers. "This is just about what we need to stay alive, no more. In the morning, a cup of water and a piece of cracker. Afternoons half a cup of water and a piece of cracker, mixed with a little milk. Nights a cup of water, a piece of hardtack and"—holding up his little finger he measured to the first joint with his thumb—"about this much chocolate." Again he looked intently at each of the men. "Now let's eat," he said.

Sunburn was going to be another problem. On the baking slats of the raft, the sun scorched far more than it had when the men were in the water. Even as the five carefully chewed their first tiny meal, skins began to blister. Some blisters quickly burst, leaving festering sores. The men applied iodine to these and tried to cover them with bandages, but new blisters quickly formed on exposed skin surfaces. The five didn't know it, but three weeks of excruciating agony lay between now and the point where the skin of their bodies would become anything like accustomed to the merciless sun.

The first sunset, with its great relief, was welcome on the raft. Suddenly young Nicko looked upward. "The birds," he said, "they're gone." No one had seen them go. It made them feel lonely and lost, and Maddox asked, "Anyone know anything about the stars?" Oddly, none of them did. Yet it was decided to keep watch for sight of land or passing ships. Here the taciturn Van Der Slot, a veteran of four days in an open boat after a previous torpedoing, knew his stuff.

"I learn one hour the most a man can watch," he stated. "Then he get dizzy, see things like airplanes, ships, smoke, trolley cars, angels. In daytime 15-20 minutes all a man can stand. At night, one hour."

VAN DER SLOT took the responsibility of the first one-hour watch and the others tried to figure how to bed down for the night. On account of sunburn and blisters any position against the hard slats would be acutely painful. Finally, they huddled together in the coffin-space with necks and backs agonizingly against one hard side, feet against the other. The space was so small that knees jackknifed upward. Last man down secured the tarpaulin over the four bodies. Whoever was on watch waked the next man when he thought an hour was up. So the last man in line had four hours uninterrupted sleep before being roused.

As the men lay down, Maddox reached inside the locker to pull out the piece of orange cloth. He wrapped it tightly around his chest. "I'm not pulling rank when I do this," he explained. "I need it. I had pneumonia last year and I've always been susceptible to chill. I'm in charge of this raft and its crew. I need to keep healthy."

Three of the men nodded agreement, but Van Der Slot glared. "Times like this all men the same," he muttered. It was the first day, and the first sign of dissension among the men.

Days passed without sight of ships or land. The high-riding raft still pitched on the waves, the sun glared endlessly. At first the men tried hard to keep salt water off festering burns and cuts, in the belief that it was harmful. Young Nicko Hoogendam had gashed his knee while climbing aboard and finally could stand the pussy, bloated mess no longer. He doused it with salt water. "Feels better," he said almost at once. Next day it looked better. After that all the men began putting salt water on open sores.

After discovering the helpful effect of salt water, the men lowered themselves off the raft for daily baths. All five were losing weight and now weakness became another hazard. When one man took his daily dip the others had to hold him by the hands,

(*Continued on page* 50)

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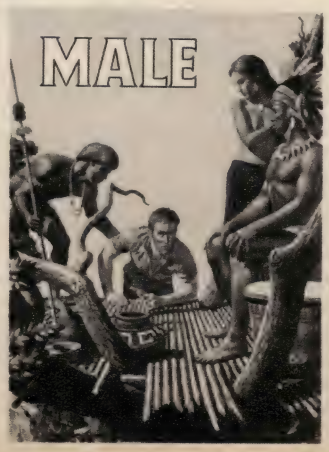

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"I'm telling you guys—you're making a big mistake!"

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or by a rope under the armpits. A sudden spasm of weakness might cause a man to drift away from the raft, to become a fine meal for the sharks that knifed eternally through the water.

Dinner, with its quick, delicious taste of chocolate, became the peak moment of each day on the cramped raft. At times the men played an improvised game of checkers, but for the most part they sat silently, looking out over the rolling sea.

At first, they kidded about cutting each other's hair and waited for the day when it would be possible to use the scissors for this purpose. But as hair grew longer it seemed to act as protection against the elements and —even more—as a cushioning pillow at night. All the men except Hoogendam, who apparently was too young, grew luxuriant beards. In time these too grew long enough to wrap around their heads at night, adding to the pillow effect.

SO the scissors lay unused and one day, looking at them, Maddox said, "I've got an idea." He unscrewed the blades with his fingernail, took two of the several sticks aboard and tied one blade to each. Now the men could try spearing any sizable fish that came near the raft.

Young Hoogendam turned out to be the best at spearing fish. Any he caught were pulled apart by Maddox and devoured raw by all the men. But one day, through weakness or overconfidence, Nicko let one spear fly out of his hand. It disappeared into the waves. Several hours later he tried to plunge the other into the side of a flat fish. The fish was a toughie and the spear broke.

In a curious way, though, floating on a raft on mid-ocean turned out to be fun. It made the men feel excitingly close to nature. The rising of each day's sun was a thing of breathtaking beauty, filling even enfeebled men with awe. The sunsets were equally beautiful, and all night phosphorescent fish made brilliant trails through the water. Stars hung low and clear, with the Milky Way seeming almost as bright as electricity.

During the day brightly colored flying fish constantly leaped out of the water near them, and sometimes sharks and what looked like sea monsters held plunging battles-to-the-death in the water nearby. Birds kept coming and going, but always from different directions. The men had given up any hope that birds would show them the way to land.

For some reason, mornings seemed to pass rapidly. Afternoons dragged. Soon the men quit playing checkers, to alternate periods of looking out over the water with talk of food. As if speaking to himself rather than to the others, each would describe memorable meals he had eaten or would like to have now. Izzi excelled in this, for not only was he fond of food but his *mama mia* in Massachusetts was a superb cook who had set many succulent meals before him.

Maddox told the men he was married and spoke tenderly of his wife. Izzi reminisced about his high-spirited sisters. But the men never discussed women sex-wise. It takes good physical health to find women sexually interesting, and the five guys on the raft were weak, getting weaker.

OF the five, only Maddox and Izzi had known each other before. So they were, in a sense, total strangers. As the days passed and weakness increased, frictions inevitably grew up among the men.

Maddox had an annoying habit of leaning out of the center space and bringing his clenched fist slowly up and down on the slats of the outer deck. It made him seem to be impatiently expecting the sight of a ship on the horizon, and it got on the nerves of the others. Maddox saw this and tried to curb his nervous habit.

Beasley, like Van Der Slot, was in his late 30s. He was a native of Hannibal, Missouri, the home of Mark Twain. In civilian life he had led a roustabout existence, with many robust stories to tell. He told them and doing so used the word "thataway" whenever possible. He said it so much that even the ordinarily cheerful Izzi nearly flipped his lid in exasperation.

The two Dutchmen did much jabbering in their native tongue. Van Der Slot seemed all wound up about something, kept haranguing young Nicko about it. Finally the easygoing Beasley was the one who couldn't stand it. "What the hell are you guys yapping about all the time?" he demanded.

Seventeen-year-old Nicko told him. "Van Der Slot say he found the raft. Say he should be in command."

Beasley exploded. "Oh, Christ," he raged. "What if he did? We're all in the same goddam boat now, ain't we? Ensign Maddox was in charge but, hell, that's all over. Don't we call him Jimmy now?" He narrowed eyes angrily at Van Der Slot. "What d'you want to do if you're in command, make us stand daily inspection? If I was you, Dutch, I'd quit grousing all the time. Save your strength, you'll be needing it!"

Oddly, Van Der Slot did just that. From that moment on he was calm and courteous. Speaking, he used English. As Beasley had said, it saved his strength. When rescue came on the eighty-third day Van Der Slot was the only one able to stand on his feet.

Each morning the men cut a notch in one of the oars. So they knew it was the sixteenth day when Maddox doled out the meagre scraps constituting a morning meal to the blistered, scrawny men. Then he said, "End of the chow, fellows." Now the sharp gnaw of hunger in empty bellies became a dull ache and increased lassitude.

Four days later—number 20 on the raft—the water was gone. Thirst joined hunger, pain, sun, loneliness and fear in attacking the men. Voices grew hoarse, movements slower. With all this, naturally, came a lessening of hope. It no longer seemed necessary to stand watch through the night. There seemed to be no hope of rescue, so what was the use?

Yet sometimes spirits revived. Then the men talked of trying to catch one of the birds that still circled over the raft.

Ensign Maddox had once studied for the ministry and the killing of a bird seemed to violate his deep faith. "Wait till tomorrow," he begged when the men plotted a method of luring a bird to the raft.

Maddox's opposition to bird-catching may have given him guilt feelings. These, in turn, could have prodded him into what turned out to be the neatest trick of the entire 83 days.

Maddox got the idea of killing a shark. He figured to open the hatch at the bottom, drop a rope lasso into the water, and rope one of the brutes as it shot under the raft.

The trick was to get the shark under the raft and into the lasso. "You men sit around the raft, one on a side, and dangle your feet in the water as bait," he instructed. "When a shark rushes you, yank your feet up fast. The momentum will make him streak under the raft. We've all seen it happen before,

(*Continued on page* 52)

"I call it a bad day if I don't make $25 before noon"

(This chair alone brought $4.50 with twenty-five minutes work and 32¢ in cleaning materials.)

by Harold Holmes

"Just a few months ago I made the big move. I gave up my job and started spending all my time in the little business I had been running on the side. It wasn't an easy decision, but, now I'm tickled to death I made it. Not just because I'm my own boss or because I have an excellent chance of making over $10,000 this year. It goes deeper than that.

"You see, this idea has caught on like wildfire in my town. Not a day goes by without my phone ringing with women calling for appointments. The beauty of it is that once a woman becomes my customer, she calls back year after year. Not only that, she tells her friends, too, and they call me. Before I know it I'm swamped with work. (And at $7.50 an hour net profit it doesn't take long before my bank account is really mushrooming.)

"Funny thing, but back last year before I started, I never realized the money there was in this business waiting for someone to come along and collect it.

Concentrates On Better Homes

"Just think: every house in town has furniture and most have rugs or carpeting. I concentrate on just the better homes and have more work than I can handle. You know why? Because women are fussy about their furnishings. Can't stand to see them dirty. That's why they call me over every year.

"The average job is worth $25.00 to me and takes a little over 2 hours. Out of this, after paying for materials, advertising and other expenses I net about $15.00 clear profit. This means I need just 3 jobs a day to clear $11,250.00 in a year. Frankly, since this will be my first full-time year I'll be glad to hit the $10,000 mark. But after that this business should grow larger each year until I have to hire men to help me handle the business.

Trained by Another Dealer

"Believe me there's nothing magic about it. I didn't know a thing about cleaning home furnishings before I became a Duraclean dealer. But after my application was accepted I was trained right in town by a successful dealer from another city.

"I was astonished by the short time it took me to become an expert. Actually, much of the credit must go to the Duraclean process, which is so safe it has earned the Parents' Magazine Seal.

"The portable machine you see is just one of the electrical machines I use. It manufactures a light aerated foam with a peculiar action chemists call 'peptizing'. It means that instead of being scrubbed deep into the fabric, dirt is gently ABSORBED by the foam, leaving the fabric clean all the way down.

"Women can't believe their eyes when they see how it works. Colors appear bright again, and rug pile unmats and rises like new.

"I don't have to soak rugs or upholstery to get them clean, which ends the problem of shrinkage, and means the furnishings can be used again the very same day. This alone has brought me a lot of customers.

Offers Five Different Services

"As a Duraclean dealer I make money with four other services, too: ***Duraproof*** . . which makes furnishings immune to moth and carpet beetle damage (it's backed by a six year warranty). ***Durashield,*** a brand new dirt-delaying treatment. It coats fabrics with an invisible film that keeps dirt out. ***Duraguard,*** another new service, flameproofs draperies, upholstery and carpets to reduce charring and the tendency of fires to flame up. And ***Spotcraft,*** which consists of special chemical products for removing stubborn spots and stains. On jobs where I perform all five services, I multiply profits!

"One of the nicest things about being a Duraclean dealer is that whenever I need help—whether it concerns advertising, lining up local retailers as agents, keeping business records, almost anything at all—I can write or phone Headquarters and I get prompt, expert guidance. They maintain a staff of experts who are going "all out" to make my business a success. My services are nationally-advertised in famous magazines like McCall's, House Beautiful and many others. I also get a complete advertising kit prepared by experts. (There's even a musical commercial!) I get a monthly magazine full of methods to build business and I can meet with other dealers at Duraclean conventions. I'm also backed by insurance. In fact there are over 25 regular services I get under their unique System.

Operates From Home

"Maybe you too would like to break away from your job and make a fresh start in a business of your own. Do you need a shop? Certainly not. I operate from home. Need a lot of money to start? Not at all. Duraclean finances reliable men, after a moderate down payment, and furnishes enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

"You get everything you need: equipment, supplies, advertising matter, personal training, and regular help from Headquarters. To get all the details, just fill out the coupon. There's no obligation and you can *decide for yourself.* I'll say one thing: if you DO become a Duraclean dealer, you'll be glad for the rest of your life that you took time today to write."

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(*Continued from page* 50)

but this time we do it until one goes into the lasso."

The others were doubtful. "You'll never do it, Jim," they told him. But if nothing else a shark-hunt would kill deadly hours. They posed around the four edges of the raft, feet in the water. "Come on, you ugly monsters," Izzi called. Beasley yelled "Chow time!" at passing sharks.

AN hour passed, two. Several sharks shot toward the raft, only to veer away in sudden suspicion. Izzi stopped calling out and began to pray and cross himself. Maybe this worked, for now a shark started toward Van Der Slot's hanging feet, gathering speed as he charged. The Dutchman held out to the final split second, yanked his feet upward. The hurtling shark kept going under the raft—and directly into the noose. Ensign Maddox may have been half-dead from lack of food, but there was nothing wrong with his reflexes in moments of crisis. He pulled the lasso at just the right instant.

All five men worked to haul the thrashing, three-foot monster through the hatch. On the floor of the raft it was full of hellish fight. One of the men shoved an oar down its throat to keep it from biting. The fish promptly bit it in two with needle-sharp teeth. Its thrashing was so great that it seemed impossible to get a knife into it. Then the shark made a mistake by flopping over on its back. This gave Maddox a moment to plunge the knife down into its soft white underbelly.

Catching the shark was an adventure, a big boost for the morale of all aboard. But food-wise it was a dismal failure. Shark meat is dotted with unappetizing red spots, is so tough as to be unchewable. Only the heart, liver, and the meat around the muscles can be chewed with relish. After finishing these, the men stowed the rest away in a container, hoping it would improve overnight. Next day it gave off such a rotten stink that it had to be tossed overboard.

To hide his disappointment over the shark, Maddox returned to scanning the horizon and bringing his fist up and down on the deck. Suddenly he said, "Am I crazy, fellows? I think I see something."

It was a ship—but so far away as to seem no larger than a flyspeck. The three Americans took turns waving the orange cloth Maddox wrapped around himself at night. Van Der Slot and Hoogendam held up a Dutch flag they had managed to save. It was broad daylight, but the men sent up a few flares. No use. The ship slowly disappeared. One by one the men lay down on the deck and began to sob.

Next day another ship was sighted, the same depressing procedure repeated. As the ship gradually faded, Izzi said, "Knock it off, fellows, knock it off. They're not going to stop. They never even saw us."

By the notches cut on the oar, the men knew the day following the second ship was a holiday—Thanksgiving. Maddox tried to rally spirits by saying the sight of two ships meant the raft had floated into a shipping lane. Then the three Americans explained Thanksgiving to the Dutchmen, giving full emphasis to turkey dinners, gravy, potatoes and dressing. Izzi told of his mother's heaping holiday meals, Maddox described his wife's cooking.

As the men talked, a big, chicken-sized bird hovered over the raft. Izzi looked quickly at Maddox, and this time the ensign shrugged his shoulders. Whatever objections he held to catching birds was gone. Izzi made a grab for the bird as it wheeled to recross above the raft. He missed. Infuriatingly, the bird settled in the water just beyond arm's reach. "Let me dive after it," Nicko Hoogendam said. Maddox vetoed this, fearing sharks.

But the boy kept insisting, and finally a compromise was reached. Izzi and Beasley held him by the ankles while he hurled himself off the raft and fell on top of the floating bird. It squawked furiously and pecked at his face and hands, but the kid held tight. Izzi and Beasley hauled him back.

"The Lord is still with us," Maddox breathed, grabbing the bird. He wrung its neck and the men fell to plucking feathers. When it was clean they ravenously fell to eating the raw meat. It tasted pleasantly like chicken. Izzi and the two Dutchmen were so famished, they ate even the bones. "Not bad at all," Izzi said as his teeth crunched.

Never again did such a big bird fly their way, but now the men caught smaller ones whenever possible. They had also drifted into a current where small fish clustered under the raft to escape sharks. Through the bottom hatch these could sometimes be caught by hand. They too were devoured raw, with Izzi and the Dutchmen feasting on the bones.

IZZI began to look ahead to his birthday. "I'll be 20 years old December third," he told the men. "We're sure to be rescued then." He stated this with such conviction that the others came to believe it too.

But on the night before his birthday—the thirty-first after the sinking of the *Zaandam*—the men were awakened by torrential rain. It drove with such sustained force that they realized it would not soon stop. "We've hit the rainy season," Maddox correctly guessed.

For weeks it rained night and day. Sudden wind squalls and tropical storms made the raft pitch like a seesaw. Wet, miserable, huddled under the rotting tarpaulin, faces exposed to the biting rain, the men thought they would go mad. The monotony had been hard to take before, but now it was awful. Birds, fish, everything interesting to watch or good to eat had disappeared with the rain. Only human misery remained. It brought out ill feeling and the men bitterly accused each other of hogging the tarpaulin or the dryest spot.

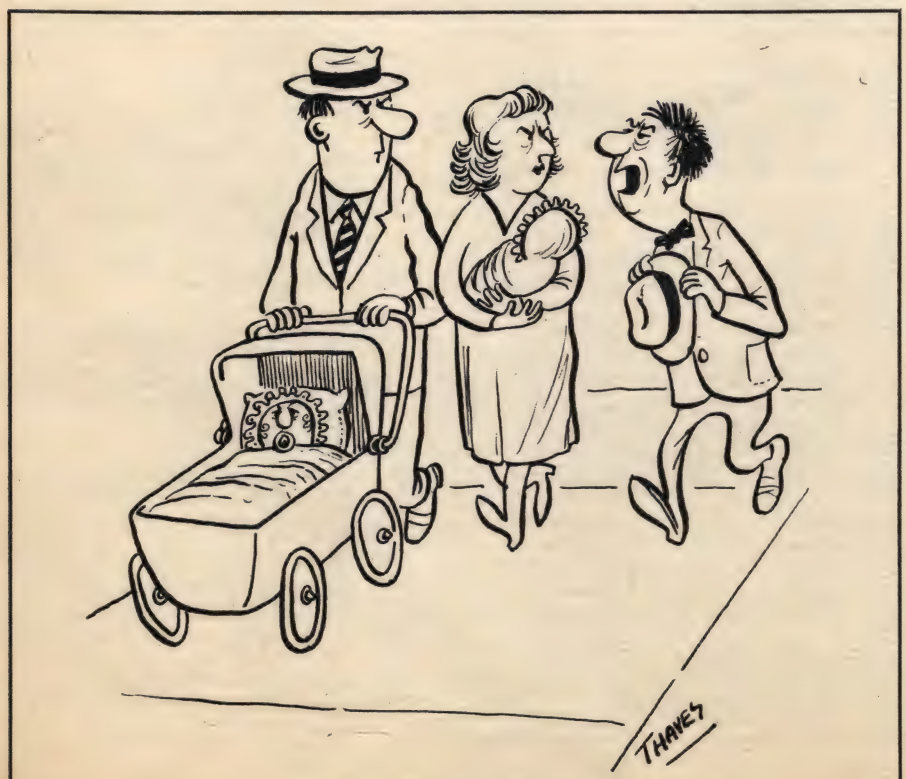
Yet rain was, in one sense, a boon. It brought drinking water. The men set out every possible object that could catch the precious drops. What they caught they stored away for the future, while they themselves drank the rain that lay in the crevices of the tarpaulin. Without food, the five grew hideously emaciated, with bones sticking knife-like out of flesh. In the rain and wet cold, the bones now began a dull, relentless aching.

Izzi's birthday passed without the rescue he promised. "Tough luck, kid," the others told him. Maddox tried to lift spirits by stating that his birthday fell on December 12th. "I'll be 30," he announced. He repeated Izzi's statement that rescue would be inevitable that day. Somehow, though, he couldn't get Izzi's conviction into his words.

On Maddox's birthday another ship was seen. The men had only one flare left, so sodden it wouldn't go off. They got out the orange cloth and the Dutch flag and tried to wave. Now they were so weak that even a few motions exhausted them. Again the hopeless pattern was repeated. The ship faded and the men sank crying to the deck.

Christmas Day was number 52 on the

(*Continued on page* 54)



"Don't think I haven't noticed how you've been seeing someone else, Alice!"

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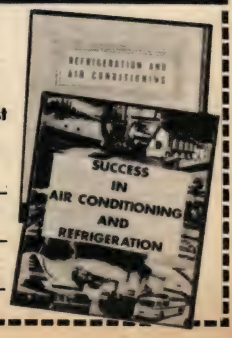

(*Continued from page 52*)

eight-by-nine raft. The men tried to celebrate by reminiscing feebly of past Christmases. Maddox led renditions of Christmas carols. The rains had begun to let up and on Christmas Eve the stars seemed unusually close and clear. For Christmas dinner the men had water—no chow.

By New Year's the baking sun was back again, and bodies softened by the sodden rains once more had to learn to endure it. Also, it became apparent that Beasley, the rough, tough Missourian, was seriously ill. From early days on the raft he had urinated blood. Of all the five, he had the most trouble digesting the raw fish and birds which had been their only food. With New Year's, he began to go blind and deaf, lying for hours hiccuping and retching. The skin on his face fell away so that he looked like a leering caricature of a man. Delirium set in and he raved that the men were trying to do him harm. "Don't touch me, you're trying to kill me," he would moan when anyone came near.

HE ACCUSED the others of holding out cigarettes, food, whiskey. Through the long nights, he groaned or held conversations with people only he knew.

On the sixty-fourth morning, Beasley was stretched out dead, face contorted in a terrible grin. The men looked out over the water and spotted the inevitable waiting sharks. It was decided to let Beasley's body remain aboard until nightfall. But after a few hours the strain of sharing the raft with a dead man became too much. They stripped the wasted body of precious dungarees, gave it a shove overboard. Then they covered their eyes, so as not to see the sharks close in.

And now there were four . . .

"I think I'm going next," Maddox said. He too had urinated blood, now his symptoms began to parallel Beasley's—blindness, deafness, delirium. With the end of the rain the men on the raft soon ran out of drinking water. Water seemed to be what Maddox craved most. He raved that the others were keeping it from him.

One day Van Der Slot stuck a groping hand under the slats on the coffin-floor. He found that water snails had begun fastening themselves to the wooden bottom. He pried some off and the men had food again. Izzi and the Dutchmen crunched and swallowed the hard shells, just as they had eaten fish bones. Later, doctors said they couldn't have done a smarter thing.

On the seventy-seventh morning one of the Dutchmen shook Izzi awake. "You'd better look at your officer," he croaked. Maddox lay as Beasley had, his sensitive face contorted into a ghastly grin. His left hand trailed in the water, and why the sharks had not got it no one will ever know. On this hand was the wedding ring Maddox cherished.

Izzi broke down and bawled. "Have courage," Van Der Slot urged him. Young Nicko also offered comfort. Izzi slipped the ring off Maddox's finger and took the wallet from his CO's pocket. Then they pulled off the dungarees. "Shall we wait until night?" Van Der Slot asked. Remembering Beasley, Izzi shook his head—no. They pushed the body into the ocean, noting in the split second it hit that the long hair and beard floated high on the water. Then they covered their eyes.

And now there were three . . .

The human skeletons hardly bothered to move or talk. Every ounce of energy had to be saved for breathing and staying alive. Izzi had lost close to 60 pounds, the others likewise. Van Der Slot, now the strongest, had just enough energy to reach under the raft for snails. Only he could stand upright, but to do so he needed the other two propping him at ankles and knees.

Then a miracle happened. In an overlooked food container that had once held the rotten shark meat, they found some sweet water. Straining it through a handkerchief produced two cupfuls. As they drank, each thought of Maddox. Had the water been found before, he might still be alive.

On the eighty-first day it rained and the men got more water. In their lassitude and semi-delirium they had miscalculated the number of days afloat. What they figured to be the eighty-first day was actually the eighty-second. That night, just before dark, a sound throbbed in the sky high above them. It was a plane. They tried to wave, but it passed swiftly over them and was gone.

Yet it made them feel better to sight their first plane. In the morning another airplane sounded overhead. This was a big four-motor job, and shortly it passed again, returning the way it had come. But it gave no sign of seeing the raft.

Later on the eighty-third day Van Der Slot painfully lifted his head. "I think I see something over there," he said.

The other two looked and saw nothing. Then a convoy appeared—two ships, three ships, four ships, more. Van Der Slot spoke for all three when he gasped out, "If this misses us, I'm going to jump overboard."

It was like a scene in a Technicolor movie—in the bright sun a full convoy steamed toward them, circled by darting destroyer escorts, the destroyers in turn circled by protective PC boats. But the men on the raft were in no mood to appreciate its visual aspects. They tried to rise to their feet to wave to the circling destroyers. Only Van Der Slot could do it. With the other two supporting his knees and ankles, he lurchingly waved the Dutch flag.

An eternity seemed to pass before a PC boat disengaged from the convoy and sped straight toward them. Van Der Slot tried to wave harder. At his feet, the other two begged, "What's happening, what's happening?" "They're coming at us," he replied.

Several times Van Der Slot almost toppled, but he kept waving. Soon all three could see that the PC boat flew an American flag. A sailor stood at the bow behind a gun which was pointed directly at them. It gave Van Der Slot a moment of panic. "They're going to torpedo us," he reported.

But the boat churned to a stop beside them, throwing a rope ladder over the side. Izzi and Hoogendam tried to pull themselves upright, but his buckling knees wouldn't allow it. From the PC boat sailors leaped down to carry them aboard. Van Der Slot insisted on making it alone. He just did. The men were wrapped in blankets, stretched out on deck, fed fruit juice and given cigarettes. While the PC boat tried to sink the raft as a menace to navigation, they were allowed to watch.

The raft wouldn't go down. "They put a lot of 20-millimeter shells into our old raft," Izzi recalls, "but the shells wouldn't sink her. I was kind of glad of it. She was a pretty good old raft, but I was damn glad to be off of her."

AFTER immediate treatment in Brazil, Izzi was transferred to the naval hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. From there he sent Mrs. Maddox her husband's wedding ring and wallet. He was awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal, and spent his convalescence touring war plants, encouraging the workers to greater efforts—particularly in the construction of destroyer escorts, the latest anti-U-boat weapons. But first he went home for a deliriously happy leave. All South Barre turned up to welcome him, bearing gifts, and Mama Izzi feasted his return with a repast that outdid the most magnificent dreams he had cooked up on the raft. ◆◆◆

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SAVE THE LAST NOOSE

Continued from page 24

cleverly done. *Pués,* I think a trifle less rope-length for the drop, perhaps . . ."

"I learn with practice," the girl interrupted grimly. "Luis Verde was but my third. There will be others."

Ranger Berry Smith stared open-mouthed at the back of the girl cantering southward toward the Rio Grande with Sandoval. On his freckled face was the troubled expression of a man trying to rouse himself from a bad dream. He turned his head and glanced at the corpse dangling under the cottonwood. Confirming reality, he shuddered.

"I don't blame you son," Lieutenant Robinson muttered. "Hanging's no business for a woman. Especially one as young and pretty as her. Better you ride yonder to that arroyo, the one screened with prickly pear. Tell Cap'n McNelly the party is over. He ain't got the stomach for this kind of a hanging neither."

RIDING toward the ranch in the twilight, the *capataz* and Juanita were silent for a long time. The girl was the first to speak.

"Did this one tell you much? When you were alone with him?"

"Plenty for the *capitán's* ears! Tomorrow morning about 30 *bandidos* will drive cattle to a ship anchored off Port Isabel. The Rangers will be waiting for them."

Juanita turned in her saddle and scanned Sandoval's face. It was without expression. Only his small round eyes beneath bristling gray brows shone cryptically.

"You are hiding something, old one!" she scolded. "These cows. Where are they to be stolen from?"

His lips widened into a broken-toothed smile and he chuckled deep in his throat.

"*Por seguro,* you are your father's daughter! What else the picaro told me was not for the *capitán's* ears but for ours. At dawn Mendoza himself with eleven men will raid our cattle on the east mesa. They will drive them to the others who are to take them to the ship."

"We shall be waiting for Mendoza," the girl said grimly. "And on my saddle I shall carry twelve new ropes."

In the year 1874 there was a tremendous increase in cattle rustling in southeast Texas. For a long time bands of Mexicans had been raiding the border ranches spasmodically, but this was different. Rustling had suddenly become highly organized and systematic. Thousands of head of prime cattle were being stolen from the border counties of Cameron and Hidalgo due to the activity of Don Juan Cortinas and his lieutenant, Paco Mendoza.

Cortinas operated from his *oficina,* a table in Los Tres Reyes cantina in the Mexican town of Matamoros, south of Brownsville. He was short and fat. He dressed flashily, drank heavily, and was redolent of good tequila and bad bay rum. He was also shrewd and imaginative.

He had made a contract with the Spanish Government to deliver 55,000 head of cattle on the hoof to Cuba, where colonial officials were interested in developing ranching. The cattle were driven aboard ships waiting off Port Isabel and Los Portales on the Texas-Mexican coast.

It was almost all profit, for Cortinas' sources of supply were the large ranches on the American side of the Rio Grande. While he directed operations from Matamoros, his lieutenant—handsome, curly-haired Paco Mendoza, a ruthless killer at the age of 34—plundered the Texas ranches and murdered their owners with his gang of more than 70 men.

When the Sala Ranch was raided, Juanita's mother had been one of the gang's victims. Her father had been shot dead after he and his vaqueros had followed some of the rustlers driving his cattle toward Villa Hidalgo. They had killed several in a running gun battle and captured seven. Transito Sala had strung the *bandidos* up himself. He was finishing up the job when Mendoza appeared with the rest of the gang.

Shortly afterward, on orders from General William Steele, Captain McNelly and a special company of Texas Rangers had moved into Cameron and Hidalgo counties to deal with the Cortinas-Mendoza gang.

Because of his knowledge of the country, old Sandoval, although a Mexican national, had been made a member of Company A. The captain, bearded McNelly, a brave man and a courageous gun fighter, was squeamish about hangings. There was something about swinging a man that was distasteful to him, even though his orders were to hang every rustler caught on the American side of the Rio Grande.

This was a situation made to order for Sandoval. He became the official hangman. He also took on another duty, that of *interrogatorio.*

When a rustler was caught he was turned over to Sandoval for a private inquiry. The *capataz* asked his questions with a rope around the prisoner's neck, thrown over the nearest tree limb. It wasn't a hanging rope but his own horsehair riata. If a prisoner was obstinate or became forgetful, Sandoval pulled him up a few feet from the ground.

Rustlers always talked to the *interrogatorio.* And after they did, the riata was replaced by a hanging rope. Then they swung.

Juanita had reached her 19th birthday in March, 1875, and Sandoval had swung his eighth rustler, when she took over the management of the Sala Ranch.

"And with it," she told the *capataz* firmly, "goes the hanging."

He looked into her beautiful oval face and read determination. But he shook his head.

"They steal my cattle and it is my right as my father's daughter," she insisted. "Had he a son it would have been different."

This was something Sandoval could understand. Her claim to vengeance was even greater than his.

He made a life-sized dummy and carefully weighted it at 160 pounds. He set up a gallows against the corral fence, and he taught Juanito how to swing a *bandido* off the broad back of her spotted horse, Pacifico.

Early in April the Rangers caught a rustler, Tomas Angelo, near Brownsville. McNelly, as usual, sent for Sandoval.

The *capataz* arrived from the ranch with Juanita riding by his side on her spotted horse. He skillfully threw the loop of his riata around the prisoner's neck and retired with him to the privacy of a cottonwood thicket for an inquiry. Twenty minutes later they returned to the waiting Rangers.

"He has talked," Sandoval said calmly. "Now the *señorita* is going to hang him."

Captain McNelly looked startled. He stared at the beautiful young girl sitting quietly on her horse. He turned to Sandoval.

"Her? A slip of a girl? Are you loco?"

Sandoval shrugged his shoulders. He said, with simple logic, "This *bandido* belongs to the gang that killed *Señorita* Sala's father and mother. Who has a better right?"

The tinkling of Juanita's spurs as she dismounted intruded almost musically into the hushed silence. McNelly stared at the girl again. She returned his look expectantly. He glanced down at her hands, small and slender-fingered, surely not meant to handle a rope. Then he looked into her eyes.

"All right, if she's thirsting for his life. But we can't botch this hanging. It goes against me to see a man gasping for a breath of the Lord's free air."

Captain McNelly drew his Colt .45 and spoke to Tomas Angelo.

"Don't worry, hombre," he said considerately. "If your neck doesn't break quick and clean I'll take care of you with this."

The prisoner made no reply. He was watching the girl's hands. Staring with wide-eyed incredulity while she dexterously fashioned a hangman's noose with the rope end. She dropped it neatly over the rustler's head with the knot behind the ear as Sandoval had taught her.

BAYOU DOLL AND HER PIRATE LOVERS

From the lush and secret channels that crisscross Louisiana's intricate swamp area, a fantastic blonde swept across the US in a mechanized version of Captain Kidd. Recruiting her hijacking crew of pirates from among her bayou lovers, Ginger Leary's escapades provided a good part of the roar in the Roaring Twenties. You'll never forget the fabulous swamp girl who defied the state, the South and the whole Atlantic Coast Guard fleet.

IN NEXT MONTH'S STAG

"Now you will stand up on the back of my horse. Behind the saddle," she said in a voice that was without emotion.

Angelo obediently followed orders. His face was a mixture of wonderment and disbelief. Until Juanita lightly blew him a kiss.

Angelo began to grin self-consciously. He was ugly and he knew it. His skin was deeply pitted by smallpox. There was a slashing machete scar across his cheek. No woman, certainly none as beautiful as this young *señorita,* had ever thrown him a kiss before.

He was still grinning when Juanita brought her quirt smartly against Pacifico's spotted rump and he was left to dance on air.

JUANITA performed her second execution near the bank of the Rio Grande below McAllen, a few weeks later. The *bandido* was Ramon, last name unknown. The Rangers had caught him hiding in the mesquite following a raid on the Lazy J (Johnson) ranch.

This time Captain McNelly was not present. He waited for Sandoval to bring the prisoner back from the "private inquiry" and then rode slowly off across the mesa leaving Lieutenant Robinson temporarily in charge.

"Maybe I've got a weak stomach," he said, "but a girl—"

Her father had swung *bandidos* with curses, Sandoval with a broad smile of satisfaction. The girl, however, had her own peculiar farewell: *una besa de muerte,* a mocking kiss of death. She did it mostly, the Rangers of Company A claimed, because the condemned men did not think she'd actually go through with the hangings.

"She's a pretty she-devil," said Lieutenant Robinson after the hanging of Angelo. "All Mexes are alike underneath. Have a streak of cruelty a mile wide."

Jesus Sandoval had a different theory entirely. He voiced it frequently with his gun hand hovering significantly near the butt of his Colt when the news got around Brownsville.

"Ya lo creo!" he said with a shrug of his thin shoulders. *"Señorita* Juanita Sala hangs them with a kiss because she is a woman. Beautiful and with an exquisite softness of the heart. She sends them happily to hell!"

Along the border they were inclined to believe Sandoval. Besides being a Ranger, he was a dead shot, one of the fastest men on the draw in southeast Texas, and the girl's loyal protector.

On the evening following the third hanging, that of Luis Verde, there was much activity at the Sala Ranch. Vaqueros were summoned from the outlying ranges of the *brasada,* 22 of them in all. Sandoval gave them orders.

"By this time tomorrow, *Dios bien dispuesto,* Transito Sala and the *señora* will be avenged. And after the hangings there will be a big fiesta."

In the scarlet and gold dawn of a June morning, Paco Mendoza and 11 rustlers forded the sluggishly shallow Rio Grande. Unaware that their plans had been betrayed by Luis Verde, they rode across the wide east mesa of the Sala Ranch.

Fat cattle were grazing through the prickly pear, zacasil and rattail of the unfenced range. Well-fed whitefaces regarded the strange horsemen with sleepy-eyed indifference.

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AMENHOTEP IV
FOUNDER OF EGYPT'S MYSTERY SCHOOLS

Mendoza looked them over approvingly. He spoke to his *segundo,* Miguel Larono, a squat, silent man whose features were more Japanese than Mexican.

"Another quarter mile. Then we spread out and drive them back toward the river."

Larono squinted his eyes in concentration. He jabbed the air with a stubby finger and grunted.

"What about them?"

Mendoza glanced over the early heat haze in the direction he indicated. At a distance he observed four vaqueros of the Sala Ranch. They were dismounted, squatting under a tree around a lazy spiral of smoke.

Well aware of what was about to happen, they were decoys, ostensibly preparing breakfast for themselves.

"You must act natural, as though you had been riding the range and suspect nothing," Sandoval had cautioned them the night before.

Mendoza nodded toward the little group under the tree.

"Take four men," he instructed Larono. "Try to cut their throats quietly."

The *bandidos* galloped forward. Watching them from behind a large thicket of pear with several vaqueros, Sandoval grinned at Juanita.

"You will soon have use for the ropes," he chuckled. "The *bandidos* take the bait nicely, *Pués,* but another minute or two—"

They waited expectantly until the four men under the tree ran to their horses in pretended surprise and panic. Then they galloped from behind the pear. The flying hoofs of their horses raised an ominous dust cloud.

Almost immediately handsome Paco Mendoza realized he had been tricked and had made a serious strategic error in dividing his own gang. Between him and Larono there now were at least a dozen vaqueros, tough hands from the Sala Ranch. They were grown men with one exception. A slender figure on a spotted horse which at this distance looked like a boy, or—and Mendoza's dark eyes blinked in the sun—a girl.

He wasted no time in idle speculation. Hearing the thudding pound of many hoofs behind him, he glanced around. There were more vaqueros approaching from the rear, galloping from the direction of the river.

Mendoza and his small group of *bandidos* were rapidly being surrounded. Larono and the others had already been cut off. Only then did the leader of the rustler gang understand the completeness of the trap prepared by the crafty Sandoval. With a wave of his hand he ordered his men forward, hoping to break through and unite with Larono.

THE fight that followed was quick and sharp. Larono was the first to be killed. He toppled from his saddle, shot neatly between the eyes by one of the four men whose throats he had intended cutting.

Three more rustlers were shot dead in their saddles, and two vaqueros. Mendoza's horse was killed beneath him, two of his men wounded. Then the vaqueros closed in from all directions.

A horsehair riata snaked through the air, the loop settling over Mendoza's arms, pinning them to his sides. He was jerked from his feet and went rolling in the dust. He sat up, badly shaken, and spat out dirt. The riata was tight around his arms, the end tied to the pommel of Sandoval's saddle. The fighting was over.

Paco Mendoza looked up into the weather-furrowed face of his captor. His gaze wandered quickly to the slender figure at Sandoval's right, into Juanita's soft brown eyes. He saw the fullness of her red lips and the proud curving of her breasts.

He smiled up at her, showing even white teeth. That smile and his black curly hair had conquered feminine hearts from Matamoros to Reynosa, and as Mendoza regarded her, this *Señorita* Juanita Sala was but another woman. There were other ways of winning one's freedom besides a gun.

The girl looked down at him in silence. Slowly a quizzical smile appeared on her lips. It was a smile entirely without warmth, but this Mendoza did not understand. He thought it was in response to his own and began to take hope.

Watching him cynically, the old *capataz* spoke out. He was impatient with such byplay.

"Make no mistake, amigo. She but measures your neck for the rope."

Mendoza refused to believe it. Not even when he saw the girl ride off to the nearest tree some 300 yards away, dismount and commence preparations for the executions. Nor when the vaqueros herded the eight rustlers closely together and waited in expectant silence.

A few minutes passed. Sandoval rode slowly to the girl standing beneath the tree. She nodded and he barked out, "Bring the first. One of the wounded."

Mendoza spoke up then, to the nearest vaquero.

"The *señorita, en verdad,* has a kindness of heart. She cannot bear to see a wounded man suffer longer than necessary."

The vaquero grunted doubtfully and turned away from Mendoza. Uncertain as to whether the remark was intended for sarcasm, he ignored it entirely.

One by one, with quiet efficiency, Juanita swung four *bandidos* from the great branch of the cottonwood. She swung them neatly in a row under the old *capataz's* critical eyes. Each one she sped to eternity with a mockingly blown *besa de muerte* and a lash of her rawhide quirt.

Sandoval stared at the four dangling corpses and turned to the girl. Her sultry lips were set in determination, her face a mask that curtained her emotions.

"*Pués,* you have done well. *Por favor,* I will finish the task now."

Juanita stubbornly shook her head. What she had started, she insisted grimly, it was her duty to complete.

Sandoval shrugged his shoulders. They mounted their horses and rode on to another, smaller tree. The *capataz* appraised it with a professional eye.

"Big enough for three. *En verdad* it is fitting that their leader, Mendoza, should have a tree to himself."

The girl strung up the three *bandidos* methodically and without haste. Remounting, she and Sandoval sought out a suitable tree for Mendoza. It was more than a quarter of a mile before they found what they were looking for. The *capataz* signaled back to the vaquero guard with a wave of his hand.

They trotted up briskly with Mendoza. He was riding behind the saddle of one of the men, his wrists tied in front of hm. He slipped lightly from the saddle and stood facing Juanita. She was waiting, noose in hand.

Mendoza glanced down at the noose. He

"That's the trouble with holding maneuvers in Texas."

raised his tied hands and removed his large sombrero. He said courteously, "Permit me, *señorita*. This will make it easier for you."

Without words she slipped the noose over his head and arranged the hangman's knot behind his ear. He was still holding the sombrero. He extended his hands toward Sandoval.

"It is a very good sombrero," he said. "From Chihuahua. Perhaps the *capataz*—?"

Sandoval curtly shook his head. Mendoza let the sombrero drop to the ground.

"Stand on the back of my horse," Juanita ordered quietly. "Behind the saddle."

He did not move. His even white teeth gleamed in a smile and he spoke to the girl as if they were alone.

"To the others you blew *una besa de muerte*. But I am their leader. Surely there is a warmer farewell kiss for me?"

For seconds they regarded each other in silence, the *bandido* still with a smile upon his lips, the girl without emoton. Then she spoke.

"You are a murderer, no different from the others. Get up behind my saddle."

Before she lashed out with her quirt and snapped the neck of Paco Mendoza she blew him a mocking kiss, just as she had done to the others.

That night Sandoval kept his promise. There was a fiesta at the Sala Ranch for the vaqueros. Juanita Sala was there, a beautiful *señorita* in black dress and mantilla, a large yellow rose in her silky hair. She looked composed and serene. She said to Sandoval:

"The debt has been paid in full. I am no longer a hangman. Once again I shall be a woman."

Si, señorita," said Sandoval understandingly. "You have but acted as your father would have wished had he been blessed with a son."

THE fiesta was still at its height when there was a dramatic interruption. Captain McNelly suddenly appeared at the Sala Ranch with his Rangers. They had attacked the other gang of 30 rustlers waiting to drive cattle stolen from the ranch. In a running gun battle the *bandidos* had been driven back across the Rio Grande with a loss of eight men. One Ranger had been shot to death, young Berry Smith. His body was tied to his horse down by the corral.

The Rangers borrowed a stock cart, placed Smith's body in it and escorted it to the undertaker in Brownsville.

At dawn they returned with a large wagon drawn by six army mules. In it they piled all the corpses of *bandidos* they could find. Those who had been shot, as well as those hanged by Juanita Sala.

They dumped the bodies out in the square in Brownsville near the King Hotel and left them there until after the hearse bearing Berry Smith's body had been driven from church to cemetery.

The young Ranger was giyen an impressive funeral. It was attended by Captain McNelly and Company A, General Potter, commander of Fort Brown, the Frontier Battalion (both companies) and cowboys and vaqueros from many ranches.

Señorita Juanita Sala did not attend. Not after Sandoval considerately told her of the *bandido* bodies stacked in the square.

She could no longer stand even the sight of violence, she said. ◆◆◆

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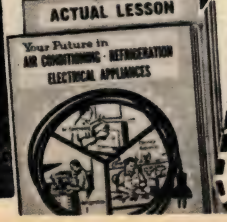

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HUMAN TORPEDOES

Continued from page 30

porthole. He tried to squeeze through, but it was far too small. What would his fate be? Would he be blown to pieces, he wondered, or would he die by drowning? The minutes flew by . . . 5:54 . . . 5:56 . . . 5:58 . . . escape was impossible. In the last seconds, there was nothing to do but wait. . . .

The assault had begun 17 days before. That was December 3, 1941—four days before Pearl Harbor. At La Spezia Naval Base in northern Italy, 10 frogmen boarded the submarine *Scire*. Her crew knew nothing of what was to follow. So tight were security measures, the submarine sailed without torpedoes or frogmen's gear. Outside the base, a lighter met her with the equipment. Three deadly "human" torpedoes—which the Italians had become expertly skilled in using—were carefully hauled aboard and placed in cylindrical casings on deck.

Three months earlier, a team of Italian frogmen had guided two of these top secret weapons through Gibraltar harbor defenses and blown up a tanker and a cargo ship. With that success under their belt, the Italians set their sights on bigger game: the prize battleships *Valiant*, veteran of the World War I Battle of Jutland, and *Queen Elizabeth*. They were anchored within a few hundred yards of each other in Alexandria harbor. But the British were on guard now; Alexandria was heavily protected. In the first two assaults, the subs carrying the attackers were spotted on the surface and sunk by British planes. Now, the Italians were trying once more.

THE human torpedo was an ingenious device. The British knew little about it when war broke, even though Italy had first tried it out against the Austrian fleet back in World War I. A second generation had modified it and improved it in secret tests, beginning in 1935 when Mussolini launched his campaign against Ethiopia.

The deadly torpedo—nicknamed "pig" by the frogmen—was 21 feet long and three feet in diameter. It had a range of 12 miles. Although at times unreliable, it was for the most part highly maneuverable and nearly undetectable, riding just under the surface. The torpedo cruised at two knots and was controlled by an instrument panel similar to a small plane's. Luminous dials showed a magnetic compass, a depth gauge, and a voltmeter to control electric storage batteries. There were three buoyancy tanks, like those on a submarine, that could be flooded or blown for diving and surfacing. Maximum depth was 100 feet. The torpedo had a propeller astern and a pair of bucket seats in the hull.

Two frogmen, pilot and assistant, rode astride. They wore light, watertight suits and breathing masks hooked up to oxygen containers. They carried compressed-air cutters and lifting devices to penetrate harbor nets. Arriving at a warship, the two-man team detached a slightly buoyant quarter-ton explosive charge that formed the torpedo's nose. They attached the charge by clamps to the vessel's bilge keel (a wide ledge circling the hull) and set the time fuse. Then they remounted the torpedo and drove away.

To prevent its falling into enemy hands, the torpedo had a self-destructive device. The pilot could set the self-destructor, lock the controls on full dive, and the craft would go to the bottom. There, it would destroy itself.

On December 9th, after cruising six days, the submarine *Scire* reached Leros Naval Base in the Aegean Islands, west of Turkey. A team of technicians gave the torpedoes a thorough final check during the next 72 hours. Then the *Scire* was off for the final run.

Leros was only 430 miles from Alexandria, but the *Scire* took three days to get there. She had to sail a zigzag course, keeping an eye out for British minefields, air reconnaissance and radar indicators. Submerging by day, skipper Lieutenant Commander Prince Julio Valerio Borghese made what progress he could at night.

There were 10 volunteers for the assault—three two-man human torpedo crews and two reserve crews. All were of exceptional physique and endurance. They had been trained for six months in the intricate art of shallow diving, explosive handling and sneak attack. In La Spezia, they had worked as teams to find out all the peculiarities of their unique craft. They had practiced their code of underwater touch signals over and over until their reactions were automatic.

The men were aware of the many risks to be taken at Alexandria: a well-placed searchlight, a depth charge, a machine-gun bullet, a torn diving suit, a clogged respirator—any one of them could end it all. If they were lucky and they got through and lived, it might mean imprisonment till the end of the war. If unlucky, it would mean sudden and violent death.

The volunteers were from every branch of the Italian services. De la Penne, officer in charge and veteran of a torpedo raid on Gibraltar, was a line officer; Antonio Marceglia was a naval engineer; Vincenzo Martellotta was in the construction corps. In the reserve crews were Sub-Lieutenant Luigi Feltrinelli, a line officer, and Surgeon Midshipman Giorgio Spaccarelli, a medical officer. The officers were assisted by deep-sea divers Emilio Bianchi, Mario Marino, Spartaco Schergat, Armando Memoli and Luciano Savare.

The assignment had been accurately planned. Rome Intelligence had learned the British Naval Base at Alexandria was filled with ships. The 32,000-ton battleship *Valiant,* armed with eight 15-inch guns, was in the Egyptian harbor. So was the *Queen Elizabeth,* another floating fortress of the Royal Sovereign Class. There were also fleet tankers, cruisers, merchantmen and, possibly, an aircraft carrier.

Mussolini himself was in on the planning of the raid. Il Duce knew its success would have immense importance. The outgunned Italian surface fleet was now on the defensive. It had to limit itself to convoy support, leaving all attacks on Allied shipping to its submarines. Here was a chance to reverse the picture in a single blow. The *Valiant* and the *Queen Elizabeth* were the hub of the British naval offensive arm. They were the only battleships in the Mediterranean. If the Italians could put them out of action, it would pave the way for an Axis fleet sortie on overwhelmingly favorable terms.

The Italians' plan was to launch three human torpedoes from the submarine *Scire* about a mile outside of Alexandria harbor. The frogmen were to enter the harbor at night during the dark of the moon and attach explosive charges to the two battleships. The third target was to be the carrier—if it were there. If not, the third torpedo was to go for a tanker and, with incendiary bombs, set fire to the fuel oil that would pour out into the harbor.

THE *Scire* ghosted through the Mediterranean's dark waters cautiously. The 10 frogmen passed the time reading, writing and drinking enormous quantities of fruit juice. Bianchi, concerned about his wife's pregnancy, got a radio report she had a baby girl and was doing well.

On December 18th, air reconnaissance confirmed that the harbor was still filled with warships. At 8:30 P.M. the *Scire* reached its final position—1.3 miles north of the Ras-el-Tin lighthouse on the pier west of Alexandria. The submarine surfaced slowly, gently easing her conning tower out of the water, keeping her decks awash. The frogmen put on their black, airtight rubber suits and their respirators. Then, they started up the escape hatch, and Lieutenant Commander Borghese gave each a traditional kick in the pants for luck.

Conditions were ideal. The sea was calm, the moon was invisible, the weather was mild. Inhaling the sweet night air, the war seemed far away. It was almost as if they were out for a peaceful midnight swim in the velvet sea. But when they mounted their torpedoes, the submarine's hatch closed and the conning tower disappeared under the surface, the illusion faded. It was war again.

It was too dark to make out the shoreline, so de la Penne set a compass course for the harbor entrance and the craft moved out in formation.

The three frogman teams, riding two to a torpedo, made the run to Ras-el-Tin lighthouse without respirators. They cruised along with heads bobbing out of the water, making slow, silent progress in the tideless sea. After an hour, they spotted the lighthouse beacon. In another hour, they were abreast of the light. They were running ahead of schedule. So they stopped, broke out rations and had something to eat.

So far, everything had gone smoothly.

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1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers on the body of the Stork pictured above (don't include the eye, beak or legs) and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23" etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5 etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition.

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus making the total First Prize $2,000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these cash prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest.

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3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn. A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. Any person may enter and win except where local laws or regulations are restrictive. (This means that this year in response to many requests we shall accept entries from localities outside the United States.) Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency, and members of their immediate families are ineligible. Prize winners of $500 or more in our previous contests are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to May 10. Postmarks of May 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties (which are probable) on this Stork Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

Just as soon as the winners have been determined a complete Final Report of this contest including the names and scores of all winners, will be mailed to everyone who enters. Both the Stork and tiebreaker puzzles are strictly games of skill with numbers. They require no tools except a pencil, and no book knowledge beyond simple addition. You may find this the stimulating skill-testing hobby you are looking for.

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But soon after they started moving again, they felt the first series of painful constrictions in their legs: underwater explosions. They were approaching the harbor entrance. A motorboat without lights was cruising outside the outer boom defense, dropping depth charges. The frogmen kept going. Between explosions, it was very quiet. Voices from the pier carried out across the water. One of the men on the pier was carrying a lantern. The detonations grew more jarring and dangerous as the frogmen neared the harbor mouth.

THEN an amazing thing happened: the red and green lights of the harbor gate suddenly flashed on. De la Penne raised his head out of the water. The lights on the boom meant ships were coming into the harbor. There were three British destroyers approaching. It was a one-in-a-million chance. They could slip into Alexandria in the wake of the ships.

A destroyer loomed out of the blackness. Another was close astern. De la Penne and his frogmen plunged into the ship's turbulence and started in. The wash flung them about. They were thrown against the boom and upset. One destroyer passed right over the head of de la Penne, and the surge forced him to the bottom. The three teams lost contact, but they all got through.

Inside the harbor, de la Penne surfaced quickly. He saw the silhouettes of cruisers and the interned French battleship *Lorraine*. *There* was good hunting! But the *Valiant* was his target, and he turned toward his task. He moved soundlessly through the harbor that had become familiar to him through many hours of map study. He glided stealthily like an invisible fish, creeping so slowly there was no wash or surf.

Then, finally, he felt a shudder course through his body. There was the *Valiant* just ahead. She was enormous—32,000 tons. And he and his assistant had it in their power to sink her.

A thousand yards of water still separated them. De la Penne moved forward cautiously, only his head showing above the water. Some 150 feet from the warship he ran into a close-protection torpedo net. It surrounded the ship. He submerged and tried to raise it. But no luck; it was too heavy. So de la Penne and his assistant, Bianchi, raised the torpedo out of the water together and flipped it over the top of the net. It made a splash, but, apparently no one heard it. They climbed over the top to remount. Then the first of a series of hard-luck turns happened. De la Penne's suit was punctured. It flooded immediately and the intense cold bit into his body. Cold was the frogman's worst enemy. It was even more dreaded than the enemy lookout. Once a suit tore, cold gripped the body like a vise. De la Penne had practiced swimming in cold water for months to get accustomed to it. But when a suit ripped, there was no getting used to numbness.

He started forward again. It was five hours since he had left the submarine on the quiet, moonless Mediterranean. He was now less than 100 feet from his target. There were no more obstructions. He signaled to Bianchi that they would submerge. Down they went to 20 feet, steering by compass. The course he charted would put him amidships, he expected. The torpedo slithered along. Slow-

"Better believe it, kid. I heard it straight from the High Priest. Tomorrow they're tossing all virgins into the Bottomless Well of the Gods!"

ly he neared the target. De la Penne, frozen to the marrow, wondered if it was all worth the effort. Years of training for this single moment. The craft sloshed along the soft, muddy bottom. Then, without warning, it stopped dead. A wire had fouled the propeller.

De la Penne swam to the surface to check his position. He was about 45 feet forward of the number one stack. The next move was to detach the warhead and drag it into position with Bianchi. He submerged. But when he got down to the torpedo, Bianchi was gone. He surfaced again. No sign of Bianchi. Had he passed out or been discovered, de la Penne wondered. But on board the battleship, all was quiet.

On his next trip down, de la Penne tried to start the motor. But the wire was twisted taut around the propeller; his numb hands could not free it.

There was only one thing to do: he would carry out the operation alone. With his remaining strength, he would try to drag the quarter-ton slightly buoyant warhead to the battleship.

This was not easy. Moving the charge would take a nearly superhuman effort. But he was so close now and he had come so far, he had to finish it. He made a few inches with each pull. The slimy mud covered him in a black cloud, but he plunged ahead, guided by the noise of the ship's pumps. The leak in his suit made him heavy and cold sweat poured out of every pore. His goggles fogged. He made the mistake of trying to clear them and sea water rushed into his mask. He was losing oxygen. There was only one way to keep from drowning. He had to drink the sea water inside his mask. Flashes of lightning seemed to explode in his ears and he felt his heart racing. But he plodded on relentlessly. After 40 minutes, the pumps got louder and the depth decreased. And when he stopped to rest, his head hit the ship's hull. He was there.

Now, he dragged the torpedo the few final yards to about the center of the ship and set the fuse. He did not clip the charge to the bilge keel. It was beyond his strength. He left the warhead resting on the bottom. Then, for the last time, he swam upward.

AT THE surface he ripped off his oxygen mask and inhaled the pure morning air. But as he swam slowly away, a sentry spotted him with an Aldis lamp. He ordered de la Penne to stop. The frogman paid no attention. The harbor came alive with searchlights. A machine gun opened up from somewhere. De la Penne whirled, swam under the bow of the *Valiant,* and climbed on board the ship's mooring buoy. There, to his amazement, was Bianchi. He had been overcome underwater. Not wanting to interrupt the operation, he had hidden himself behind the mooring buoy.

The rest was a short one. Another searchlight picked them up. A launch came up and they were pulled aboard. There would be no use for the pound notes sewn into their clothing. The rendezvous with the submarine off Rosetta five nights later was off. Their plan for escape was over.

De la Penne and Bianchi were rushed aboard the battleship. An intelligence officer demanded to know who they were. They disclosed they were Italians, stripped off their diving suits and handed over their identification papers. News of their capture was relayed immediately to the *Queen Elizabeth*

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with a request for an interpreter. When he came on board, the interpreter plied them with questions. But they refused to give any information.

Meanwhile, the time device ticked away. It was four A.M. The charge was set to go off at six A.M.

A motor boat rushed the prisoners ashore to the Ras-el-Tin Naval Barracks for another interrogation. A sleepy intelligence officer, cross at being awakened at that ungodly hour, questioned them separately in a bare room. Bianchi went in first. When he walked out, he signaled that he had told nothing. Again and again the officer, revolver in hand, questioned de la Penne in excellent Italian. Where did he put the charge? Where? De la Penne said nothing. They would find a way to make him talk, the officer promised.

The two Italians were taken back to the *Valiant*. Captain Charles Morgan, the pale, heavy-set, white-haired skipper, was on deck. Morgan told the interpreter to explain to the Italian officer that if he would not tell where the charge was, he and his assistant would be locked in the deepest hold. There they would be involved in anything that happened to the ship.

The prisoners were silent.

"Take them below," Morgan said. The skipper had been in touch with Admiral Viscount Cunningham, commander in chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, and these were Cunningham's explicit orders.

De la Penne and Bianchi were locked in separate holds. De la Penne was put in a supply room below two gun turrets. The men on watch offered him rum and cigarettes and, aching with cold, he sat down and reflected. He was deep in the ship's hull over the very spot where he had planted the quarter-ton of high explosives. He could save himself by telling Captain Morgan where he put the charge. But he knew that if he did the mission would fail. Outside, commands were shouted and there was the quick sound of many footsteps. De la Penne glanced at his watch. The minutes moved by—5:10 . . . 5:12. . . .

For nearly an hour, de la Penne kept his eyes on the minute hand. He wondered if the charge would go off early. Or if it would fail. Outside, day started to break. It was 5:50; 10 minutes to go. De la Penne jumped up and hammered on the door of the hold. He shouted that he wanted to see the captain.

"Bring him up," Captain Morgan ordered.

In a few minutes, de la Penne was again face to face with the skipper.

"The *Valiant* will be blown up in 10 minutes," the Italian said.

MORGAN asked him again where the warhead was placed. No answer. Back de la Penne went to the forward hold of the doomed dreadnought.

The seconds flew by relentlessly. Time ran out. Then, at last, it came. At first there was a gentle shudder beneath the harbor of Alexandria. Then a cataract of water shot into the air. The huge *Valiant* gave a tremendous heave, listed to port and settled in the mud of the Egyptian naval base.

In the hold, de la Penne thought his life was over. Lights went out. The deck came up to crush him. Fittings flew everywhere, and everywhere there was the stifling odor of smoke. But, by a miracle, the door was blown open and except for a painfully scraped and wrenched knee, de la Penne was unhurt.

De la Penne made his way on deck where he found Bianchi. He, too, had been blown free. The frogmen went unnoticed for the moment. A quarter of a mile away, the battleship *Queen Elizabeth* lay at anchor. De la Penne and Bianchi walked to the rail and watched her.

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Marceglia and his diver Schergat had glided to their target with heads above water. Now they slipped their respirators on and submerged. Moving stealthily, they ran into a defense net—exactly as de la Penne had.

Marceglia began hunting for a way in. The net was too heavy to lift at the bottom. But he found a small space and queezed the torpedo through. Creeping along on the mud, they made their way, guided by the noise of the ship's machinery. They moved forward until they seemed to be right under the ship. But when they started to attach the charge, Schergat became sick from breathing oxygen so long. He suffered severe spasms and, finally paralyzed, he abandoned his efforts. Marceglia carried on alone, and succeeded in attaching the charge and setting the fuse.

At 3:25 they boarded their disarmed torpedo and started away. Schergat couldn't keep breathing oxygen underwater. Marceglia blew the buoyancy tank to surface. But he was too clumsy. The torpedo broke water with a rush. A searchlight gave only a half-hearted look and the two men got away safely. As they passed the *Valiant*, they saw a British boat underway with prisoners and thought de la Penne had failed.

At daylight, they managed to slip by the port patrol and make their way to Alexandria in the guise of French sailors. However, the Italian planners made an unbelievable mistake. They gave the frogmen English banknotes instead of the special currency used in Egypt. The Italians were in an enemy country without money or food. They had several close calls but managed to get through to Rosetta. There, 10 miles off the coast, the

Italian submarine *Saffiro* waited for them.

But the next day, as they were about to reach the sea and freedom, a suspicious Egyptian policeman challenged them. He recognized them as Italians and turned them over to the British. Some observers felt they might have had a better chance for escape if, instead of going toward the sea, they'd made for a monastery where they might have found sanctuary until the search ended.

The third assault team, captained by Lieutenant Martellotta, lost contact at the sea wall. They were nearly rammed by the first British destroyer to enter the harbor, but they got through. They saw no carriers in port. So Martellotta, following orders, sought out a large tanker of 16,000 tons. As they neared her, Martellotta was overtaken with violent vomiting. He could not use the respirator. So when they reached the tank's rudder, he gave his assistant orders to attach the charge under the keel anywhere, because it was not possible for one man alone to put the charge in the exact middle of the ship. The result was just as effective. When the fuse went off, the detonation blew off the tanker's stern. Martellotta set incendiary charges in the harbor waters. But they did not ignite when the oil spread on the surface.

The frogmen sank their craft with its self-destructive device set and landed at the harbor coal pier. They were caught at a roadblock, arrested, and made prisoners of war.

There are two amazing sequels to the raid.

First, the Italians never took advantage of the crippling blow they dealt. Just why has never been officially explained. The British believe the Italians were not able to spot the damaged ships from their reconnaissance photos. There were no overturned vessels, no signs of wreckage. To add to the illusion that the raid was a failure, the British held a ceremony aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. They took pictures which were used in the foreign press. No frogman returned from the raid and the British sailors kept silent. Later, Prime Minister Churchill wrote that the Navy was successful in "concealing" the damage for some time.

THE Italian account, however, is different. It contends their reconnaissance plane's pictures—taken at an altitude of 30,000 feet—showed the *Queen Elizabeth* with a pronounced list. The *Valiant* was also down by the bow. In addition, the photos showed both ship's guns canted to counterbalance flooded holds. And there were pontoons and subs alongside furnishing electric power.

The pictures were flown to Rome. Navy Secretary Ricciardi examined them, then showed them to Mussolini. Il Duce inspected them closely and announced he could see no evidence of damage. According to reports published after the war, Ricciardi tried to argue with him, but to no avail.

A further account states that when the submarine *Scire* returned to Italy, Captain Borghese, who had ferried the frogmen to Alexandria, was elated by the pictures and wanted to know what actions were now being taken. He was stunned when Ricciardi told him Mussolini's reaction. Borghese implored the Navy Secretary to override the dictator's opinion. But that, of course, was impossible and they both knew it. Mussolini had spoken.

The Italians had scored one of the most remarkable victories in the history of naval warfare. Six frogmen had crippled three British ships, without the loss of a single life. On the morning of December 19, 1941, the balance of power was dramatically shifted in the Mediterranean. The British fleet had lost their remaining battleships.

But the supreme moment was allowed to pass. Il Duce's fleet never went out to battle. The British supply lines to Africa stayed open, but those of the Axis did not. Shortly afterward, the Allies regained naval supremacy, and Rommel's tanks ran out of gas at El Alamein.

The second sequel took place in March, 1945. The Italians were having an awards ceremony at Taranto, Italy. Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, ex-skipper of the *Valiant*, now Chief of the Allied Naval Mission in Italy, was accompanying Prince Umberto to the ceremony. De la Penne was among those to be decorated. He was to receive the Gold Medal of Honor, Italy's highest combat decoration. When the two approached de la Penne, Prince Umberto asked Admiral Morgan to assist him. The admiral had previously expressed his and the Royal Navy's admiration for Italian assault craft crews who, he believed, served their country with great heroism. The citation was read. Then Admiral Morgan stepped forward with the Prince and helped pin the medal, with its dark blue, white-striped ribbon, on the breast of the man who had sunk his ship.

Today, 44-year-old de la Penne is on inactive duty as a commander in Italy's naval reserve, and a member of the Italian parliament in Rome. ♦♦♦

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NEW YORK'S ANGELS

Continued from page 38

St. John the Divine, on Manhattan's upper West Side, steeplejacks were working on extensive repairs and remodeling. Big, cage-like steel scaffolding structures had been erected. While working on one of these a man named Peter Burr fell 29 feet to a parapet at the edge of the roof 250 feet above the pavement. Burr was badly hurt. One hip, one leg, and several ribs were broken, and there was the possibility of concussion and internal injuries.

TWO Emergency Division trucks responded to the call for help. But for once they were temporarily stymied. The only way to reach the roof on which Burr lay, writhing in pain, was via a winding stairway much too narrow to accommodate a stretcher. The Emergency men decided the only solution was to rig a block-and-tackle setup, attach it to a wire litter called a Stokes basket, put Burr in the litter, and lower him to the ground by a complex roping arrangement. But Burr, his steeplejack's nerve momentarily unsettled by his accident, refused.

At that point Klotzback arrived. After a fast fill-in on the situation, he thought for a moment, then leaned down over Burr and said, "How about a helicopter?"

"I'll try it," the man said.

Klotzback later said, "This was a tribute to helicopters, but the question in my mind was, could a helicopter land there?"

At 12:50 P.M. the police radio put out the call for a helicopter. At 1:05 Crawford was hovering over the cathedral roof. He looked the situation over. What he saw was rough.

"The big construction towers hemmed in the roof from two directions," said Klotzback in a report of the rescue. "There was only about 30 feet of clear space on the roof to land in. This wasn't enough. The helicopter rotor blades cut a 36-foot circle; and from nose to tail the plane was 41 feet long.

"'One good thing about a helicopter,' Crawford said to me later," Klotzback continued, "'you can stand still and see whether it's possible to land, and then back out if you have to.' Crawford didn't back out of this problem. Crawford edged the helicopter into the narrow landing space and set it down on the parapet with its tail hanging over the street. Power from the rotors balanced the ship and held it in position. On either side, Crawford had just two inches to spare. The slightest error meant the big blades would hit a tower and send Crawford, Jordan, and the helicopter crashing to the street.

"Crawford hung on this perch while the injured man was lifted aboard—not into the cockpit, which was too small, but on to one of the pontoons to which the Stokes basket was made fast. Then, like a big bird, with Burr on one oversized foot, the helicopter rose. Three minutes later it landed in Riverside Park, where Burr was transferred to an ambulance. It was 1:20 P.M. —just half an hour after the first call had gone out."

More often, however, it is New York's water-fascinated youngsters who give the Emergency pilots a hectic time. A few years ago they came to the rescue of a daredevil 16-year-old boy who had experienced a night of adventure almost unbelievable for a city youth. He had been wrecked on a sand bar, nearly overwhelmed by quicksand, and marooned in a deserted shack throughout a cold and eerie night.

The youngster, Donald Bartlett, was a boating enthusiast. Since his parents lived in Broad Channel, on the edge of Jamaica Bay, it was simple for him to keep a boat. Donald was proud of his eight-foot hydroplane with its racing outboard motor, and he had just picked it up at a boatyard after having it tuned up. The two-mile run home was easy —except that with the tide out Donald had to go a roundabout way to avoid the tidal flats.

"I was zooming along at 60 miles an hour," Donald told reporters later. "It was terrific. Then rain clouds came up. The sky looked brutal. All I could see were the marshland bars. If they're not filled with water you can't get through them. Finally, I ran aground."

When wind-whipped waves threatened to capsize the small boat, the now-freezing and exhausted boy pulled his ship as far up as he could into the swampy ground of Stony Creek Marsh. Spotting a fishing shack across the marsh, he headed for it.

"Before I knew what was happening," he said, "quicksand had sucked me down to the waist. I thought it was my finish. Then I was able to grab a log and inch myself out. I got into the shack through a window, took off my soaked clothes, wrapped myself in a tablecloth, and just sort of sat there all night. About eight in the morning I heard the droning of a helicopter above. I rushed outside and it was my luck to find it directly above the shack. I waved and they saw me."

The police plane landed next to the shack, took Donald aboard, and flew him directly to a hospital where he was treated for nothing worse than exposure, shock, and a scratched hand.

YOUNGSTERS in leaky or drifting rowboats are a common occurrence during summer vacation time, and the patrolling helicops keep a sharp eye out for them. Others, avid fishermen, tend to overestimate their strength (if in a rowboat) or their gas supply (if in an outboard) and need help getting back to land as darkness falls. For still others, the Huckleberry Finn legends die hard, and homemade rafts still seem the passport to adventure. But the choppy

waters and ebb tides of New York's bays and rivers are more threatening than the placid roll of Huck's Mississippi, and the rafts often start to carry their young riders out to sea.

One time Behrens spotted two youngsters on a homemade raft being tossed around on the East River. He was afraid that if he landed his helicopter near the raft he might swamp it. So, instead, he used a maneuver that the Emergency men had practiced many times but never tried in an actual rescue. Speeding up his rotor blades to create a 30-mile-an-hour wind, Behrens tilted his craft and flew behind the raft at such an angle that the blast from his rotors hit it head on. One of the youngsters held up a piece of tattered canvas to catch the wind, and Behrens literally blew the raft to shore.

ANOTHER time Lieutenant Kenneth Johnston—now head of the Aviation Bureau—zoomed off toward Sandy Hook in answer to an alarm that a raft with a man on it was drifting out to open sea. Johnston found the raft, saw a form stretched out full length upon it, and had to circle twice, noisily, to get any reaction. "Are you in trouble?" he called. "Need help?"

A teenager raised a sleepy head, goggled at the helicopter a moment, and then said, "I didn't call for you. I'm taking a sun bath. I can get back all right."

But Johnston pointed out to him that the ebb tide—combined with the youngster's lack of either sail or oar—would make getting back a little more difficult than he thought. The helicopter taxi-towed the raft back to shore.

Technically, New York became the first city to put its police in the air as far back as March, 1918—when each flight was a challenge. In May, 1919, a police plane flew to Atlantic City, New Jersey, with a message from New York's Mayor John Hylan to an aeronautical convention. But flying was considered too dangerous to be useful, and interest died.

The long arm of the law extended its reach into the sky for the first time—for practical purposes—on October 24, 1929, when the Police Air Service Division was established. Two years earlier a young flier named Charles Lindbergh had soloed across the Atlantic Ocean to Paris—and aviation had suddenly come of age. All over the country young men were tinkering with planes, learning to fly, and pulling off crazy stunts in the exuberance of being air-borne. Nor was there much in the way of rules or regulations to govern who might fly, where they could fly, or how they could fly. As a result, the sky was filled with craft of all kinds, some airworthy, some not; and with pilots of all kinds.

Nowhere was the flying craze more pronounced than in New York City. Reckless fliers piloting patched-up crates terrorized New Yorkers with mock dogfights, air circuses, stunting at dangerously low altitudes, buzzing beaches and parks. Nine crashes killed seven persons and injured 21, many of them innocent bystanders. The climax came when a publicity-seeking lion tamer parachuted into the Central Park Zoo. He landed safely, but the plane crashed into an apartment house—fortunately killing no one but the pilot. A few days later a fuming and frustrated Grover Whalen,

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then police commissioner, put out a call to all policemen interested in flying. With 34 men, Whalen commissioned the Air Service Division.

AT Long Island's famous Roosevelt Field the men were trained as pilots and mechanics. On March 28, 1930, the first Police Department plane and crew took to the air. Equipped with the Loening Commuter and three ancient Savoia-Marchetti biplanes (with a top speed of 70 miles per hour, the pilot could never slacken his speed for fear of stalling), they cracked down on air-law violators with startling suddenness. The reckless and incompetent flier quickly learned to give New York City a wide berth. Statistics for 1930 showed not a single crash or injury due to reckless flying—a remarkable turnabout.

But although the Air Service Division had been created specifically to police the skies, it quickly proved Commissioner Whalen's contention that police planes would prove their value in many other ways. Only two days after the flying force was officially sent into action it created a mild sensation by sending the Loening Commuter to Massachusetts. The air police landed their plane on the Cape Cod Canal, went aboard a nearby barge, and took off its captain, who was wanted in New York for questioning in connection with a homicide. The astounded captain was at Manhattan Police Headquarters before he knew what was happening.

In the next few months the police planes won further favor by rescuing several persons from drowning. And in September 1931 they completely captured the city's imagination in a unique case. The son of a Queens jurist had vanished—presumably kidnaped—and a few days later the father received in the mail a ransom note and a homing pigeon. The kidnaper's plan was utter simplicity: $1,000 in bills was to be attached to the pigeon's leg and the bird let loose. But the kidnaper reckoned without the Air Service Division. Pilots Otto Kafka and Peter Terranova got into their planes and followed the pigeon as it flew home to the roof of a house in Jamaica. A few moments later detectives were on hand to collar the culprit as he was removing the marked bills from the bird's leg.

But the most spectacular even of these pioneering days was the April 1933 rescue of five men of the crew of a Navy blimp. The blimp itself was on a rescue mission—searching for survivors of the ill-fated Navy dirigible *Akron,* which had exploded in a storm off New Jersey with 73 men on board. Forty-five-mile-an-hour winds and rough, eight-foot high, icy seas were still sweeping the area when the blimp, too, was forced down into the water. Joseph W. Forsythe, chief police pilot at the time, and Otto Kafka flew their open-cockpit Savoia-Marchetti to the scene. They sighted the blimp and landed alongside it.

The five crewmen, barely able to stay above water, were helped to sprawl on the

"Aw, come on! I'll show you the back of my neck if you'll show me your face."

wings and tail of the police amphibian. There was no question of taking off—the weight of the seven men now burdening the plane made flight impossible. So Forsythe turned the nose of his ship toward land—one mile away—and began taxiing toward the shore, trying simultaneously to keep the Savoia from being swamped by the waves and to keep the Navy crewmen from being washed off their precarious perches. One of the Navy men, trying to get a better grip on a wing, edged dangerously close to the propeller. The noise of the wind and waves drowned out Forsythe's warning shouts. Finally the pilot reached out to pull the man away, and in doing so his own hand was struck by the whirling blades, and each of his fingers was fractured.

"Believe me," said Forsythe to a reporter after he drove his plane safely up on a Jersey beach, "that was some picnic."

But even the admittedly dramatic and unique abilities of the flying police to enforce the law and to save lives were not proof against the financial strains of the depression years. With funds low and equipment becoming dangerously obsolete, the Air Division stagnated. In March of 1934 its nine men and two planes were renamed the Aviation Bureau and made an integral part of the Emergency Service Division. By 1938 the two planes were in such bad shape that they had to be condemned, and the Aviation Bureau was grounded. A year later, however, the enthusiasm for aviation of New York's fiery Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia—plus the unflagging devotion of aviation expert and Honorary Deputy Police Commissioner Rodman Wanamaker—revitalized the Bureau. Two Stinson airplanes—one a seaplane—were bought, and air patrols resumed. The war years restricted flying activities, but after the war the Bureau expanded sharply. With an influx of battle-trained pilots and mechanics, plus new equipment culminating in the purchase of specially designed helicopters, the Aviation Bureau reasserted its importance to the people of New York.

THE switch from fixed-wing planes to 'copters widened the scope of the flying cops' activities, and made them far more efficient. A fixed-wing amphibian, for instance, might be prevented from making a rescue at sea by high winds or rough water which would keep it from landing. The helicopter would touch down alongside the disabled boat or plane and take off the victims, or lower a rope ladder; if the person wasn't conscious or strong enough to climb up, an Emergency man would climb down and get him. Helicopters made it possible for the air police to hover—to land almost motionless in one spot. Helicopters need waste no time getting special clearance from a control tower and takeoffs in emergencies could be made after only 90 seconds of engine warm up. The average time for helicopter rescue missions, according to Aviation Bureau statistics, is seven minutes.

Today the Bureau's eight pilots and 15 mechanics, under the command of Acting Lieutenant Kenneth C. Johnston, cover New York with an air umbrella from dawn to dusk, making both routine patrols and emergency rescues in the most modern helicopters. Only a year ago the Division bought three new Bell 47-J models to team up with one older Bell 47-D. The J's have

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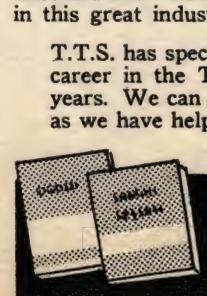

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"I want to be buried over there, Charlie, near that little hill."

greater power (260 horsepower), greater speed (maximum, 100 miles per hour), and greater cruising range (up to 200 miles).

More important, they are much better equipped for rescue purposes. Where victims are trapped, marooned, or injured, the 47-J can hover over the location and, by means of a 400-pound capacity electric hoist and a 50-foot cable, lower a life jacket to the victim and then hoist him up into the cabin. If an Emergency man has to go down to him, it is a good deal less hazardous to descend via the hoist than to clamber down a rope ladder swinging violently in the wind.

Another factor is the cabin capacity of the 47-J. Under normal conditions it can carry four people; when necessary, thanks to a special cabin-door arrangement, two stretchers can be carried inside the cabin. Formerly rescue litters were attached to the floats, or pontoons, of the helicopters. "And," Chief Klotzback once observed, "Heaven knows how many injured people who regained consciousness while they were being flown in mid-air that way to a hospital must have thought, for a shocking moment, that they were on their way to the next world."

TWO of the helicopters—known as Rangers—got their baptism as rescue craft even before they were officially commissioned. While testing one of the planes, Lieutenant Johnston spotted two persons clinging to an overturned sailboat in 33-degree water two miles off the coast. As he flew in close to attempt a single-handed rescue, the couple tried to climb over the hull of the boat and, as they did, the mast reared up perilously close to the helicopter's rotor blades. (A helicopter is virtually crash-proof: even if the engine quits, the inertia of the whirling rotors will carry the craft down gradually to a landing, but if a rotor blade is thrown or damaged, then there's trouble.) Johnston backed off, tossed life preservers to the man and woman in the water, flew to shore, and picked up a precinct patrolman on the beach. The patrolman clung to one pontoon of the helicopter, seized the woman, and clung to her while Johnston taxied them both back to shore. Meanwhile a motor launch picked up the other victim.

A few days later Sergeant Harold H. Behrens, testing another of the new planes, was radio alerted about a Welfare Island hospital patient who had jumped into the East River near turbulent Hell Gate. The man was ill, had just had a serious operation, and had injured himself further by plunging through a hospital window to get to the river. In that weakened condition he couldn't possibly survive the swift currents more than a moment.

Behrens lowered the helicopter to within inches of the river while his mate, Patrolman Anthony Schiano, climbed out on one of the 'copter's floats, grabbed the man, and tied a rope under his arms. While Behrens held that rope fast, Schiano looped another around the man's ankles. Then Behrens and Schiano together hauled him aboard and flew him back to the hospital.

Seldom are helicopter rescues as simple as these may sound in the telling. The seeming ease with which the eggbeaters cruise, the facility with which they carry out their mercy missions often belie the great skill and sometimes outright heroism required of the pilots. Helicopters are not easy to fly. There is no automatic pilot to give the man at the controls a respite. Instead, helicopter pilots must be, if anything, more alert than pilots of fixed-wing planes.

"Helicopter flying is a tricky business," says Lieutenant Johnston. "The pilot has to be conscious of five different controls at once, co-ordinating his movements all the time. On the left side of the seat is a lever with a built-in throttle that controls the motor speed and the rotor pitch for lift. An airplane-type control stick is on the floor between the pilot's feet. It governs direction—up, down, forward, backward, side to side. Then there are two foot pedals controlling the smaller rotor at the tail of the ship.

"Center of gravity is our big problem.

Too much weight in the front and we're nose-heavy. Too much in the rear and we're tail-heavy. To keep on an even keel everything must be in perfect balance.

"Two hours a day is about all anybody can take flying one of these things."

To enable the Emergency pilots to cover all of New York from dawn to dark, an unusual system of air-patrol routes has been worked out. The first patrol leaves headquarters at Floyd Bennett Field at nine A.M., swings along the Brooklyn shore line, goes through the Narrows into the Upper Bay, and lands at the Pier 41 heliport, in lower Manhattan, to pick up instructions or assignments from the Emergency Service Division desk officer. At 10 the helicopter heads along the East River and the Harlem River to Pier A, at the Battery. At 1:30 it leaves Pier A and arrives back at Floyd Bennett at two. (Although the helicopters are in constant radio communication with the Police Department's Central Communications Bureau, as well as with all launches and squads of the Emergency Division, each crew rings in for special instructions every time it stops at a regular landing point.)

Patrol Number 2 leaves Floyd Bennett at 1:30, heads east toward the Rockaways, turns north toward Flushing Airport and Harts Island, covering Queens, Long Island Sound, Rikers Island, and the Bronx on its way. It returns to headquarters at 5:30. The final patrol takes of at six P.M. for the far reaches of the Lower Bay and Staten Island, swinging back via Kill van Kull, between Staten Island and New Jersey, and the Upper Bay, to a 7:30 touchdown at home base.

"THESE assignments aren't arbitrary," Klotzback points out. "There are reasons for them. For one thing, taking wind and weather into account, the schedules permit each patrol to finish its tour with about 12 gallons of gasoline left in its tank—enough to enable it to respond to any last-minute assignment without the danger of running out of fuel.

"Second, the posts have been set up so as to have a helicopter in the air at the time of day when the greatest amount of police activity can be expected on the respective patrols. For instance, on Post 1—the East, Harlem, and Hudson rivers, the Narrows and the bays—harbor and river traffic are at their height during the morning and early afternoon hours. Post two, flying the afternoon trick, covers largely recreational beach and water areas, likely

PHOTO CREDITS

The black-and-white photos in this month's edition are from the following sources: pages 14-15, Black Star, Pix, Penguin, Wide World; pages 18-19, UPI, Wide World; pages 22-23, UPI; pages 26-29, Edmund Leja—Globe; pages 30-31, Italian Navy photo, British Official photo; pages 36-39, UPI, Wide World. STAG's cover this month was painted by Jim Bama.

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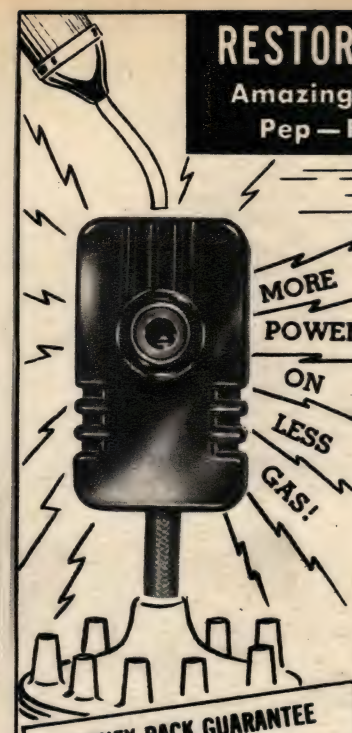

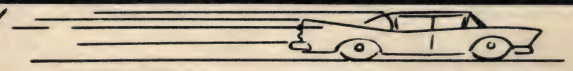

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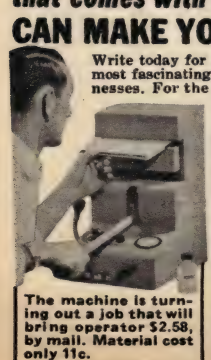

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to be busiest then. On Post 3, covering the ocean and the Staten Island perimeter at twilight, most of the emergency calls come from disabled fishing boats and other craft in the early evening hours.

"These posts also cover all of the city's 18 airports from which nonscheduled flights and pilots make 5,000 flights a month."

Before the patrol posts were established, all Emergency planes responded to calls from the Floyd Bennett base—which often meant extra time lost. But today they can be dispatched by radio from any point on their routes. "If we get a call that a jumper is up on the George Washington Bridge, at 181st Street and the Hudson River," says Klotzback, "and we know there's a helicopter based at the nearby Dyckman Street heliport, we can have it there in three minutes."

DESPITE the dramatic rescue episodes that pepper Aviation Bureau records, its main day-in and day-out function is law enforcement. Although in its first years the Bureau's planes cleared New York's sky of most reckless fliers, several times a year some air-happy character would pull a trick that defied the law because there was no law to cover it. Sometimes the police in desperation would book a stunting pilot for violation of the Sanitary Code—the local city statute against endangering life and property—or some clause of the General Business Law, or even a Park Department regulation.

For example, on a May day in 1947 a former World War II paratrooper bailed out over Times Square with a motion-picture camera to take pictures of how it looked on the way down.

"Nobody had ever bailed out over the city and landed in Times Square," the young man told police later, "and I just wanted to do it."

Unfortunately, *he* didn't either. He floated down into a backyard area less than 75 feet square, entirely surrounded by buildings at least five stories high. It was a neat piece of parachute maneuvering in a tight spot, except that on the way down he broke two clotheslines full of wash and broke a wicker settee when he landed on it. After playing ring-around-a-rosy in several courts on several different charges, the paratrooper finally pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct and was given a suspended sentence.

A few months later the pilot of a small plane set his craft down between two automobiles on the city's busiest parkway, the Henry Hudson. The pilot claimed an "emergency" landing due to engine failure. But the presence of a well-known dancer in the plane led police to look rather cynically upon the event as a publicity stunt. They booked the pilot for violating a Park Department law against voluntary landings on park property—but nobody could prove it was a voluntary landing and the pilot was acquitted.

As a result of these and other similar cases the police commissioner asked the City Council to pass an ordinance covering such special situations and giving the air police the same authority and sanction to ticket violators as a traffic cop has to ticket reckless automobile drivers. The ordinance was passed in 1948, giving a community the power, for the first time, to control air traffic by administering penalties ordered through the city courts. Another long step forward was taken in protecting New Yorkers from the "flying screwballs."

So competently did the Aviation Bureau Emergency men clear the airways that, in a paradoxical reversal, today they are an important factor in helping to keep vehicular traffic running smoothly. Helicops pay special attention to traffic conditions on New York's major parkways. On week ends, when the city's millions flock to parks and beaches in the suburbs, the Bureau's planes maintain a constant traffic patrol.

From its vantage point in the sky a hovering helicopter can see miles of parkway at a time, spot tieups or trouble spots, and by radioing the information to ground patrol cars, can help to keep traffic moving as smoothly as possible. The planes' loudspeakers—normally used to advise fishermen of approaching storms, or to seek out persons on boats who are urgently needed on shore (doctors, for example)—can occasionally give an air cop a chance to surprise an unwary motorist. One Sunday last summer Lieutenant Johnston watched one driver—whose car radiator was beginning to heat up—simply stop his car in the traffic lane, open the hood, unscrew the radiator cap, then walk away for a short stroll while waiting for it to cool.

"Within three minutes," Johnston said, "traffic was backed up for nearly a mile. I swooped low and finally was able to signal this guy and tell him to get back to his car and move it off the parkway and onto the shoulder. You'd be surprised how crazy some weekend motorists are—they just get tired of traffic. We don't like to use the public-address system any more than we have to because it might get the drivers upset and smashing into each other."

PERHAPS the most unusual traffic arrest ever made in New York was chalked up by Sergeant Behrens a few months ago. Behrens was on routine patrol with Patrolman William Reis when he saw five teenagers fooling around with a parked car in Queens. Behrens dipped low for a better look. As he did so the youths piled into the car and raced off through heavy traffic at 100 miles an hour. Behrens went down to 20 feet above the ground and used the loud-speaker to order the speeders to stop. The car continued to speed, however, until a few miles farther on it got out of control and smashed into a tree near a racetrack. Behrens landed his helicopter on an open spot on the racetrack grounds and, with Reis, quickly collared three of the boys. The other two escaped.

But traffic—air or ground—is only part of the law-enforcement activities of the Aviation Bureau. Because helicopters can hover, they are often used to take aerial photographs for many city departments, as well as the Police Department, when legal questions arise. The Bureau of Air Pollution, for instance, needs pictures for evidence when they prosecute an apartment house or industrial-plant owner for loosing too much soot and smoke on the city from his chimneys. Real-estate problems are often settled by aerial photographs snapped by the Aviation Bureau. Detectives call upon the Emergency men for photographs of the area around a homicide. Once, when an eight-year-old boy was killed, the Bureau took a series of pictures tracing the mur-

derer's route—and the district attorney was able to use them to prove premeditation and get a first-degree murder conviction.

When four prisoners escaped from the Rikers Island prison in 1949, low-flying helicopter patrols scrutinized every inch of the island within 15 minutes—a job that would have taken an entire squad of patrolmen a full day to accomplish. For two days the Aviation Bureau's plane maintained a constant patrol over the island—and finally the convicts surrendered. They had hidden themselves at first in a cave formed by a rotting dock, and had been pinned there by the helicopter's presence. They would have been spotted at once if they had tried to make a dash for freedom. Instead, they held out against hunger and rats as long as possible, then meekly gave up.

After that experience Chief Klotzback suggested that his flying Emergency men take aerial photos of all city prisons so that police officials would have a clear picture of every structure, potential escape route, and the surrounding area on which to base operations in the event of a prison riot or attempted prison break. This was promptly done.

Probably the most amazing law-enforcement story the Aviation Bureau has to tell is a "truth-is-stranger-than-fiction" saga of smugglers. Chief Klotzback tells the story this way:

"For months the police had difficulty in following a gang of smugglers to their main base after they landed at one of New York City's airports from overseas. The smugglers had high-speed autos, would travel through a maze of thoroughfares and heavy traffic, double back and forth, change cars, and eventually elude the police after many hours of trailing. This continued for several months. Then it was decided to use the helicopter to trail this gang.

"Two-way radios were installed in several police cars, tuned to the frequency of the helicopter's two-way radio. The general route taken by the smugglers was studied and dry runs were made over the route in a police car with a white target marking on top, the helicopter following overhead in communication with the tailing cars. This marking was necessary, particularly when the getaway car went over bridges, entered into or came out of tunnels, or through heavy midtown traffic.

"The green-and-white markings of the police helicopter were disguised by completely repainting the ship with a light blue water paint that blended with the sky.

"AFTER several false starts the detectives finally received definite information that the smugglers would arrive about 5:00 A.M. at the airport.

"The detectives went to the private garage where the getaway car was stored about an hour before it was to leave. Removing a small pane of glass, they inserted a pole with a sponge attached and painted a white circle on the top of the getaway car. Then they replaced the windowpane. The driver, unaware of what had happened, shortly thereafter entered the garage and drove the car to the airport.

"The crew of the helicopter had landed in a parking area in a nearby park. When the plane arrived and the smuggler entered the getaway car, the helicopter was notified of the direction and road taken, and immediately took off, keeping in contact with the trailing cars which remained several blocks to the rear of the unsuspecting getaway car.

"For several hours the getaway car crossed bridges, entered tunnels, and doubled back on its course, checking on the cars behind it on the highways and streets. Then it

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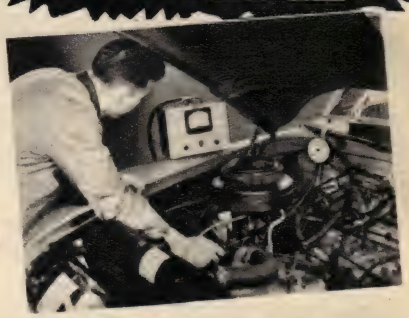

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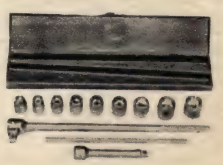

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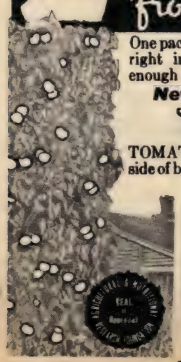

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crossed to midtown and repeated its maneuvers north and south, the driver stopping for gas and getting out of the car and looking about. He even looked up at the helicopter several times when he stopped for red traffic lights. However, when he reached the intersection of 53rd Street and Tenth Avenue, the helicopter crew lost contact with the car because of the high buildings and the rising sun.

"The pilot notified the trailing detectives immediately, and they closed in and made the arrest as the nonplused smuggler was just getting ready to change cars and make his getaway complete."

LIKE their fellow emergency men in other Division branches, the flying police are competent and selfless in their work. Highly trained (Sergeant Behrens is a CAA certified instructor and examiner for fixed-wing craft and helicopters, and trains all Aviation Bureau personnel), each man could command two to three times his weekly wage in private flying. An Aviation Bureau man gets only regular police pay; some of the pilots get a nominal flying-time bonus in addition. He flies without a parachute—he must stick with his ship and make every effort to save the taxpayers' money that it represents. At the same time he is covered with no special insurance policy—death in a plane crash is death in the line of duty.

Yet his loyalty is such that only utterly impossible flying weather can keep him grounded in an emergency; a skeleton crew remains on duty all night at Floyd Bennett, even though flying a helicopter in the dark is risky business. This *esprit de corps* carries through the ranks of the highly trained mechanics as well. Once, using mostly parts from damaged airplanes, the men built from scratch a helicopter for the Bureau. The parts that had to be bought came to $9,000—saving the city more than $20,000 on a new plane.

Many of the Bureau's pilots saw much death and misery during their war years. Sergeant Gerald Crosson, for example, flew two overseas tours of duty during World War II—including a mission that proved to be the first bombing raid over Tokyo—and flew rescue helicopters in Korea. Lieutenant Johnston was a multiengined transport pilot during World War II; he joined the Police Department in 1946 and served three years as a foot patrolman before transferring to the Aviation Bureau. Another man flew a fighter over Germany and was shot down twice. Perhaps because of this background, these men jump at the chance to use an airplane to save a life, or to ease pain.

They have plenty of chances. More than once their helicopters have flown rare blood plasma or special serums to sufferers who would have died without their speedy delivery. When a little girl strayed away from home during a big snowstorm not long ago, two Emergency squads tramped for hours through icy swamps searching for her. But an Aviation pilot spotted her in less than an hour, wandering around a Brooklyn cemetery; he was just in time to save her from death by exposure. A wounded duck hunter in a Jamaica Bay blind was picked up and rushed to a hospital for an emergency operation—a beneficiary of the Bureau's special map that pinpoints 23 emergency landing spots near every major city hospital for use in cases such as this one.

"WE are the only police department in the country with a helicopter wing," Chief Klotzback has said proudly. "You won't find any better men in the business than our pilots and mechanics. They are literally guardian angels, safeguarding and serving New Yorkers." ♦♦♦

"I've got to get home—don't you ever close this place?"

THE PHONY PROPHET

Continued from page 23

his father box his ears and bawl him out.

"You're a jackal!" the old man raged. "You have turned yourself a small fortune from the misery of your fellow men! You stink of lampblack. Get out!"

John decided to make amends by studying for the ministry, which he did for four years on what some of Adelaide's citizens called "a kerosene scholarship." Then he married a girl who always complained of headaches and settled down in a pulpit near Sydney. But a month later he resigned with this peculiarly worded announcement to his flock:

"The Devil will be an odds-on favorite unless God receives special help. He has asked me to give Him that help and I am going to do it. Good-by."

With wife Jane he went to Melbourne and built a huge wooden tabernacle, in which he began to preach faith-healing. One Sunday he knocked the medical profession and said he possessed divine powers of healing. He explained by pointing to demure Jane, seated beside him, and declaring in a rolling, well-practiced voice:

"This woman—my beloved wife—suffered from headaches for years. Some were so agonizing they forced her to her bed. Then she met me. I laid my hands upon her and her headaches were gone! They have not returned. She has been cured by God's servant, John Alexander Dowie!"

Jane beamed, which indicated that she was feeling hale, and the reaction was spirited. People rushed out to tell friends and relatives about Dowie the Healer. So many sick and hypochondriac unfortunates showed up the following Sunday that Dowie decided to get a tight grip on them. He enrolled them into an organization called the Divine Healing Association—John A. Dowie, president.

Before long he was promising—in return for "free-will offerings"—to cure anything short of rigor mortis.

"Pork is the direct cause of cancer, tuberculosis, rheumatism and many other diseases," he proclaimed. His followers quit eating pork and, if they didn't fall ill—well, not getting sick was even better than being healed, wasn't it?

Naturally, however, there were those whose ailments simply would not disappear under the power of mere words, and these the happy faker handled with slippery skill.

"No one can be cured without faith," he explained. "The fact that you are still ill shows you do not have enough faith. You must try harder to believe."

They went home and tried.

Dowie's doubletalk brought in enough money over the next half-dozen years to give him bigger ideas. He proposed that the Divine Healing Association become international, and that he wander off to spread the good word globally.

"It would be selfish," he said, "to deprive the rest of the world of health."

The faithful were so struck with his charitable spirit that they immediately raised the equivalent of $10,000 for his transportation and upkeep. After a tear-stained farewell at the Sydney docks, he and Jane steamed off across the Pacific in comfortable deck chairs, and landed in San Francisco, home of the sinful Barbary Coast.

Stepping off the boat, they walked up the Embarcadero and observed life in the raw—drunken fights in the cobbled streets, gambling in the boisterous saloons and half-dressed prostitutes openly plying their trade.

"Sweet Jane," Dowie said, eying a bare-legged blonde a foot taller than he was, "I think I should talk to these girls and instruct them in the clean way of life."

Perhaps angelic-faced Jane caught the glimmer in his eyes, or perhaps she didn't. In any event, she didn't like the lay of the land. In her whiny voice, she insisted they first tour America so they could find the worst sin spot of all. He reluctantly agreed.

TWO years later, their funds almost gone, they entered rip-roaring Chicago. Dowie took a long look and said:

"Chicago will be our home. I can get a good fight with the Devil here!"

That's how the Windy City got John Alexander Dowie for its own in the summer of 1890. And while no one had reason to suspect it at the time, he was to become the hottest item in town since the Chicago Fire.

Dowie had not been an idle tourist during his sin-seeing trip across the country. With a good deal of foresight, he had set up branches of the International Divine Healing Association wherever he paused. Now he sent word to the branches to begin sending their free-will offerings to Healing HQ, which consisted of a tent he pitched on the outskirts of Chicago. As the money began to arrive, he began to work.

His pace was relaxed at first, with a minimum of preaching bringing in a minimum of money. But this was only groundwork. He knew that the Chicago World's Fair was scheduled to open in 1893, and that would be the occasion for his first big killing. He made several trips to the Jackson Park neighborhood, where the fair would be located, and carefully surveyed the real estate situation. When the fair was finally ready, he was ready for business, in a wooden hut near its main gate.

On opening day everything was well organized. Dowie waited inside his tabernacle while his well-trained followers went into the fairgrounds and snatched visitors from the midway and the wicked sideshows. "Bring pretty young girls," he instructed them. "They are most susceptible to sin."

As a crowd slowly gathered in the wooden hut, staring curiously at the small fat man with a bushy beard, they couldn't help noticing a curious display behind his podium. It was made of a big board, to which were

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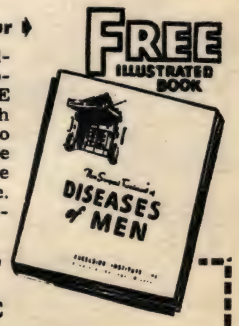

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nailed crutches, spinal braces and canes. Dowie mounted the platform and pointed to the exhibit.

"These have been wrested from the Devil," he announced. "John Alexander Dowie has made the people walk again! They came to me sick and crippled. Their doctors took their money and kept them from happiness. I laid hands on them and took the Devil from their souls!"

He paraded followers who, he said, had suffered from various afflictions and were now hale again. "They will tell you," he shrieked, "that John Dowie accepts no payment for his miracles. All he will accept is free-will offerings with which to carry on the work."

Jane smiled in her disarming way and the offerings began to arrive at the platform. After the oration people walked out wagging their heads in wonderment. They passed the word around the fairgrounds and soon the wooden tabernacle was packed. Dowie preached day and night, seven days a week, pausing only to eat and regain strength.

BUT after a solid month of this, he suddenly disappeared. Two days later several of his closest followers anxiously approached Jane.

"We fear he has been kidnaped by the agents of the Devil," one told her. "His ways are strange, and he has made enemies among the sinners."

"Oh, he's strange, all right," Jane replied. She canvassed the flea-bitten hotels near the fairgrounds and returned that same evening with husband John in tow. At the same time, an overdeveloped 19-year-old girl returned to her worried parents, who would no longer allow her to attend Dowie's faith-healing emporium. In fact, the family left town.

As for Dowie, he sprang to the platform with renewed vigor and hurled fresh brimstone at the Devil. Jane was seen to sigh several times between her smiles, which seemed more and more to be pasted on.

By the beginning of 1895 funds were cascading in. The World's Fair was gone but Dowie wasn't. His fame had spread and divine-healing branches started up all through the Midwest. Foreign visitors to the fair organized branches in Europe and Asia, and they sent money, too.

All of which emboldened the strutting little fraud to step up his attacks on the medical profession.

"They are murderers, these doctors," he ranted. "They want your dollars, not your health. Only Dowie can save you!"

The doctors fumed, and when one of Dowie's patients inevitably died, they had him arrested. He was arrested over 100 times during the year—he called 1895 "the year of persecution." But he never spent a night in jail. A battery of lawyers galloped about the courts with bail money and legal briefs and through it all the loud one charged religious persecution. He spent $20,000 on legal fees and court costs, but in the end he managed to beat every conviction. His followers closed ranks behind their leader and cheered him on.

Not everything was beer and skittles, though. Once he was thoughtless enough to accept a speaking invitation from 3,000 medical students at the University of Chicago. They asked him to address them on "Doctors, Devils and Drugs." He smelled no rat, but when he arrived he smelled dead cats with which the students had armed themselves, together with stinking chemicals and handfuls of pebbles. He needed a police escort to get back to his carriage.

Amid the anger and the laughter, Dowie abandoned the shabby wooden tabernacle and bought a seven-story building beside the handsome Illinois Central Railroad station on Michigan Avenue. There, in downtown Chicago, he and faithful, long-suffering Jane set up luxurious housekeeping on the sixth and seventh floors. Followers became personal servants and the Dowies became plump, dimpled overseers.

On Sundays the wild man rented the huge Chicago Auditorium and spoke to thousands, telling them that a major announcement was due any day. While they waited, they deposited their savings in his newly established Zion City Bank, which was located on the ground floor of the Michigan Avenue Heaven.

Suddenly the healer's weekdays became mysterious. Jane would awaken early to find he had disappeared during the night. He returned late each day, chuckling with satisfaction but tight-lipped about what he had been up to. When Jane finally accused him of giving some offbeat inspiration to females, he had to divulge his secret to keep peace in the family.

He showed her a document that made him the only stockholder in a company known as the Zion Land and Investment Association. She was not the only one who was mystified by this firm. Real estate operators in Benton Township, on Lake Michigan halfway between Milwaukee and Chicago, were baffled by the fact that the corporation was causing a sudden activity in land parcels in the area. They had been offering the lots for years without much success, but now they realized that this new one-man company was buying up a formidable piece of the region.

Before they could reach this conclusion and jack up their prices, however, Dowie had scooped up over 10 square miles of the most beautiful land in Illinois for less than $200 an acre. Without his furtiveness, he would have paid $1,000,000 for just the two-and-a-half-mile strip that sat directly on the lakeshore.

With this land in hand, Dowie was primed for action. One Sunday he announced to 5,000 persons in Chicago Auditorium that he was founding the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion," J. A. Dowie, General Overseer. All branches of the International Divine Healing Association would automatically become Churches of Zion. He did not lose a single faith-healing branch in the entire maneuver.

THEN came a second announcement. He strode to the pulpit and delivered the decree that would establish the strangest city in the annals of American settlements. All hands were to abandon sinful Chicago and take up the idyllic life in tobaccoless, whiskeyless Zion.

That's how it happened that 5,000 people arrived in Zion, Illinois, in the summer of 1901 to find John Dowie's big sign on Elijah Avenue: "Thugs and thieves will find this city hotter than Hell!"

The weirdest activity in the weird town of Zion took place on the top floor of a three-story house that Dowie's faithful were building for him. Workmen swarmed all over it and painted the roof, for some unknown reason, with red, yellow and green zigzagging stripes. They worked 20 hours a

day to finish the house for their leader, but none of them ever saw one of its rooms.

That room was at the back of the top floor. Dowie worked there alone, fitting two iron doors to its entrance. He installed a tiny window and placed bars over it. He ventilated the enclosure by leading a small pipe through the wall to the outside. Finally he constructed the room's one piece of furniture. It was a bed, and nothing like it has been seen since.

The bed consisted of a flat board, mounted four feet off the floor and supporting a bouncy steel spring. On the spring he laid a thin mattress. Then he placed a series of low-voltage batteries against a wall and led wires from the cells to the bedspring and along the top of the mattress. He covered the mattress with a thin canvas and, on the wall just above the head of the bed, he fastened a switch that would control the current from the batteries. He locked the doors and left, forbidding anyone to try to enter.

In that marvelous room, he said, people would find happiness they had never experienced before—but they had to earn the right to enter.

On the Sunday that Dowie delivered his first sermon in Zion, newspaper reporters from Chicago were in his audience. They had brought with them the outrage and scorn of Chicago's religious leaders, and Dowie lost no time in replying to their charges that he was a fanatical faker.

"I am Elijah the Prophet!" he stormed. "I say it fearlessly. Make the most of it, you wretches in ecclesiastical garb!" He raged at churches, governments and the press. "You talk about your democracy," he said. "Bah! Democracy has failed. What the world needs is a man to lead it and to permit no sinful nonsense. That is what I am preparing to do!"

When doctors said he sounded like a paranoid, he replied that they were plotting to kidnap him and that they would lock him up "and beat me on the head until I am insane." The *Chicago Tribune* suggested that he had already beat himself over the head enough.

Everything in Zion belonged to the "religious" dictator. Machinery for a lace factory arrived from England and was assembled in the center of town. English technicians followed and found that they were working for Dowie. Soon looms were humming over eight acres of floor space. Up went a bank, a publishing house, a tabernacle to seat 7,000, a brickworks that could fire 40,000 bricks a day, and a Home of Hope for Erring Women (Jane Dowie in charge) that would welcome prostitutes and other strays and teach them the Dowie version of saintly living.

A real estate company (John Dowie, president) parceled out home sites and wrote the deeds. Under their terms every grain of soil in Zion belonged to Elijah, and buyers merely rented land under leases that would expire in 3000 A.D. Dowie owned the bank, the factories, the tabernacle and everything else from shoes to souls. Missionaries in the US and around the world were sending in $1,000 a day and there was no accounting of funds.

BY the end of 1901 Chicago banks conceded that, with the profits of the factories, Dowie's personal assets had passed the $5.000.000 mark.

All this activity proved to be a drain on his time and energy, though, and he complained one day to Jane that praying for people was simply taking up too much time. "They pester me for the most ridiculous things," he said.

Jane sympathised but told him he could not afford to turn down even the simplest request for a prayer; people just would not understand, she pointed out.

He thought that over and then installed a newly devised clock-stamping machine and handled prayers as Western Union handled

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telegrams. As requests were received they were merely run through the machine and stamped:

PRAYED MAY 10, 3 P.M. JOHN A. DOWIE

The man may not have been very reverent, but no one could say he was not efficient.

Through all these years of merchandising his crackpotism, Dowie and Jane had found time to raise two children. They had a boy who was as odd a duck as his father. His name was John Alexander Gladstone Dowie, and his proudest boast was, "I have never been kissed by a girl." The newspapers called him "Gladstone the Unkissed."

BUT they also had a girl, Esther, who somehow managed to escape the family nuttiness. Refusing to accept her father's soap-opera antics, she left Zion and entered the University of Chicago. Nevertheless, Dowie couldn't help liking her.

He was therefore horrified one morning to learn that Esther had been severely injured in her dormitory room at the university. A breeze had blown her nightgown into a lamp flame and she had been burned over her entire body. He rushed down to Chicago and found that a doctor had tried to ease the girl's pain by covering her burns with oil. After banishing him Dowie went to Esther's bedside and found her delirious with pain. He chanted beside her all day, but that evening she died in agony.

He returned to Zion with an explanation for Esther's death that astounded nonbelievers and even chilled a few among his flock.

"She died," he said, "because she ignored my injunction against the use of alcohol in any form."

Esther had used alcohol in the lamp whose flames had burned her.

People around the Midwest were now convinced that the man was nuttier than a squirrel, but even they were surprised when he became open and absolute dictator of Zion. He set up what he called the Theocratic Party and announced that no other political parties would be tolerated. From the first "aye" vote on, he named Zion's mayor and all other officials.

Carrying his screwball crusade another step, he decreed laws that not even the Puritans thought of. The Municipal Code of Zion provided that visitors must put out cigarettes, cigars or pipes whenever they were within five feet of any resident. Opening a private business was outlawed, and so were movies, dances, circuses, carnivals and sports events.

To enforce these laws, and be personally loyal to him, he formed an 800-man Zion Guard, whose recruits he dressed in military-style uniforms with the word PATIENCE embroidered across their caps. The Zion Guard had no patience, though, with sin. Whenever they spotted a woman whose neck was bare they swooped down and draped a shawl over the creature. Nudity would not flourish in Zion if John Dowie had his way.

He also published a small Handbook and Guide to Hell, a copy of which was forced on every curious traveler who paused long enough in town to be seen by a Zion Guard. The handbook warned of life in the next world:

"Every sinner will be punished with an overdose of his own sin. A smoker will be locked up in a den full of tobacco smoke. A chewer of the filthy weed will be immersed up to his neck in a vat of tobacco juice. A drinker will pass his purification time in a cauldron of beer, wine and whisky. Aye, Satan will care for those who smoke and drink in Zion!"

But if Dowie would not let sex and sin run rampant, he at least gave it its head as far as he was concerned. At 55, despite an inner-tube midriff and "Hey, Skinny" extremities, he considered himself a dashing figure. For him, sex in varied forms and with varied women was quite permissible.

So it was that he began holding special night meetings for the women of Zion, from a dozen to a score at a time. While wife Jane labored at the Home of Hope for Erring Women, he gathered female disciples together in the vast living room of his house. There they opened their meeting by stretching out on the floor in a circle around him. He stood, swaying and chanting, becoming more excited by the minute until his clothes began dropping off. As the women's frenzy rose, he picked the one he considered most devout and deserving and escorted her to the iron-doored room on the third floor. Then he took the next devout, and the next, until he fell to the floor exhausted.

No woman who entered that room ever divulged its specific secrets, but they all testified that electricity was a mighty potent force. And they all learned that to be devout was to be admitted to John Dowie's special room.

Sometimes Dowie grew bored with Zion, and when he did he transported a group of women across the lake to Michigan for special meditation sessions. There he had built a $200,000 summer home that became the talk of the neighbors each time he and his troupe arrived a gambol on the green in their birthday suits.

Naturally, Jane and the women's husbands showed no great enthusiasm for their leader's extraordinary tastes, and early in 1903 grumblings and rumblings reached his ears. When his spies told him that a small band of disenchanted followers was even whispering about riding him out of town on a rail, he decided that what Zion needed was something else to think about for a while—a first-class diversion.

So he declared war on New York City, the Devil's very playground, headquarters of cabarets, theatrical women, smoking, drinking and swearing men, high-priced doctors, gamblers and lazy church-goers. One Sunday he mounted his pulpit, sobbed over the evils

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of the big city and announced that he was about to descend on it and snatch its sinners from the clutch of the Devil.

"You will come with me," he declared. "You will bring the sinners to our meeting hall and I will dynamite their souls until they confess their errors!"

With $23,000,000 at his disposal by then, Dowie prepared to stage the show of the new century.

Only the oldest New Yorkers now remember the hectic days of Dowie's invasion. He rented the old Madison Square Garden, in lower Manhattan, for two weeks in October, but the stream of advance operators from Zion began arriving in midsummer. Elders swarmed the city, lining up rooms for the faithful—but not for Elijah the Prophet, who reserved a suite at the fancy Plaza Hotel, overlooking Central Park.

On Wednesday, October 13, 1903, the first train was loaded at Zion. The 500-voice Zion Choir lined up at the railroad station, sang hymns, then boarded their coaches like troops embarking for a foreign port. Two days later eight trains had left. The last carried an extra car that belonged to the president of the Nickel Plate Railroad, and in it sat Dowie, Jane and the Unkissed One. Their own horses and carriage took up a freight car, and their 38 pieces of luggage lay in two baggage cars.

ON Saturday morning, when Dowie arrived in Grand Central Terminal, he walked immediately into an embarrassing situation. Somewhere in the station, plain Jane Dowie was robbed of a diamond and pearl brooch. When Dowie heard that the figure $1,500 was being bandied about, he feared that someone might think he was making money and denied that Jane even owned such a bauble, let alone was robbed of it. Jane quickly withdrew her complaint and they rode off to the Plaza.

On opening night, the following Tuesday, Dowie, his followers, 12,000 people and the Devil arrived at the Garden almost simultaneously. The Zion Choir sang as seats were taken, and then the Dowies appeared at a stairway that led to a high speaker's platform. The leader wore the robes of a bishop, with big, white lawn sleeves that puffed as he walked with measured steps to his place. Behind him came Jane, gentle, sad-eyed and also in bishop's robes. The Unkissed One, who could never stop smirking, brought up the rear.

Dowie signaled the white-gowned choir to stop, then came forward under a spotlight and stared at the crowd, his round pink face framed by long white hair and shaggy beard; the picture completed by bushy black eyebrows, he was a commanding figure.

"It looked," wrote a reporter for the *New York American*, "as if this man was going to win."

But then he spoke, and that was John Dowie's downfall. He was accustomed to smaller settings, in which his voice carried, but now he was in the massive Garden, and the charmed tones suddenly sounded harsh, shrill, grating. He seemed to be scolding, even bullying.

"This city is a stinkpot!" he began. "This is a house of sin. You New Yorkers belong to the Devil, and he will lead you to Hell! Change your ways, I say, before the fires engulf you!"

On and on he went, his excitement rising by the sentence. Drunk with power, his judgment was warped by the blind worship he had been used to receiving. At first by twos and threes, then in larger groups, the crowd rose and moved toward the exits. Some were yawning. Dowie noticed them and his body shook with rage.

"Sit down!" he screamed. "You *must* sit down. You shall not go out!"

Few people even looked back. He pulled at his beard and tore some hairs out. He called to his Zion Guards, "Stop those people! Captain of the Zion Guard, I command you not to let one of them go out!"

The captain drew up his guardsmen in a thin blue line and tried to cover the exits, but by then the stream of departers had so swelled that they carried the guards out onto Madison Avenue with them. Dowie railed on, but soon half his audience was gone, and then two-thirds gave in to the Devil.

That evening he told his followers that the salvation of New York was going to be more difficult than he had imagined.

The following night he opened to a crowd of 6,000, but before he had ranted for five minutes, a bony figure of a woman rose from the audience and tried to interrupt. He outshouted her, but she remained on her feet. It was Carrie Nation, whom few men could claim to have squelched. The Zion Guards finally encircled her and hustled her out, but the damage had been done; two-thirds of the audience followed.

The next night the disorder bordered on riot and Dowie gave up after five minutes on the advice of the hurriedly summoned New York Police. On and on it went, each night a more miserable flop than the last, and finally the morbid sideshow ended.

Now the real trouble began. Dowie had run out of cash and process servers were hounding him for unpaid bills. Hastily, he took Jane and the Unkissed One up to Boston and put them on a boat for Australia. And, with some apprehension about his reception, he returned to Zion to face the music.

Taking stock, he had to do something about an awful truth. Between his expensive and phony soul-saving crusade, his orgiastic life and his mismanagement and pilfering of Zion's industries, the town was in staggering financial condition. When he closed down the lace factory, murmurs of discontent spread rapidly, and so did his fear. He maneuvered desperately to recoup, but conditions grew daily bleaker.

WHAT Zion needed, it was clear, was another grand diversion.

His back to the wall, Dowie delivered another epic pronouncement. He was off to Mexico, he said, to establish a mighty branch of the church on a site to be called "Paradise Plantation." Then would come another Jerusalem, this time in Africa, on the Nile.

Excitement mounted once more, perhaps not as high as on earlier occasions, but high enough. Dowie had only one problem left, and that was to find a temporary substitute, someone who would hold the reins while he was gone but would give them back when he returned. He settled on paunchy, ponderous Wilbur Glenn Voliva, a man who kept insisting that the world was flat.

With this final problem under control, Dowie interviewed scores of females to see who would win the honor of accompanying him to Mexico, without their husbands. When he had chosen a dozen, and turned over a

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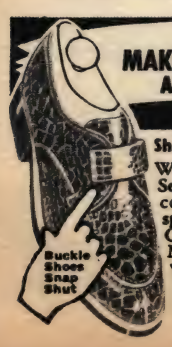

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power of attorney to Voliva, he and his women followed the birds south to Monterrey. The Zion Guards held the departing women's husbands at bay.

Like the embezzling bank teller who takes a vacation and lets prying eyes inspect his books, Dowie never should have left the store in other hands. Almost from the moment he went, the wifeless men began checking around, and soon a couple of wives divulged some details of the all-night services the Prophet had conducted with them.

One night a group of the discontented went to Dowie's house and battered their way into the secret room with the supercharged bed. They also found a vast collection of pictures that are not permitted to go through the mails. And finally they forced a pregnant but unmarried beauty to reveal the inside story of the electrified bed. She said:

"It happened one night when I was the first one to go upstairs with Mr. Dowie. He was screaming and beating me as he dragged me into the room. I guess I was pretty excited myself and I didn't mind. He showed me this bed and then he got a little pet cat and put her on the mattress. When he turned that switch on the wall, the cat jumped halfway to the ceiling. He said he had the current set high just to show me what it would do. He turned it down and took me and—"

The men thrashed the girl soundly and sent her off to the Home of Hope for Erring Women, to which Jane Dowie had returned from Australia. After hearing her shamefaced story, Jane sent for the investigators herself. Her tale was no less interesting to them. Her husband, she said, had tried the previous fall to get her to give him a divorce.

"He's going to set up a harem with seven wives," Jane wailed. "He's already proposed to five of them and they've accepted him."

Then the elders of Zion were called in and told what had been discovered. They finished the probe by going into Dowie's finances, which were found to be in a royal mess. The old hambone had gambled in the stock market during the 1903 depression and lost $1,200,000 in steel and railroad stocks. Zion's industries were bankrupt. Dowie had milked them of millions of dollars and left their corporate structures as hollow as ping-pong balls.

In Mexico, Dowie was notified that he was being charged with mismanagement of funds, gross immorality and the promulgation of polygamy. And Voliva, using the power of attorney Dowie had signed over to him before leaving, grabbed control of the whole shebang.

The Prophet took the news violently. Crying vengeance, he rushed home with his women, whose husbands promptly beat them and locked them into their houses. Dowie went to Federal Court in Chicago and asked Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to make Wilbur Voliva give him back his city. Landis, who was later to become Commissioner of Baseball, wound up and threw the faker out of court. He declared Zion bankrupt.

THE weary fraud returned to Zion, where Jane told him she was through. The Unkissed One wouldn't even speak to him. He preached, but few would listen. When they did come they cursed him as a betrayer. He tore at his clothing and his beard, both of which gave way. Then he retired into his house and only came out to send curses down on the populace.

Finally the sexed-up swindler suffered a stroke, which made things quieter in Zion. He lay on his electrified bed for six months, quite out of his 59-year-old mind, until a March morning in 1907. Then he awoke, deliriously asked if he could speak with a pretty girl for a few moments, and died. Despite his predictions that he would live to become 120, he is still dead today. ◆◆◆

"Tell me more about the life you lead."

JACKY JACKY

Continued from page 35

down. Now would someone be kind enough to tell the driver the exact time?"

A fat gentleman with long sideburns gazed at his silver pocket watch. "It lacks three minutes of one o'clock," he reported pompously.

"Now, then," said Jacky Jacky to the driver, "you know who I am, don't you?"

Fearful of being shot, the man shook his head.

"Yes, you do," contradicted the impatient bushranger. "I'm Jacky Jacky. Now be sure to report that I bailed you up at Braidwood at one in the afternoon!"

Then he wheeled his stallion and raced for cover before the guards could leap to the ground and retrieve the rifles he had forced them to discard. In a few moments, he had vanished into the hills.

That night, in the town of Glidden, 100 miles to the west, a prosperous farmer named Edward Powell rode happily home. His happiness stemmed in part from the liquor he had been drinking, and in part from the satisfaction one of the town's wenches had granted him. But all this vanished like air from a punctured balloon when he encountered a strange horseman riding toward him from out of the dark, guns drawn.

"Off your horse!" ordered the bandit.

As Powell dismounted, so did the gunman. Quickly he stripped the farmer of his money and personal jewelry; but he returned the man's expensive watch.

"Here," he said, "you see the time? It's 8:50 P.M., and I want you to remember that and report it at the cop shop, understand? And tell the crushers it was Jacky Jacky who did it!"

He swung himself up on the farmer's horse. "I'm leaving you an animal with a great heart," he said. "No other beast could have done 100 miles so fast."

IN the weeks that followed, a furious arguement raged in most of the towns where the name of Jacky Jacky was known. Some swore that he alone could have done it, while others insisted that this was ridiculous. When the authorities of the two towns compared notes on the respective robberies, their official verdict was that Jacky Jacky could not be held responsible for both because "it is humanly impossible for him to have covered more than 100 miles in less than eight hours."

This remarkable achievement—which can be put in sharp perspective by the fact that the American record for 100 miles is 8:58.53, set by a trotter named Conqueror on Nov. 12, 1853—was the kind of thing that won Jacky Jacky widespread attention. And unlike most bushrangers, whose sadism and stupidity alienated the Australians, this young man eventually became a tragic hero, a short-lived Robin Hood who accomplished more by dying then he had by living.

His popularity with the people grew out of such incidents as the Gidley affair. At this time, Jacky Jacky had teamed up with Paddy Curran, one of the most notorious criminals roaming New South Wales. Curran was a huge man and exceptionally hairy. His wild black beard, the chest hair that rose out of his collar at his neck, and the wiry black hair that covered his arms and extended to the knuckles of his hands, had earned him the hated nickname of Black Ape. There are those among Jacky Jacky's defenders who assert that he joined with Curran just to prove to the man that he was not an ostracized human being, hoping to draw off some of the Black Ape's venomous hatred of all mankind.

The two participated in a number of robberies. In line with Jacky Jacky's insistence that only the rich be subjected to what he called "taxation by the armed poor," their victims were hand-picked.

At Gidley, a wealthy rancher named Philip Kirkwood seemed a logical target. He had political influence and benefited from various tax favors. As a landholder, he collected rent from poorer farmers and reaped a double profit by acting as a middleman and selling their produce.

Jacky Jacky learned that Kirkwood was planning a large auction of livestock and produce. The day before, with characteristic audacity, Jacky Jacky stole into the farmhouse, together with Curran, and hid in the attic. Then they simply waited patiently for the money they were after to come to them.

When the sale ended, Kirkwood took protective measures. The farmhouse was securely locked and barred; and outside, several heavily armed men patrolled the grounds.

It would have been simply another brilliant job engineered by Jacky Jacky, if it hadn't involved the Black Ape. When the two bushrangers descended from the attic, Kirkwood, who was no fool, said immediately they could take the money and get away without trouble, if no harm was done anyone in the house. Jacky Jacky assured him that this would be the case.

Kirkwood went into his study, under Jacky Jacky's gun, while Curran guarded the servants and Kirkwood's young wife, a beautiful girl half her husband's age. She was terrified by the sight of black-bearded Curran and would have preferred going with her husband to remaining behind; but Jacky Jacky politely informed her that she would have to stay where she was.

It took a little while before Kirkwood's money was transferred to a satchel and the rancher himself was bound and gagged for safety's sake. When Jacky Jacky emerged from the study, he found the others gone. Noises from a locked closet told him where the servants were; and silence from a locked bedroom told him where Curran was.

Grabbing an ax from beside the living

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room fireplace, Jacky Jacky smashed in the bedroom door. Kirkwood's young wife lay on the bed, clothes torn from her body. She was not gagged because she had fainted. Curran, in a rage at being interrupted, reached for his gun. Jacky Jacky reversed the ax and lashed out with the handle, sending the gun flying and causing the Black Ape to bellow with pain.

As Curran charged forward, Jacky Jacky once again reversed his hold on the ax. "I'll bury it in your skull," he said, "if you come near enough. And the way I feel now, I'm wishing you would!"

When Curran backed off, Jacky Jacky went over to the bed and used the satin spread to cover the girl's nakedness. She had regained consciousness, and her frightened eyes brimmed with tears.

"I'm sorry," he told her. "Don't think all of us are like him. We steal with guns, it's true; but smarter men in this country steal far more, without guns. They have the law on their side. We don't. But we're not animals, like Curran. We're human beings, and we pray that one day Australia will give us a chance to prove it."

This much of what happened at Gidley has been recorded as fact. Some say that later Jacky Jacky clubbed Curran insensible; but if this did happen, there were no witnesses to corroborate it. This much, too, is fact, however—never again did Jacky Jacky team up with another bushranger. From that time on, he was a lone wolf.

WHEN 20-year-old William Westwood, alias Jacky Jacky, was captured on May 23, 1841, the general feeling was that the career of the most colorful of the bushrangers had come to an end. This proved not to be so, although what followed did not come to public attention because the authorities kept it secret.

Jacky Jacky was tried for robbing a government store, was found guilty and sentenced to prison for life. The only alternative to this sentence, for a recaptured bushranger, was death.

He was first sent to Darlinghurst Jail in Sydney, but that wasn't considered secure enough. Transferred to Cockatoo Island, at the mouth of the Parramatta River and half a mile from the Australian mainland, Jacky Jacky wasted no time planning an escape. With 25 other convicts under his command, he engineered an assault on the warden and the guards that proved completely successful. Under cover of night, they plunged into shark-infested waters and made for the mainland.

Minutes later, the alarm bell at the prison clanged the news, and lights in the dark blinked word to the harbor police. A stool pigeon had blown the gaff; and, within short order, boats converged on the swimming convicts and dragged them aboard.

As punishment, all 26 were transported to the penal colony at Port Arthur, Van Diemen's Land (known today as Tasmania). A measure of the way this place was dreaded is that, on learning the decision, one of the 26 convicts committed suicide. Van Diemen's Land was opened in 1803 to relieve the mainland of the "completely hopeless dregs of the convicts," those whom punishment had neither tamed nor broken. With the exception of Norfolk Island, Van Diemen's Land was the worst hell ever to exist on Australian soil. And, though Jacky Jacky did not know it, he had a rendezvous to keep with Norfolk Island, too.

The day the new prisoners arrived at Port Arthur, sullen storm clouds hung low over the ugly prison buildings that rimmed the crescent of the bay. Filling the air was the stench of decaying kelp, mixed with the heavy odor of late-blooming lilacs. To Jacky Jacky, as superstitious as most men in his day, this seemed like the sickening sweet stink of death, and he feared it as an omen.

Because he had been named as the leader of the abortive break at Cockatoo Island, he found himself separated from the others, who were taken to the main penitentiary. Jacky Jacky entered the so-called Model Prison, a cross-shaped building with three corridors lined with cells, and a single chapel.

AT first glance, it appeared more comfortable than any jail he had ever seen, for all floors were covered by carpeting. But he was soon taught the truth. Patterned after England's experimental Pentonville Prison, this one was planned so that each prisoner could be isolated. Jacky Jacky suddenly realized that his own footsteps were muted; and that he could not hear the sound of a living creature.

His guards shoved him into a cell that measured seven feet by five, and they warned him to remain silent at all times. He would be allowed no exercise. His task was to make cayenne pepper by crushing the small, narrow, bright red pods piled in a basket in the corner. Before that first week ended, Jacky Jacky knew that this ingenious task, which blinded and strangled him, was to remind him that his crimes would be punished by eternal pain, unless he repented.

On Sunday, with a cloth mask over his face, Jacky Jacky was led into a partitioned pew, so hemmed in that he could only look straight ahead. When each compartment contained a prisoner, an iron bar dropped down, pinioning them. Then a preacher began explaining to them that God is love.

Outside, Jacky Jacky heard screams. Later he learned that these were the cries of convicts being punished for minor infractions of the prison code. In traditional fashion, they were strung up on the triangle and lashed until the whip laid bare their bones. Sunday was no different from any other day.

Jacky Jacky's love of freedom and hatred of tyranny became transformed by the cruelty at Port Arthur into a raging passion. Nothing mattered, afterward, except fighting this kind of inhumanity. It could not be done from within the walls; and so Jacky Jacky determined to break out.

One single fact accurately indicates the odds against him—no man had ever escaped from Port Arthur. The prison community existed on the Tasman Peninsula, which dangles from the mainland by a neck of land so narrow that a man could hurl a stone across it. Across the narrow strip, a row of savage dogs were tethered, each six inches short of the other. Guardhouses stood on both sides of the animals; and soldiers patrolled the area day and night.

Because authorities felt confident no man could escape the peninsula, they could afford to be lax about prison security. In a way, they wanted convicts occasionally to attempt to break free so that they might

be recaptured, and punished, thus acting as a deterrent to the others with similar ideas. So when Jacky Jacky made his move, he found the getaway comparatively easy.

His plan for fleeing the peninsula was to come as close to Eagle Hawk Neck as possible and then swim around the dogs and the guards. He had been told that sharks came into those waters "to scrape the barnacles off their backs," but Jacky Jacky was willing to gamble his life against the possibility that this was just a rumor carefully nurtured by prison officials to keep the convicts out of the sea.

At dusk, he slipped into the water. Teeth sank into his flesh and gripped his leg in a relentless vise. The sudden agony ripped a scream from his throat, even as he plunged a knife into the water. And then Jacky Jacky realized that he had been outwitted. Just before he passed out from pain, he understood that the sea concealed scores of bear traps.

They brought Jacky Jacky back to Port Arthur. Doctors mended his mangled leg so that he would be able to walk again, though with a limp. Then prison officials strung him to the triangle and lashed him until he was close to death. Back in the doctors' care, he was healed once again. This time he was returned for mental disciplining. They put him in solitary confinement, better known at Port Arthur as the Dumb Cell. Constructed entirely of stone and sealed off from all light, even when food was brought in, the Dumb Cell was made to approximate a coffin. Few men emerged with their sanity. .

In the light of later events, it might be argued that Jacky Jacky was one of those who lost his sanity in the Dumb Cell. Yet need a man be insane to prefer death to complete degradation?

When they finally dragged Jacky Jacky out of the Dumb Cell, they brought him straight to the dock and shackled him aboard a brig bound for Norfolk Island. "You thought this place was hell?" sneered a guard. "Compared to Norfolk, it's paradise!"

Before long, Jacky Jacky understood what the man meant. Norfolk Island lies some 800 miles east of New South Wales; and from it there could be no escape but the grave. With his fellow convicts, Jacky Jacky labored like an animal from daybreak to nightfall. The men were chained in pairs, each dragging a three-and-a-half-pound weight on his own leg, and with a five-pound iron in the middle. Thirty such pairs were linked together by a long, heavy cable, and, driven by the lash, they dragged huge logs from one spot to another in a meaningless ritual of useless labor.

They were fed a little flour and salt, mixed with water into gruel, but this could not sustain them. At the day's end, made senseless by the brutality of their work, they slept in their stinking clothes on the mud floors of their huts; and the lucky ones didn't awaken the following morning. Though they could not bring themselves to commit suicide, they would draw lots to see which man would murder another. The lucky winner would be murdered. The loser could only hope that he would be hanged.

COMMANDANT of Norfolk Island was Major George Childs, a man whose credo was that these criminals were intended by God to burn in everlasting hell, and that it was only justice to make them suffer as much as possible while they were still alive. Anything less, according to Major Childs, would have been blasphemy.

Major Childs had under him, apart from the prison guards, 300 armed soldiers. Although there were 1,600 convicts on the island, Childs had little fear that his disciplined troops would fail to keep the prisoners in line. Thus, when the first rumors reached him that someone was stirring up rebellion, he laughed.

"Good," he remarked. "A little sport would mean giving the troops some much-needed target practice."

The major had full confidence in the brutality of his troops. They were sadistic men who enjoyed their work, and his confidence in them was justified—in all areas but one.

Of the 1,600 convicts on Norfolk, 200 were women. They were kept on a neck of the island in a separate wooden barracks. A fence ran across the neck of land to keep the male prisoners from getting at them. The fence was made of pointed logs jammed upright into the ground. In the center of it was a gate of iron rods eight feet high, also pointed at the top.

Childs made it clear that any prisoner

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SAVINGS BONDS

trying to go over the fence to the women would be shot, but after two weeks on the island, Jacky Jacky realized this was one order that was never carried out.

One night he was sitting in the dirt in the doorway of his hut. He saw three prisoners walk from another hut and go toward the gate. The guards there saw them coming, then casually strolled away as though making their rounds.

One prisoner boosted the other two to the top of the iron rods. Then they reached down and pulled him up after them. On the other side, a group of women came out of the barracks. They were dirty, starved wretches, really, not much prettier than the men. Two wore shapeless cotton dresses. The others looked even less feminine. Since there was a shortage of dresses on Norfolk, they were wearing trousers taken from men who had been worked to death on the chain.

The women helped the men down. Then they all walked silently into the barracks.

"What's that all about?" Jacky Jacky asked a prisoner named Johnson who had been on Norfolk for two years. "The guards saw them. Why didn't they shoot them?"

"They don't ever shoot them," Johnson sighed, "because the guards themselves sometimes go over the fence, too. The women aren't much, but they're all we have, and every man needs a woman sometime, even the guards. If they raised a fuss, they'd ruin it for themselves too."

Jacky Jacky watched the gate each night. A few nights later he saw four guards unlock the gate and let themselves in. They too were met by a delegation of women from the barracks.

He thought about it, and a few days later, an escape plan crystallized. It was risky but better than no plan at all. "I'm going over the gate tonight," he told Johnson. "Why don't you come along?"

"No strength, rather sleep," Johnson said.

Jacky went alone. He didn't know whether he would be one of those allowed to climb over or not, but he took a chance. He walked boldly toward the two guards. They leveled their rifles at him. He pointed at the fence. "Just for an hour, mate," he said. "How about it?"

The guards looked at each other, then one said, "We're checking the stakes at the other end of the fence. We'll be back in an hour. We catch you coming out after that, we break your head."

JACKY JACKY shinnied up the bars and vaulted the points. He trotted across the hard earth. One of the girls, a prostitute from Dublin, had seen him coming. She met him saying, "Take me. Take me." He took her hungrily, in a small stand of trees near the barracks, without even the formality of a kiss. Then later, he talked to her. Were the women as anxious to escape as the men? Would they help in an escape? Would they sweet-talk a half-dozen guards in some night, then be brave enough to club them and pass their guns out to himself and others? With guns, six men might be able to lead a successful rebellion.

"Ye talk so much me head hurts," the girl said. "I can't think so fast. I'll have to talk to the others."

Jacky Jacky was back outside before his hour was up. He was happy. Step one of his escape plan had been taken.

However, further steps were slow. He went back over the gate several times, and each time got no definite answer from the girls. Some were for the plan, but most were against. They said it would not work, that they would all be killed. As miserable as their lives were, they were the only ones they had, and they didn't intend to lose them.

Jacky Jacky told the bickering women to go to hell. He wanted to escape too badly to waste time on them. He decided that the key to escape was the convicts themselves. They were desperate. All they needed was an issue to turn desperation into active rebellion. Jacky Jacky decided to give them one.

It was food.

PRODDED by Jacky Jacky, the convicts let it be known that they wanted larger rations or they would refuse to work. Major Childs responded promptly by cutting off all food supplies.

On the second day, Jacky Jacky was sitting alone under a tree. Abruptly he jumped up and went over to a group of his fellow prisoners. "It'll mean the gallows," he told them, "but that's faster than starving to death. I'm going to break into the cookhouse and take what I want. Don't follow me unless you're ready to die."

As he limped off, the others hesitated and then hurried to join him. Swiftly the news spread through the prison compound, and like ants streaming behind a leader, the men trailed Jacky Jacky. They grabbed stones, pieces of wood and anything else they could use as improvised weapons.

Across the yard, Jacky Jacky saw a guard, John Morris. He headed straight for the man, making no effort to conceal the club in his hand. As he approached, Morris said: "You're a bloody fool if you think . . ."

Jacky Jacky hit him full in the face with his club, and, as the guard toppled, several convicts leaped forward and began kicking his head into a pulp. Without glancing back, Jacky Jacky rushed toward the cookhouse. Bursting into the kitchen, he grabbed an ax. Other men seized knives, saws and picks, and they followed in his wake.

Two prison officers, caught by surprise in the dining room, turned to flee. Through the other door, however, poured a mob of convicts. Trapped between the two groups, they started babbling that it wasn't their fault that rations had been stopped, and that the major was responsible for the whole thing.

Jacky Jacky silenced one of them—the guard named Stephen Smith—by cleaving him almost in half with a single stroke of the ax. The second guard died with several knife blades thrust into his body simultaneously.

"Now," shouted Jacky Jacky, "let's get Childs!"

As the convicts stormed across the barracks yard, however, they suddenly confronted the massed troops, guns ready to fire.

Jacky Jacky did not falter. He continued to limp straight toward the soldiers. But the men behind him faltered and finally fell back. They watched in stony, incredulous silence as Jacky Jacky moved forward, until the soldiers had to step aside to let him pass, and he disappeared into their ranks, as a man vanishes into the sea. The soldiers closed ranks behind Jacky Jacky; and that was the last time the convicts of Norfolk

Island saw the crippled bushranger until the day he stood trial, together with 13 other prisoners, on the charge of murder.

The trial itself was unexceptional. Twelve of the 14 convicts were found guilty of the murder of John Morris, even though Jacky Jacky, who admitted his guilt, specifically denied that four of the 12 had any part in the crime. But this might have been expected.

What came as a thunderclap was a letter written by Jacky Jacky five days before going to the gallows. He addressed it to the chaplain of Port Arthur, and it was, of course, delivered after the hanging. Had he known the effect it would have, Jacky Jacky would have died happy.

This, in part, is what the bushranger wrote:

"Reverend Sir . . . I have to inform you that long before this letter reaches your hands, the hand that wrote this will be cold in death. I welcome death as a friend; the world, or what I have seen of it, has no allurements in it for me. I started in life with a good feeling for my fellowman. Before I well knew the responsibility of my station in life, I became a slave and was sent far from my dear native country, my parents, my brother and sisters—torn from all that was dear to me, and that for a trifling offence.

"Since then, I have been treated more like a beast than a man. . . . I have not the ability to represent what I feel on this subject, yet I know from my own feelings that such treatment will never carry out the wishes of the British people! The spirit of the British law is reformation.

"Now, years of sad experience should have told them that instead of reforming—the wretched man, under the present system, driven to despair by tyranny, goes on from bad to worse, till at length he is ruined body and soul. . . .

"The crime for which I am to suffer is murder—but I only took life. Those that I deprived of life had inflicted on many a lingering death—for years they tortured men's minds as well as their bodies, and after years of mental and bodily torture, sent them to a premature grave.

"This is what I call refined cruelty," wrote Jacky Jacky, "and it is carried on by Englishmen, and under the enlightened English Government!"

THIS letter was printed in Australian and English newspapers, and history records few stranger chapters than this one, in which the words of an admitted murderer altered a nation's treatment of its criminals.

Not long after the letter appeared, several brigs lay off Norfolk Island. Aboard trooped the convicts who had survived that hellhole, which was now to be permanently closed. Behind them they left many graves, including one with a marker bearing the name of William Westwood, alias Jacky Jacky. No living human being remained. ♦♦♦

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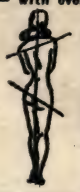

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SERMON ABOUT THE MOUNT

To the Editor:

I enjoyed your item "Summit Meeting" (*For Your Information,* STAG, Jan.). At the risk of being pedantic, let me put you right on one or two things:

The Mont Blanc (15,771 ft.), and not Mt. Elborus, is generally considered the highest mountain in Europe. Once you cross the land bridge that is Asia Minor, you're in Asia.

But don't let it get you down: the mountain-climbers and surveyors still haven't made up their minds about the exact height of Mount Everest.

George Petersen
Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE-GRAND DAD

To the Editor:

I've just finished with the biggest horselaugh I've ever had in my life about your story in the February issue of STAG. I'm referring to *The Con Man's 75,000 Willing Bastards,* and the con man himself, Oscar Hartzell.

A terrible fellow, in my judgment, as is any man who steals from his brothers. Yet, I cannot feel too sorry for those who were bilked. They wanted to be swindled, but badly.

My grandfather was a traveling farm equipment salesman at the time Hartzell was pulling his phony Francis-Drake-heirs-racket in the US and he was in one town in Minnesota (which shall be nameless to save embarrassment for the people there) when Hartzell moved in.

Hartzell wanted $1,000 from each supposed heir to carry on his legal battle for the Drake estate in England. He said the support would have to be *unanimous,* else he could do nothing.

Well, Grandpop was sort of a con man himself, being a salesman, and he wouldn't kick in. He saw through the scheme. He played it light, though, and said he didn't care how much money he might get back: he wasn't going to pay anyone $1,000 to prove he was a bastard.

The suckers were sore. They said he was going to ruin things for all of them if he didn't contribute, and one farmer even took a poke at Grandpop, which he ducked easily because he was younger.

As it turned out, Hartzell made a concession: he'd overlook the refusal of one man as long as the rest of them kicked in.

They did, and lost their money, of course, and Grandpop had his own horselaugh when the bubble burst. However, in a way, he lost, too. He never sold another piece of equipment in that town.

Ezra Schilling
Sioux City, Iowa

ALL'S WELL WITH TOTTLE

To the Editor:

That was a real good story *All 222 of Us Will Escape* (STAG, February). Sergeant Tottle was a great man. When last seen, he was in bad shape. I wonder if you know what happened to him?

Ed Leeds
San Diego, Calif.

▶ It so happens we do. For a while there, it was touch and go for our hero. In a roundabout way he reached Chakrata, in India. He'd lost about half his normal weight—he was down to 95 pounds—and his legs were paralyzed as the result of his wounds.

This was the time of the Japanese threat to India from Burma, and since there was a shortage of senior NCOs in that area, Tottle, incredibly enough, volunteered. He eventually got to Lahore, where he confounded everyone by arriving on sticks.

However, Tottle wasn't going to be licked by his enormous physical handicap. He was soon given a key administrative post with units of the Indian air force.

In January, 1945, he returned to England. He never regained the use of his legs. Today he holds an executive position in Plymouth. Without exaggerating, you might say: his is a victory of mind over matter.

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES

Sign-writer Don Nagle, 8609 34th Ave. S. W., Seattle, Washington says "Just to have stopped losing hair and to have gained even a little more is wonderful. My hair filled in, too, where it had been thin."

Meeting the public every day in his store, Mr. Al Leifson of Tacoma, Wash., was probably overly conscious of his baldness. Now, after new hair growth, he looks years younger than before.

This young man was steadily losing his hair until he began using Brandenfels Home Plan, at his wife's urging. His "after" picture was taken two years later. New hope for baldness? This man will emphatically answer YES!

CARL BRANDENFELS' USERS

Have Grown Hair!

ELDON BEERBOWER of Portland, Oregon, was one of the early users of the Brandenfels Plan. He was then a totally bald teen-ager. Today, as a bank department manager, he is a most remarkable example of new hair growth following use of the Brandenfels Plan.

AFTER being almost bald for 20 years—with only a rim around his head and a few hairs down the middle—Roy Smith of Goble, Oregon, now looks like the right hand picture. His friends and relatives could hardly believe their eyes at the change on his scalp.

Carl Brandenfels PROVES Hair Roots CAN BE ALIVE on Bald Men and Women

CARL BRANDENFELS' remarkable research, and the experience of users of his Home Plan of Scalp Applications and Massage, have proved that hair roots (follicles) can be alive, even on totally bald people. No longer must you believe the fallacy that hair roots are dead just because no hair is growing from them. Take a look at the unretouched pictures on this page. All these people THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. But their own before and after photos prove their hair follicles MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE. Today, as you can see for yourself, hair is growing from former bald areas.

The only formulas and massage of their kind in the world

Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage have been nationally advertised for 13 years. They cannot be compared with anything else you have ever used, heard about or read about. You owe it to yourself to give this revolutionary development in hair care a thorough trial.

The two formulas, together with the unique Brandenfels pressure massage method, are designed to bring about a healthier condition of the scalp area, to soften the scalp and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his HOME PLAN may, in many cases, produce a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair growers." While results may vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is real and tangible prospects of success in a substantial portion of cases. Carl Brandenfels believes that many bald people have roots that are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. And so long as your hair roots are alive there may be a possibility of getting them into production again.

So if you are losing your hair or have already become bald, send today for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage. Don't delay. Every day you wait may make your problem that much harder.

23,467 TESTIMONIALS OUR 13th Year!

THE Brandenfels Plan has been nationally advertised for 13 years. Carl Brandenfels has in his files 23,467 letters and reports (CPA audit) from users who tell of one or more of the following results: Renewed Hair Growth, No More Excessive Hair Fall, Relief from Dandruff Scale, Improved Scalp Conditions.

HE'S SEEN THEM!

THIS is Von Smith, St. Helens photographer, with just three of the men whose pictures he has taken—when they were bald and then after new hair growth following use of the Brandenfels Home Plan. He has seen how true it is that even on smooth, bald areas where there is no hair visible the hair roots may still be alive and in many cases lack only proper stimulation to grow hair again.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

Use the Brandenfels Plan right in the privacy of your own home. No costly office treatments, no time lost from work, no embarrassment. A 5-week supply costs $18 (includes Federal Tax and mailing). Send your orders to:

Carl Brandenfels St. Helens, Oregon

USE THIS ORDER COUPON

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Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.

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C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postal regulations).

SG-49

GO AHEAD—MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW! YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID

ENEMY ALLIANCE

continued from page 14

McCarthy and Harris. "No jungle worms will eat this soldier," he said. "I thank you for helping us."

The strange alliance between the three US Navy men and the German Army at Nganchu, the abandoned French base, began late in October of 1942. At that time, Stern, McCarthy and Harris were stationed at Freetown, Sierra Leone—a British colony on Africa's Atlantic Coast. Their job was to supervise assembly of lend-lease patrol boats which the British were using for coastal sub patrols.

All three were small-craft specialists. Stern was from Kansas City. In civilian life, he had owned three scows that worked the Missouri River. McCarthy was from St. Louis. Harris was from Memphis. Both were Mississippi River tugboat skippers before the war.

Shortly before the end of October, they got new orders. Central Africa was dotted with Free French bases that were operating almost as independent guerrilla units since the German occupation of France in 1940. At that time, in October 1942, it was known that the Germans were infiltrating from northern Africa into Central Africa to capture these bases. The Free French forces wanted shallow draft boats to patrol the rivers. They asked the Americans.

Navy survey teams were sent to as many of the Free French bases as possible to determine which kind of boat would be needed. Stern, McCarthy and Harris drew Nganchu. A small amphibian set them down on the Congo River and they waded ashore. It was October 31, 1942.

The seaplane took off. The three of them stood on the bank and looked at the settlement of quonset huts topped by a limp French tricolor. "God," Stern said, "what duty. Three Navy men stationed in the middle of Africa. What top brass ass thought of this?"

"The hell with that," McCarthy said. "Why didn't anyone come down to meet us? They heard the plane. It's almost like they don't give a damn about us."

As it turned out, nobody did. They walked to the quonset huts. Sweating French soldiers looked at them, then went back to their duties. *"Le général,"* Stern said with gestures to one. *"Où est le général?"* The Frenchman shrugged and wiped some dust from his rifle.

They walked around, asked others the same question, finally stopped in front of the hut under the flag. A little sergeant saw them and trotted out.

"At last somebody loves us," Stern said, then to the sergeant: *"Nous sommes marines américains.* US sailors. Do you understand my rotten French?"

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," the sergeant said, smiling. "Do you understand my rotten English?" Stern grinned. "I am Sergeant Rouche, aide of Major Jouvenat, the commandant. He wishes to see you."

"You're no damned good for leaving us here, major," Stern

As they walked into the hut, Stern said, "Until you came along we were beginning to think no one wanted to see us."

Rouche sighed. "Perhaps that is so. We free French are in a strange position. We no longer know who are our allies, who are our enemies. The Germans invade our homeland. The British invade our colonies . . ." He shrugged.

He took the Americans to Jouvenat. Jouvenat opened their first meeting with rudeness. First he let them stand before him for five minutes without looking up from his work. When he did talk, he was nasty. "Stand at attention. Even though you are Americans, you are still enlisted men, and I am an officer." Stern nodded and the three of them snapped to.

FOR another five minutes, the major let them have it. He said he had already specified the type of craft he wanted, but the US Navy had insulted him by sending enlisted men to verify his specifications. It was a slur on his judgment as an officer. "However," he said, "since you are here, you shall do what you were sent to do. I shall respect your orders though you do not respect mine. Only one other thing," he said. "I am in command of this garrison. That makes me your superior. The slightest infraction of the rules, and I will punish you as I would one of my own men. Dismissed."

Outside, McCarthy slammed his cap to the ground. "I'm for telling him to shove it and going back to Sierra Leone."

"No," Stern said. "We were sent here to do a job, so we'll do it. Just because he's a heel doesn't mean we have to be."

Rouche said he was sorry and brought them to share a quonset with 20 French enlisted men. They stowed their .45s on a shelf, unloaded their seabags, and got to work.

Stern, McCarthy and Harris spent the next five days on the wide, muddy Congo in a native boat, sounding its channel upstream from Nganchu. They learned that, because of the numerous, frequently shifting mud banks in this portion of the Congo, only shallow-draft patrol boats could be used. But another week would be required before their report could be completed, for when they finished their upstream survey they would have to examine the river in the opposite direction from the base.

During their off-duty time the sailors found life at Nganchu was dull but comfortable. The soldiers were friendly and food was both plentiful and well prepared and each man in the base was allotted four bottles of beer daily. "We do not drink the local water," Rouche explained. "It is full of germs."

About midnight of their sixth night in Nganchu the men were awakened by gunfire and screams. At the sound of a bugle the French soldiers leaped out of their cots hurriedly donned pants and shoes, grabbed their rifles and ran out of the hut. The Americans strapped on their .45 belts and followed. They saw Rouche among the soldiers who were milling around. "What's up?" Mike asked.

"It is over," Rouche said. "Several natives attempted to ambush a sentry. All were killed but one. And tomorrow that one will wish he had died with his comrades."

The following morning, immediately after chow, four soldiers—accompanied by Major Jouvenat and the base medical officer—escorted the captured native toward the outskirts of the camp. The Americans, curious, followed.

When the Frenchmen and their prisoner came to a fallen tree a soldier seized one of the native's hands. A second soldier grabbed the other and pulled it across the tree's trunk. Jouvenat took out his sword and slashed through the native's wrist.

The medical officer swabbed the stump with a salve which stopped the bleeding. A moment later Jouvenat chopped off the man's other hand.

After the salve was again applied, the man was free to leave. He stumbled toward the jungle, sobbing and staring at his arms.

Jouvenat, seeing contempt in the Americans' faces, felt impelled to explain his methods. "The cut teaches those savages to respect us." If he executed his prisoners, he added, their comrades in the jungles would soon forget them and the reason for their executions. But after a man had been mutilated each native who saw him was reminded of the punishment for ambushing French sentries.

The Americans walked toward their boat. "Maybe that guy had it coming," Harris said, "but he'd be better off if Jouvenat had chopped off his head."

"All I got to say," Mike replied, "is the quicker we wrap up this project and get the hell away from that Jouvenat s.o.b. the better I'll like it."

The second morning after the mutilation incident—shortly after chow—the garrison's 300 men began to load supplies and equipment onto trucks. They worked hurriedly. A few minutes later they climbed into trucks and jeeps.

The Americans ran to the jeep in which Jouvenat sat with Sergeant Rouche and a driver. "What's going on?" Mike asked.

"We are evacuating this base," Jouvenat said.

"What about us?"

"I did not ask you to come here. What happens to you does not concern me."

Sergeant Rouche started to speak. The major silenced him with a curse. Rouche, red-faced, looked at the Americans for a moment. Then his eyes dropped.

"What the sergeant was going to tell you," the major said, "is that we are not sure you Americans are our allies any longer."

"Now what's that all about?" Stern asked.

"Yesterday, November 6th, American forces attacked in Algiers."

"Ah! The second front they've been gassing about," Stern said. "What the hell are you getting sore about, major? We're helping you. This is what your General de Gaulle has been waiting for."

"When de Gaulle himself tells me this, I shall believe it. So far, the Germans have occupied only half of France. Now, because of you Americans, they will invade the rest. I believe it is my obligation to the part of my homeland that is still free to resist your forces. I am taking my garrison to Fort Rousset so they can be flown to Algiers to fight.

"And you're just going to leave us here?"

"Yes."

told Jouvenat. "The jungle's full of savages and Germans; if one doesn't get us, the other will."

"You're a stinking lousy son of a bitch."

Jouvenat grew angry. "Be grateful that I still have some mercy left in me, or I would see your heads removed from your bodies."

Jouvenat suddenly turned forward, waved his hand and ordered Rouche to drive out at the head of the column. Stern, McCarthy and Harris stood and watched until the last truck was gone. A soldier in the back waved to them. They didn't wave back.

(Editor's note: To understand Jouvenat's bitterness, it is necessary to understand the completeness of the breakdown in communications in the French armed forces outside the homeland. After the German Occupation in 1940, General Charles de Gaulle set up the Free French Government in England, and his principal armed strength was the colonial garrisons like Jouvenat's at Nganchu. When the Allies landed in North Africa in 1942, de Gaulle ordered his colonial commanders to co-operate with them, but many, like Jouvenat, were not informed of this. They were convinced, as Jouvenat said, that the Germans would occupy the rest of France so they could launch counterattacks on North Africa from France's southern coast.

They felt it was more important to keep the rest of the French homeland out of German hands than to help the Allies, even if it meant fighting on the side of Algiers-based troops commanded by pro-Nazi Admiral Jean Darlan.)

When the last truck had gone, McCarthy said bitterly. "He wasn't even decent enough to radio Freetown for a plane to pick us up."

"Of course not," Harris said. "If he did, the British would know he was going to help the Germans. They would have bombed him before his first truck got out."

"We're snafued," Mike said dejectedly, "but good! With Krauts across the river and a jungle full of zombies that probably don't know the difference between us and those hand-chopping Frenchies."

THE three men went to Jouvenat's office and ransacked it, searching for maps. They found none. "As long as we don't know where the road goes," Mike said, "we'd better stay here; headquarters is sure to send a plane for us some day."

Harris and McCarthy agreed and the men went from quonset to quonset. They found one partially filled with canned foods. Another was stocked with cases of beer. A third contained cases of grenades and small-arms ammunition and rifles. "At least we won't starve," Gillespie said, "and we've got what it takes to put up a hell of a fight if we have to."

"We'll have to," Mike replied. "I've got a hunch that the natives watched the Frenchies go away. Which means that we're going to have trouble real soon. The natives probably figure three guys will be a pushover."

The three studied the layout of the base's quonsets. They selected one from whose door and windows—three on each side and one at the end opposite the door—they could see all approaches from the surrounding jungle. They carried out all the quonset's cots, except three. Then they lugged in a dozen boxes of grenades, cartons of ammunition, crates of canned food and beer and a box filled with medical supplies.

Then they locked the doors of the windowless arsenal and food storage quonsets and returned to their hut to eat. Because they were certain they would be attacked they put a row of grenades on each window sill and placed an open carton on each side of the door.

They spent the afternoon dozing and speculating on the date of the arrival of the plane that would come after them. "The way I see it," McCarthy said, "headquarters won't worry about us for at least a week; they'll figure it will take that long to complete our survey. After that they'll try to contact this base. They won't make contact here, of course, so then they'll radio some other Free French outfit to ask how come. Some one'll come eventually, but we're stuck here for at least a month."

That evening the men cut cards for the first watch. Mike drew the trey of spades. For two hours he walked from window to window, carrying a French rifle. He wore his .45 and he had a French automatic pistol in each hip pocket. At 11 o'clock he woke Harris and went to sleep. At three o'clock, McCarthy shook Mike awake for his second hitch.

The night passed peacefully. "I don't get it," Mike said during morning chow. "I would have bet they'd try something last night. Maybe they don't know the French have pulled out."

"Or maybe," McCarthy said, "they're going to wait until we wander into the jungle before they clobber us."

"Then they've got a hell of a long wait," Stern replied. "There's enough chow and beer here to last us five or six months. So we've got nothing to go into the jungle for."

The men wandered around the base the rest of the morning and after noon chow Mike lay on a cot and fell asleep. McCarthy woke him a half hour later. "A bunch of natives just came out of the jungle!" he said excitedly.

MIKE ran to a window. Nine men were coming toward the quonset—huge, black men, their bodies covered with beads of scar tissue and their faces streaked with white clay. They were carrying spears.

When they were about 60 feet from the hut Mike fired a shot into the ground a few inches in front of them. They stopped and stared at the white men. Then one of the natives took another step forward. Mike fired into the ground again, barely missing the man's foot. He stepped back.

"I'm scared," Harris said nervously.

"We're under cover. They are just nine of them. And we've got them beat all to hell when it comes to weapons," Stern said.

The natives continued to stare at the Navy men. "What do you suppose they want?" McCarthy mumbled.

"The way I've got it figured," Mike said, "is they're feeling us out. That's why they didn't start anything last night. Their chief doesn't know how much of a rumpus we can kick up so he's ordered these guys to find out."

"Think they'll start something?" Harris asked.

"I sure do. They just learned a couple minutes ago that we've got rifles. So now they're trying to see if we'll use them."

The natives kept on staring. Then, suddenly, they raised their spears. The Americans fired. It was a one-sided fight. In

They found Bohmbelbohdt just outside the camp—crucified to a tree with spears.

On the second night, the natives stormed the quonset hut. "Grenades," Stern screamed. "Only

minutes all nine natives were on the ground.

Harris couldn't take his eyes off them. "What'll we do with the wounded ones?" he asked.

"I don't know," Stern said. "I just don't know. We can't go out there. The others'll spear us."

Since they were unable to think of something, they did nothing, just stood and leaned on the window sills and watched. Two of the warriors screamed, arched their backs in pain, and died. The others moaned and writhed. Finally Harris said, "I can't stand it. I'm sorry for it, but they made us do it, and I can't stand those moans."

"There's only one thing," Stern said, "only one thing. If they come after me, shoot them." He stepped outside the hut, holding his pistol ready. He walked to the edge of the clearing where the bodies were, then shouted at the jungle, "Hey! Mangbetu! We will let you take your wounded. Take your wounded. No shoot. No boom-boom." He then holstered the pistol and held out both hands with empty palms up to show that there would be no more fighting. Then he shouted the same thing again in the best French he could muster for the speech, and turned around and ran to the hut.

A FEW minutes later, as all three watched silently, the natives came cautiously out of the jungle. Stern raised his pistol and told the others to get ready. "If they take one step beyond the closest body, shoot again," he said.

They advanced, stood over the bodies a second, then looked at the hut. One shook his spear and shouted at them. Stern's finger tightened on the trigger.

Then the natives turned away from the hut, picked up their dead and wounded and took them away. The dead were thrown into the river. As they floated downstream, the other natives vanished into the jungle dragging their wounded behind them.

They all said that that would keep the natives away, but they were wrong. It was not the last fight they were to have with the Mangbetu.

That night Harris stood the second watch. He was staring out a window, certain that he had seen a movement in the shadowy gloom between the quonset and the jungle. A spear whirred past his face, so close that its head nicked his cheek. It plunged against the opposite wall and fell clattering to the floor.

Mike and McCarthy leaped out of their cots. "What the hell was that?" Mike shouted.

"A spear!" Harris screamed. "It damn near got me!"

Mike and McCarthy ran to windows. McCarthy grabbed a grenade off the sill, pulled its pin and threw it. "I saw something move!" he said.

The grenade exploded. There were screams. Shadows moved in several places. Each of the Americans threw a grenade. Then another. They made bright orange flashes when they exploded.

None of the men slept the rest of that night. Standing back from the windows, they watched for more shadows. They saw none. But for a while they heard moans and screams.

After sunup Mike and his companions went out of the quonset. They found pools of blood but no bodies. This discovery frightened them; it meant that natives had been prowling around the base in sufficient numbers to drag away their wounded and dead.

The men ate breakfast silently. They were worried. When they finished Mike said, "If that spear had got Harris in the face McCarthy and I would have waked up with a quonset full of natives—which means we've got to stop looking out the windows after dark. But how are we going to know what's going on?"

"We could shoot holes to peek out of," McCarthy said. "They wouldn't know where the holes were because they'd be too small to see from a distance, especially at night." The men fired their .45s, at eye level, between the windows.

The morning passed slowly. As always, the heat was oppressive and the insects were tormenting. It rained twice—violent tropical downpours—and after each rain the sun evaporated the moisture so swiftly that spirals of vapor arose. The men were irritable and frightened and depressed.

Stern's men kept guns ready while the Germans came ashore under the truce flag.

After noon chow they bathed. The French had rigged up showers in which rain water, caught in huge oil drums, poured through perforated outlets.

Following their baths the men went back to their quonset. They were fatigued from the preceding sleepless, harrowing night. Harris and McCarthy flopped on their cots and dozed off.

MIKE wondered what made the natives so bitterly hostile. Before leaving Freetown he had assumed that the Congo region's natives, like those in Sierra Leone, would be friendly. But these jungle dwellers seemed determined to kill the Americans. Was it revenge for Jouvenat's atrocities? Or were the Germans encouraging them to molest the white men on the French side of the Congo? Whatever the reason, Mike was dejected and scared.

On his patrol around the quonset's interior he came again to the window which overlooked the Congo. He stopped for a moment and gazed at the big river. Except for the jungles along its bank it reminded him of the Missouri—muddy, sluggish and filled with islets and mud bars. Nostalgia swept over Mike; he wondered how long the war would continue. Germany seemed invincible. And the little soldiers of Japan were practically running from one conquest to another.

A native boat cruised around a bend in the river and Mike watched it warily. In a few moments he could see that its two passengers were white men. They paddled toward the base's log wharf. "Wake up, you guys!" Mike shouted to his sleeping companions, "We've got company!"

McCarthy and Harris leaped off their cots and ran to the window. One of the men in the boat tied its bow to the wharf. Then he and the other man picked up sticks to which white rags were attached. Holding these above their heads they climbed out of the boat and began to walk toward the quonsets.

"Why . . . they're Krauts! German soldiers!" Harris said unbelievingly. "As if we didn't have enough to worry about with the natives, now we got Hitler's goons."

The Americans kept their rifles trained on the approaching men. They'd known there were Germans in the vicinity but these were the first they'd seen. The little one was a corporal; the other was a lieutenant. Both wore Lugers and carried rifles slung over their shoulders.

"I wonder how many more of them there are," Harris said. "It looks like we're going to be POWs for the rest of the war."

"Maybe we should just shoot them and take a chance that there aren't any others, then try to get through the woods by ourselves."

"No," Stern said. "They don't seem like a combat patrol. If they were, they'd be coming in on their bellies, not carrying a white flag. Let's talk to them first."

"How?" McCarthy said.

"I know German," Stern said. "A lot better than I know French."

"Christ," Harris said. "You know everything."

Stern stepped out of the hut, pistol in hand. He felt strange, scared, because he had never faced an enemy before. He didn't

grenades will stop them." He threw them, one after another, and the blasts lit the night.

know what they would do, nor how many men were backing them up in the jungle. Maybe they were a combat patrol. He wasn't sure of anything except that he nad to step outside, forget he was only a CPO and bluff like he was an admiral.

He met the Germans outside the quonset. He raised his left hand like a traffic cop and they stopped. He was about to speak but the lieutenant began first. "Good morning," he said. "I am Oberleutnant Otto Gueltemeyer of the German Army, as you can see."

Stern was surprised. The German spoke English well. He was about to answer in German, but quickly decided not to, and said, "Formerly of the German Army. You and your corporal are now my prisoners of war. Up with your hands, please."

The lieutenant raised his hands slightly, and nodded that the corporal should do the same. Stern blinked. They had done it. Now what? He looked them over. The lieutenant seemed to be about 40; lean, tall, sharp handsome features. The corporal was in his 20s, and a short, fat physical opposite from the lieutenant.

"Prisoners of war?" the lieutenant smiled. "That is pretty silly. There are only three of you. I have five men besides myself. I did not come here to capture or be captured."

Stern was getting nervous. "What then?" he asked. "Why didn't you just shoot us from the jungle?"

"I don't want to do that, either," Gueltemeyer said, "and I think you will see some sense in my reasons."

Stern sighed. "Go ahead."

"We are enemies, true," Gueltemeyer said, "but for the moment, we cannot afford to be. There is a third force, one that is the common enemy of both of us. The Mangbetu. They will easily annihilate us separately; not so easily together." He paused. "I have come to propose that we discuss calling a temporary truce and joining forces for our own survival."

Stern blinked again. "No harm talking about it," he said, and motioned them into the hut while McCarthy and Harris covered them. Stern removed their sidearms, gave them chairs, then said, "Go on with what you were saying, lieutenant."

The lieutenant pulled a limp cigarette out of his shirt pocket and lit it before he said, "These Congo natives—they are among the most vicious of the human family. They see in the war between your nation and mine an opportunity to rid their territory of white men . . . without reprisals from the former French and Belgian colonial officials. It makes no difference to these savages that we are enemies; they will kill us both with impartiality."

The officer said that his little contingent was bivouacked across the Congo near Maduma. It was the vanguard of a supply corps whose function was to stockpile equipment for German military government troops. The Germans, he said, had planned to utilize the riches of the Belgian Congo—its uranium, cobalt, industrial diamonds, tin, copper and palm oil. But the Nazi invasion of Russia had unexpectedly bogged down and the Maduma-assigned troops and supplies had been transferred to a combat unit on the eastern front. So the lieutenant and his little command were stranded.

The lieutenant continued. "They have already annihilated four of my men. They put out their eyes with thorns, and slashed their bellies, then watched them run in circles in blind agony, trying to stuff their intestines back in. We must forget our nations' differences in favor of a united force—or we are both doomed.

"Though we are service troops we know how to fight. And we have weapons—10 Gewehr, 41 semi-automatic rifles and 10 Lugers. And much ammunition."

GUELTEMEYER, the Americans observed, was no loud-mouthed, arrogant, Prussian-type officer. He was soft-spoken and courteous, but determined and certainly no coward, for it had taken guts to walk into his enemy's camp.

"How did you know there were just three of us?" Mike asked.

"I sent a man to spy upon this base from the jungle. To escape the natives I had considered surrender to the French. But first I wanted to know about them . . . some French commandants do not take German prisoners. My man saw the French depart and abandon you. From the jungle he heard you speaking English, which information he reported to me. So I knew that you were either British or Americans. You are American soldiers, yes?"

"Americans, yes. Soldiers, no. We're chief petty officers in the United States Navy."

"Navy men? In this jungle . . . so far from the seas?"

"Suppose we team up," Mike said. "Would it be here or at your base?"

Gueltemeyer suggested that the Germans move in with the Americans. The Germans were bivouacked in tents, he said, and the quonsets would be more readily defensible.

"You and the corporal sit on these chairs," Mike said, "and keep your hands on the table. We'll talk over your proposition."

Mike and Harris and McCarthy went to the door of the quonset. "What do you guys think?" Mike whispered.

"We've got nothing to lose, even if they double-cross us and we end up in a Kraut concentration camp," Harris said. "I've had it with those natives. I'm for buying the Kraut's deal."

McCarthy wasn't as eager. "What would headquarters say?" he whispered. "Wouldn't this be treason, or giving aid and comfort to the enemy?"

"We wouldn't be doing anything to horse the USA," Harris replied angrily. "Besides, we won't be any good to the Navy or anybody else if the natives knock us off."

McCarthy thought about it for a moment. Then he said, "OK. I'll go along with it."

"All agreed then," Stern said. "But just one more thing. Don't let on about my German. If they don't know I know it, they'll talk freely among themselves, and I'll know if they're going to try to screw us."

"How come you speak German?" Harris asked. "You a German? I mean, did your folks come from Germany?"

"They came from Germany. But I'm not a German. I'm a Jew."

"No kidding?" McCarthy said with a chuckle. "When they find that out it'll damn near kill them . . . to think they had to ask a Jew to help save their lives!"

The Americans went to the table where the Germans—who had been watching them anxiously—were seated. "OK, we're allies," Mike said. "So send the corporal after your men. But tell him we want them to approach us with their hands over their heads. And if this turns out to be some kind of a trick . . ." he patted his .45, ". . . no matter what happens to us, you get it first, lieutenant. In the guts where it hurts."

"There is no trick, please believe," Gueltemeyer said. Then he told the corporal to leave. Gueltemeyer and the Americans watched the corporal paddle the Germans' boat upstream. When he disappeared around a bend Gueltemeyer asked if he could look around the base. Mike accompanied him. The German was elated to learn of the supplies the French had left. "With plenty of food and drink and grenades," he said, "the natives will not find our extermination an easy thing."

"We've got to get something settled right now," Mike said. "Sooner or later a plane is going to come for us . . . or maybe a patrol of German soldiers will come here after you and your men. My buddies and I don't intend to become POWs—and we don't intend to make you guys POWs, either. Whichever side comes first for their men, the others can stay here? No prisoners of war. Agreed?"

Mike and the German officer shook hands on this agreement.

"Tonight concerns me," Gueltemeyer said as he and Mike strolled back to the other Americans. "Tomorrow there will be men enough to defend this little bastion. But tonight we are weak. I have a suggestion."

Gueltemeyer's suggestion was that he rig up booby traps around the quonset in which the Americans were headquartered. "With the French grenades and some wire it will be a simple task," he said. "When a Frenchman uses one of his excellent grenades he pulls the pin and counts *un, deux, trois* before he throws it. I fix so that the little bombs explode in the middle of *un*. It is merely a matter of a small adjustment."

A few minutes later the Americans were watching Gueltemeyer, sitting in the shade of a quonset near the opposite end of the base, cautiously altering the firing time of four cartons of French grenades. Mike never took his eyes—or his rifle—off the German.

TWO hours later Gueltemeyer began to surround the Americans' quonset with a double row of booby traps. The trip wires were at ankle height. "Observe the space between the rows," Gueltemeyer said. "It is arranged so that if a native, by chance, steps over the first wire, his next step will engage the second."

After the evening meal Gueltemeyer asked for his weapons. He did not want to be unarmed, he said, because the natives might attack during the night. "Nope," Mike told him. "If your boys show up tomorrow and everything is like you said, you get your guns. Until then, no weapons."

Several hours later Harris, standing the second watch, awoke Mike and McCarthy and the German. They ran to the windows. Shadowy figures were creeping out of the jungle. The Americans fired at them. Immediately the natives abandoned their stealthy approach. They ran, howling, toward the

Gueltemeyer laced the area around the quonsets with lines of grenade booby traps.

quonset. Then the first of them ran into the trip wires. There were explosions, bright orange flashes and screams.

The surviving natives ran back into the jungle. But a few minutes later they attacked again—this time on the opposite side of the quonset. They ran into more grenade trip wires and the survivors of this attack promptly fled into the jungle.

Neither the Americans nor Gueltemeyer slept again the rest of the night. There was a chance that the natives would realize that they could creep through the sections of the grenade barrier which had been made useless by their comrades who had already stumbled into them. But even without this possibility sleep would have been impossible; the wounded natives screamed and moaned, some very close to the quonset.

IN the morning the Americans and Gueltemeyer saw the results of the previous night's attacks. Seventeen natives were dead —their bodies mangled by the grenades.

"What'll we do about the bodies?" Harris said to no one in particular. "We can't dig 17 graves and expose ourselves to the others, but if we leave the bodies there, they'll rot and stink us out of here and spread disease, too."

"I'd say let the river take care of them. What do you think, Gueltemeyer?"

"The quickest and best possible way," he agreed.

While two men stood guard, the other two dragged the bodies to the river. Then, with more grenades and wire, Gueltemeyer replaced the grenades which the natives had exploded—leaving a narrow, untrapped passageway through which, he explained, his men would come.

A canoe carrying the corporal and the other four Germans came along the river that afternoon. With their hands over their heads—and with rifles and gear slung across their backs—they walked from the beach. Gueltemeyer directed them through the booby-trapped area, and when they came to the quonset Mike said, "Tell them to take their hands down and come inside. We'll fix them some chow. They look like they need it."

Gueltemeyer translated this information. Except for one sullen-faced private, the Germans' expressions of distrust and fear vanished.

Gueltemeyer introduced the Germans. Besides Korporal Hans Schultz, Gueltemeyer's aide who had arrived with him the day before, they were huge, blond, hard-faced Zugsfuhrer (Sergeant) Fritz Bohmbelbohdt; little grinning English-speaking Zugsfuhrer Herman Koehn, a corpsman; and Gefreites (Privates First Class) Adolpf Bonnemeier and Karl Hohenstein. Bonnemeier was a simple-appearing, smiling peasant type, but Hohenstein, an ox-faced giant, looked as though he were convinced that the alliance with the Americans was a mistake the Germans would soon regret.

With Gueltemeyer translating, Mike introduced himself and the other Americans. Immediately the Germans began to guffaw.

"What's so damn funny about us?" McCarthy said angrily.

"They do not ridicule you," Gueltemeyer replied. "But it amuses them that you are Navy men in this jungle, so far from ships and oceans. Apparently they thought that only the Wehrmacht sends its men on such ridiculous missions."

After the meal Gueltemeyer began to talk to his men. When he finished each, except Gefreite Hohenstein, immediately said, *"Jawohl!"*

Gultemeyer turned to Hohenstein. *"Esel!"* (Donkey!) he screamed. The German officer shoved a forefinger into Hohenstein's face. He talked rapidly and harshly. A few moments later Hohenstein, red-faced, mumbled, *"Jawohl."*

Then Gueltemeyer said to Mike, "My men and I, we will retrieve the remainder of our supplies from the boat." They went out of the quonset and walked toward the river.

"We don't have to worry about the Germans," Mike said. "Gueltemeyer ordered them to co-operate with us all the way. They went for it fast except for the moody one—Hohenstein. You heard Gueltemeyer chew

With truck axles and an inner

him out. He threatened to shoot him if he tried any tricks on us. But just the same, watch him. He doesn't like Americans."

"There's always a creep in every outfit I've ever been in," Harris said, shrugging his shoulders. "So I'm not surprised the Krauts got them, too."

The men spent the rest of the afternoon trading cigarettes and examining each other's weapons. The Americans were impressed by the Germans' Gewehr 41 semi-automatic rifles. Compared to the bolt-action French rifles, which the Americans possessed, they seemed greatly superior. Gueltemeyer, observing the Americans' admiration for the Gewehrs, gave one to each of them . . . and several boxes of ammunition.

After the evening meal they went outside. Gueltemeyer and Mike began to inspect the grenade barrier which surrounded the huts. Little Zugsfuhrer Koehn, who spoke almost accent-free English, was the interpreter for the rest of the group. Through him they broke the ice and got along. They asked each other about their civilian occupations and compared soccer and baseball as competitive sports. They compared the pay of German and American fighting men.

Only twice was there friction, once when Private Bonnemeier mentioned the superiority of Germans to other people, and once when Harris said "Bull!" at the mention of Hitler's name. But aside from these two incidents, they were polite to each other. All tried to avoid mention of the war, their principles and their respective leaders, almost as if there was an unspoken agreement to avoid talk that would cause trouble. All realized that they needed each other too much to bicker.

Only the brooding Hohenstein couldn't accept the strange alliance. He glared at the sailors and muttered to himself. The other Germans ignored him and he walked away.

"That big stupid peasant," Koehn, the friendliest of the Germans, told the Americans, "is a pig. He thinks that he alone is inconvenienced by the war. So he despises the Wehrmacht and its officers no less than Germany's enemies."

At sundown the men went into the hut. A one-hour watch schedule was established, but none of the men slept. A group of native warriors had encamped near the edge of the jungle. About an hour after sundown they began to beat their drums, howl and rattle their spears against their shields. The men in the quonset were tense; they knew this commotion was a preliminary to an attack.

ABOUT midnight Mike, irritable and nervous, said, "If those natives were just a little closer we could give them some music of our own . . . the kind that grenades make when they go off."

Immediately McCarthy replied, "Why can't we make a big slingshot out of one of those inner tubes the French left? Then we can heave grenades right into the middle of that jamboree."

"A slingshot?" Gueltemeyer asked. "What is a slingshot?"

Mike explained. *"Wunderbar!"* the German said with a grin.

A half hour later the ends of a slit inner tube were attached to the protruding portions of two truck drive shafts which the

tube they made an artillery piece — a slingshot to lob grenades at the native villiage.

men had hammered into the ground. A box of grenades was beside the catapult. Mike said to Gueltemeyer, "We need the strongest man we've got."

Gueltemeyer barked to Hohenstein and the big German, mumbling to himself, went to the catapult. He stretched the rubber until it was taut. Gueltemeyer pulled the pin on a grenade and laid it in the rubber. Then Hohenstein released the rubber.

A few seconds later the grenade exploded in the top of tree near the edge of the jungle. Immediately the natives became quiet.

Hohenstein catapulted a dozen more grenades. Then the white men stopped and listened.

"I'll bet those natives wonder what's going on," Stern said. "Now how about telling Hohenstein to heave 10 or 15 more into the jungle all around us, just in case they're thinking of moving their jamboree someplace else?"

Hohenstein, standing slightly to the left, catapulted several more grenades into the jungle. Then, standing to the right, he catapulted a few more.

When he had finished the men stood around for a while. They heard nothing. Then they went into the quonset and, except for the changing watches, slept until dawn.

ABOUT an hour after chow the following morning, a Mangbetu decorated like a chief and a young warrior came out of the jungle. The head man was waving a dirty white rag on a stick. The warrior was holding a leather pouch in one hand. In the other he held five dogs on leashes. The dogs were sniffing the pouch.

Gueltemeyer wanted to shoot them. But Mike said, "Let's see what they want. Maybe we can learn why they keep tormenting us."

He waved to the Mangbetus, pointing out the tiny area that was not booby-trapped.

There was a sly grin on the headman's scar-decorated face. He stuck his truce flag's stick into the ground and reached into the pouch which the young warrior held. He withdrew chunks of bloody animal flesh and tossed them toward the white men. Then the warrior released the dogs.

The Americans and Germans dived to the ground. They were on their bellies before the first of the dogs ran into a grenade's trip wire. There was an explosion, followed, an instant later, by four others. The white men looked up. The dogs were gone. The men got to their feet.

The native chief, smirking and carrying his truce flag, and the young warrior, looking scared and uncertain, walked through the grenaded area toward the white men. "Those cunning devils," Gueltemeyer said angrily. "I would not have thought they possessed the intelligence."

Standing before the white men, the painted chief nudged the warrior, who said, "Me speak Jesus talk."

"What means this 'Jesus talk'?" Gueltemeyer asked.

"I think he means," Mike said, "that he speaks English because he's been educated in a British or American mission school. He's probably going to be the fat guy's interpreter."

With the youth interpreting, the chief got down to business. He said his name was M'Bongo. He was the sorcerer of his village. His powers were great. He told the white men that if they left the base immediately he would guarantee their safety.

If they did not, M'Bongo said angrily, the Mangbetus would attack the white men and torture them. The things-on-the-ground-that-explode meant nothing, he added arrogantly; hadn't he just proved that he knew how to neutralize them?

Gueltemeyer rubbed his chin. He looked at Stern. "Do you think there is any possibility that he tells the truth? If so, it is a way out for all of us."

"Not a chance," Stern said. "From what the French told us while they were still here, the headmen like M'Bongo are the tribe magicians. They have great influence over the natives and they're telling them that now's the time to drive out the white men—while they are warring among themselves. But they didn't expect us to join forces and now they have to get us out of here before they can kill us. I think whether we stay or go, they'll attack anyway, so I say let's stay where we have the better chance."

"I agree!" Gueltemeyer snapped angrily. Then he said to M'Bongo's interpreter, "Inform this oversized toad that we stay!"

M'Bongo was insulted. He spat in Gueltemeyer's face. That was a mistake.

The German flipped his Luger from its holster and fired twice into the sorcerer's belly. The interpreter, trembling with terror, stared open-mouthed at the white men. Gueltemeyer snarled, "Take the toad into the jungle to die!"

A few moments later the interpreter, supporting the dying sorcerer, faded into the jungle. "He's had it," Mike said to Gueltemeyer, "but I don't think that will change things. Because he had ordered it, I think they'll attack anyway."

Gueltemeyer and Mike discussed plans to defend themselves. The men carried all but six bunks out of the quonset next to their living quarters. Then they brought in cartons of grenades and they shot peepholes through its metal sides, between the windows. In other quonsets they found a table, chairs and a mirror. Then they carried in cartons of canned foods and cases of beer. When they were through, they had a second well-stocked little fortress.

Harris prepared a midday meal which the men ate in the Americans' quonset. Then, having nothing else to do, they sat in the shade of the huts. Several dozed. Others cleaned and polished their Gewehrs.

SUDDENLY the jungles on all sides erupted with painted-faced, howling, spear-carrying warriors. The white men ran into their quonsets and began to fire at the natives through windows.

The natives countered with spears and arrows. These clattered off the sides of the huts. The natives did not attempt to cross the grenaded area, and after a few more howls and hastily thrown spears, they retreated back into the jungle.

"That wasn't much of an attack," Harris said happily. "Maybe now that the fat one is dead the others won't attack."

(Editor's note: Harris had made a good guess. Anthropologists report that Mangbetu witch doctors often tell their people that they possess immortality. Then, if the witch doctor falls to the enemy, the people become confused, and have little appetite for war. Yet if another man comes along who can convince them that he has the power of immortality, they will again follow him into battle.)

Still, they did not relax their guard. They believed that the Mangbetus would repeat their attack eventually. After a half hour—during which there was no fighting—they dragged the bodies of the Mangbetus they had killed to the river.

LATER in the afternoon they agreed to establish two-hour day and night watches on the edge of the jungle nearest the occupied quonsets. "With a sentry there at all times," Gueltemeyer said, "the natives will be unable to launch a surprise attack. The man at the jungle's edge will be in danger of ambush, of course—but he has only to fire his weapon to alert us. We will go to his aid immediately."

This seemed to be a sound idea, especially since the natives had learned how to nullify the grenade booby traps.

The men drew cards to determine the order of the jungle sentry duty. Gueltemeyer came up with a deuce; he stood the first watch.

A week passed. The Americans and Germans began to converse in a German-English patois which—aided by pantomime—enabled them to communicate quite well. They spent many hours discussing baseball again, the relative sexiness of fat and skinny women, the merits of various makes of automobiles, fishing and game hunting and Hollywood motion picture actors—the Germans were ardent Hollywood fans. Except for Mike and Gueltemeyer the men still did not discuss international politics; they knew it would result in discord. Harris summed up the sense of fraternity that had developed between the enemies when he told McCarthy, "I don't even think of these guys as Nazis any more; they're not much different from people."

McCarthy became a buddy of big Bohmbelbohdt. They spent hours betting on a curious game they devised, in which two ants—in a circle drawn on the dusty ground—were the principals. The first ant to reach the line was the winner.

Harris developed a comradeship with Bonnemeier. To pass the endless time they played a dart game, using darts made from nails impaled on corks. Their targets were calendar pinups which they had found in one of the French enlisted men's quonsets and which they had mounted on boards.

Mike and Gueltemeyer often discussed the war. They talked about women, too, and of their postwar plans. Mike intended to go back to his Kansas City river boat business, operated during the war by a relative. Gueltemeyer planned to return to his job as buyer for a Berlin department store.

Gueltemeyer's superiority complex was irritating, but he was fair and honest, and Stern respected his judgment in matters pertaining to their mutual defense.

Of the Germans, Mike liked Zugsfuhrer Herman Koehn best. The little glasses-wearing English-speaking corpsman was no propaganda-nurtured fanatic. He was intelligent

It had to happen one day: Stern and his men on one side, Gueltemeyer and his squad

and his conversation indicated that he was a man who liked to think for himself. He had studied medicine for three years before he was drafted and he planned to resume his education after the war, he said, hoping to become a surgeon.

Korporal Hans Schlultz had no close friends. He spent hours writing letters to his wife and mother, on stationery he had found in the French commandant's office. When the men asked him how he expected to mail those letters, he'd say with a grin, "Maybe tomorrow the postman will come."

Otherwise, when the men weren't talking to each other, they were usually playing poker in the sailors' quonset. The game never seemed to stop. When one man cut out, another would take his place. Gueltemeyer in particular was fascinated by the game. He spent every free moment at the table.

Hohenstein, however, was still a malcontent. He seldom spoke to his compatriots—never to the Americans. He spent his time sitting in the shade of the quonsets, staring dully into the jungle. The draft had torn him from his family and his little farm. To him the Americans were personal enemies; if America hadn't run to the aid of the cursed British the war would be over and he would be home with his family instead of in this stinking jungle. His resentment against the Americans increased each day.

One afternoon, after Mike took his daily shower, he stopped on the way to the quonset to chat with Koehn who was sitting in the shade beside Hohenstein. Mike was wearing only his shorts and shoes. His identification tag, as always, was around his neck. Koehn looked up at the tag and asked if he could inspect it. He was curious, he said, to know what an American's was like. Mike took the chain off his neck and tossed it to him.

Hohenstein glanced at it. Then he snatched it from Koehn's hand and stared unbelievingly at it. A moment later, in German, he said to Koehn, "The 'H'—that means 'Hebrew.' That pig is a filthy Jew!"

"Nobody calls me a filthy Jew!" Mike said angrily, speaking German for the first time. "I'll beat you until the slime you've got for a brain oozes out your ears."

"Jude!" Hohenstein snarled. Then he leaped to his feet. He spat in Mike's face. Mike hit him in the belly and uppercut his chin. The big German howled and slammed a fist into Mike's face. Mike sprawled in the dust. But only for a moment. He got to his feet and charged Hohenstein.

Gueltemeyer, who had been playing poker with Harris, McCarthy and Bonnemeier, ran out and ordered Hohenstein to stop fighting. Hohenstein ignored him. Gueltemeyer jerked the Luger from his holster and fired into the air. Hohenstein backed away from Mike and, glaring at Gueltemeyer, he said, "This pig, sir, I have just discovered is a Jew!"

"I'm a Jew, all right," Mike shouted in German, looking into Gueltemeyer's eyes. "And what are you going to do about it?"

Gueltemeyer said with amazement, "You speak German! Why have you not told me."

"I intended to . . . when I got around to it."

The Germans stared at Mike. After a moment Gueltemeyer said, "A Jew! It is hard to believe. You do not seem like a Jew."

"How the hell am I supposed to seem?" Mike said angrily. "I've got two hands and two feet like everybody else."

"Of course," Gueltemeyer said. "But we have been told that America's Jews stayed at home, enriching themselves on the blood of those who fight in this war."

"That's nonsense and you know it," McCarthy shouted at Gueltemeyer and the others. "In spite of the propaganda that Hitler bastard gives you, you're a smart guy and you know it. I tell you to your face you know it's a lie, and dare you to do something about it." He started clutching at the flap of his holster. Stern slapped his hand away.

THE Germans closed ranks beside Gueltemeyer, hefting their rifles, their faces tense. They looked at him for orders.

McCarthy and Harris spread out behind Stern. McCarthy pulled out his pistol and clicked back the hammer.

The two groups of men faced each other. Hohenstein began to smirk. He liked what was happening. "Your orders, lieutenant," he said. For the first time, the alliance between enemies threatened to crack. Gueltemeyer looked at Stern. Stern stared him back. "Your orders, lieutenant," he repeated.

Gueltemeyer was a practical man. His face relaxed. "The provocation for battle is present, but battle would result in disaster for both sides." He looked at Hohenstein. "You know the rules. No provocation of incident by either side. The Wehrmacht has taught you better than to disobey rules. You are a stinking soldier. Our common problem transcends any racial differences between us. You will apologize."

"Never!" Hohenstein said.

Gueltemeyer took his Luger from its holster. "You have one moment," he said.

Hohenstein looked at the pistol. "I apologize," he said, then began to walk away.

"Get back here!" Gueltemeyer said. Hohenstein came back. Addressing his men, Gueltemeyer said, "This discussion is ended. There will be no further mention of it, either among yourselves or to the Americans. The slightest violation of this order will result in disciplinary action. Understand?"

There were immediate *Jawohls* from all the Germans except Hohenstein. He had to be glared at before he mumbled, "Jawohl."

A moment later Gueltemeyer went to the latrine and Koehn, keeping an eye on the latrine's door, said to the other Germans, "A few minutes ago we respected Mike. Then we learned he is a Jew. Did he suddenly become different? *Nein!* He is exactly the same as before. Why are we supposed to hate Jews, anyway? Because the politicians say so? The hell with those home-front heroes! I say we still respect Mike . . . *ja?"*

The little medic's argument seemed logical to the other Germans. They nodded in agreement. Except Hohenstein. "You expect me to respect a Jew," he snarled, "when the Jews are responsible for my conscription into the Army?"

"Ox-head," Koehn said, winking at the other Germans, "first it was the English who were responsible for your military service. Then the Americans. Now all at once it is the Jews. Tomorrow, maybe, it is the Spanish? Or the Egyptians? Or maybe the Australian aborigines?"

The Germans guffawed. Hohenstein's face reddened. He cursed them and moved to the shade of another quonset where he sat, despising the Army and its discomforts in solitude.

A few moments later the poker game was resumed. The incident between Mike and Hohenstein was never mentioned again.

Bonnemeier had the 10-to-midnight watch the next day. About 11:30 he was leaning against the trunk of a big gum tree. He heard a twig snap. Then another. Then more. In the darkness, he saw moving forms. He was surrounded and the natives were closing in.

Bonnemeier was terrified. If he fired his gun as an alarm to the men in the quonsets it would awaken them and they'd come to his aid. But it would also inform the natives exactly where he was. He'd be speared instantly. If he didn't fire his gun, the natives would find him anyway within a few minutes.

Bonnemeier had never been more frightened, or more uncertain of what to do. His eyes bulged as he tried to see into the jungle's gloom. His hands became numb from his tense grip on the Gewehr. Then he had an idea. He lowered himself to the ground, slowly and silently. He felt around with the fingers of his left hand until they touched a small stick. He picked up the stick and, slowly, he rose to his feet. He threw the stick.

It made but a slight noise when it fell, but four shadows rushed from behind trees toward it. Bonnemeier fired at them. Then he ran toward the quonsets. Spears whizzed past him. He was a quarter of the way across the clearing when a spear struck his left thigh. He collapsed.

Meanwhile the Germans and Americans in the quonsets, awakened by Bonnemeier's shots, were running toward the jungle, lacing it with their Gewehrs as they ran. When they came to the edge of the jungle they threw grenades into it. Then, hearing the natives retreating, they ran back to Bonnemeier and carried him into the Americans' quonset and laid him on his cot. Someone lit the quonset's gasoline lantern and corpsman Koehn slit Bonnemeier's blood-soaked pants and pulled them off. He examined the wound. "The spear has broken his leg," he said. He jabbed a needle of morphine into Bonnemeier's arm. In a moment the wounded man no longer moaned.

"CAN you set it?" Gueltemeyer asked worriedly.

"Yes, sir," Koehn replied. Then, working swiftly, he cleaned the wound and poured sulfa powder into it. With great skill he sewed up the wound and reduced the fracture.

After the splints were bound Gueltemeyer said, "It will be best, Koehn, if you sleep here beside him. Perhaps one of the Americans will move in with us."

A few minutes later McCarthy was asleep in Koehn's cot in the Germans' quonset and Hohenstein, with a string of grenades around his neck, was standing watch in the jungle.

After chow the following morning Mike said, "The first thing we better do today is

on the other. "Your orders, Lieutenant," one of the Germans said. "Do we shoot them?"

get rid of the natives we knocked off last night." It would be necessary to bury their bodies, or throw them into the river, immediately. Decomposition is rapid in the tropics; the stench of rotting flesh so close to the quonsets would be unbearable. But it would be dangerous to go into the jungle to search for the bodies—perhaps Mangbetus would be waiting in ambush.

KOEHN suggested drawing cards to determine which men would retrieve the bodies . . . one German and one American. "That way," the little corpsman said, ". . . only two of us would be risking our lives."

"I've got a better idea," McCarthy said. "Let's lace the jungle gut-high with the rifles. Then throw in a few grenades. That'll take care of any natives that might be out there waiting for us. That way, none of us will be taking a chance."

"Me, I should confine my comments to first aid," Koehn said with a chuckle. "Like you Americans say, your idea has mine beat all to hell."

"I don't like it," Hohenstein snarled.

"You wouldn't," Koehn said.

"Shut up, both of you!" Gueltemeyer barked. Then, glaring at Hohenstein, he said, "Perhaps you would like to look for the bodies yourself?"

"Well, no, sir, but. . . ." Hohenstein's face became red.

"But what?"

"But nothing, sir."

"Thank you," Gueltemeyer said acidly. "Now that you have concurred we can proceed."

The Germans and Americans—except Koehn, who stayed with Bonnemeier—shot and bombed the jungle. An hour later the bodies of 18 natives had been found and dragged to the river.

That afternoon, to help the time pass for Bonnemeier, the men moved the poker table near his cot and they included him in every game.

In subsequent days the men became irritable. They were virtually prisoners within the little base and each day was a monotonous repetition of another. The men began to find fault with everything. "This rotten French beer," Bohmbelbohdt grumbled. "It is no wonder the French are such little men. This slop would retard the growth of even Germans."

A week later Mike had the midnight-to-two watch on the jungle's edge. About one o'clock he heard an almost imperceptible noise. He slid the safety off his Gewehr. The noise increased. Mike tried to see into the gloom. He could see nothing. The noise, as though a dozen Mangbetus were crawling on their bellies, became greater.

Then Mike felt a sharp bite on his ankle. Silently cursing the jungle's insects he bent over to massage his ankle. Instantly his hand was covered with crawling things. They bit in several places. Mike's ankle was bitten again, too—and the other ankle. He stomped his feet, hoping to shake off the insects. He removed them from his hand by rubbing it against the butt of his rifle.

Then the moon slipped from behind a cloud. It illuminated the jungle's floor. For a moment Mike stared at it unbelievingly. A column of huge black ants was crawling on it—toward him. There were so many of the little creatures that he could not see the end of the column. But at his feet, and already climbing up his pants, were ants from the column's vanguard . . . separated from the main body by about 10 feet.

Mike ran toward the quonsets, stopping frequently to remove an ant from his leg. They could not be brushed off; they had to be pulled between a thumb and forefinger.

Twice Mike looked back. The column was coming out of the jungle. It moved faster than he had thought ants could move—and it was coming toward the base.

Though Mike was not aware of it, these were driver ants. Urged by relentless hunger, these vicious insects move like a little glacier, overpowering and devouring all animal life in their path.

Mike ran between the quonsets and fired his rifle. The Germans and Americans, carrying their rifles, ran out the doors. "Ants!" Mike shouted. "Millions of them!"

The men ran into the clearing between the quonsets and the jungle. A few moments later they came to the ants. Their approaching column was three feet wide. In the moonlight it looked like a gigantic snake. Though the ants were well into the clearing the rear of the shimmering parade was somewhere in the jungle.

"We can stop them with flames!" Gueltemeyer said excitedly. "We will saturate the ground ahead of them with gasoline and ignite it!"

The men ran to the gasoline storage quonset. In a few minutes, with each man carrying a 20-liter can, they were back in the clearing. They poured gasoline onto the ground ahead of the marching column and Mike tossed a match into it. Instantly the vanguard of the ants turned, seeking a way around the flames. The men poured gasoline ahead of them again and thew a match into it. The ants began to detour around those flames.

Then, suddenly, the column of ants disintegrated into 20 or more smaller columns. Each tried to find a way around the flaming areas. The men sprinkled gasoline ahead of each of these smaller columns and ignited it and when the ants detoured around those flames they poured gasoline ahead of them again. Then, cursing the persistence of the little creatures, they sprinkled gasoline onto the columns and ignited it. Thousands of ants were swiftly killed, but the survivors organized into new columns and marched on toward the quonsets.

This went on for an hour. There seemed to be an inexhaustible number of ants. And it seemed as though the battle with them would have to continue until the last had been burned for, despite their terrific losses. always they swiftly reformed their columns and tried, again, to march toward the quonsets.

ABOUT 2:15 the men heard an anguished scream. It came from the quonsets. It had to be Bonnemeier; there was no one else there. He screamed again. The men dropped their gasoline cans, grabbed up their rifles and ran toward the quonsets.

In the moonlight they could see a column of ants, the width of the door. flowing into the quonset where Bonnemeier, lying helplessly on his cot, was screaming.. Another column was pouring into the Germans' quonset. These two columns, a few yards back of the quonsets, were united in a single column whose end was somewhere in the jungle on the side of the base opposite the one from which the first ants had come.

They waited until the savages were almost to the hut, then blasted them to pieces.

They held their rifles on the native truce party and listened to the chief make the strangest

Gueltemeyer and Mike ran to a window of Bonnemeier's quonset. Mike reached through the window and snatched the lantern off the dining table. He lit it and put it back on the table. It illuminated the interior of the quonset.

The entire floor was shimmering with ants. Bonnemeier and his cot were covered with them. The helpless German's tongue darted out and back. His hands clawed his face. His body turned from side to side and he screamed hideously.

Gueltemeyer ran to the front of the quonset and through its door. He scooped up Bonnemeier, ran out again, and put him on the ground. Then Gueltemeyer tore off his own clothes while Mike and Hohenstein helped him pull the ants off. Meanwhile the other men removed Bonnemeier's garments and began to pull ants from his writhing body.

HARRIS went to the window and got the lantern. He put it on the ground beside Bonnemeier. The men, horrified, stared at him. His eyes were runny, sightless sockets in which ants were crawling. The end of his darting tongue had been bitten off. His head tossed from side to side; ants had crawled up his nostrils and into his ears and, inside his head, were biting off pieces of flesh. He was in ghastly agony and his screams were unceasing.

In a few moments Gueltemeyer's ants had been removed. He put on his shoes and shorts and, accompanied by Mike and Hohenstein, went to the other men. Gueltemeyer bent over Bonnemier. *"Mein Gott!"* he mumbled. Then he said to Koehn, "Do something! Don't just stand there! Stop his suffering!"

"There is nothing I can do, sir," Koehn said. "Not even morphine would relieve his agony."

"Can he live?"

"No, sir. Perhaps not even until dawn—and every second will be an eternity of pain."

Gueltemeyer got to his feet. Mike handed him his .45. The men looked away while the German officer shot Bonnemeier in the head. Then they walked away a few feet and sat on the ground. They made no attempt to try again to retard the progress of the original ants. The quonsets were already teeming with their cousins; the others could create no greater havoc.

For three hours the ants swarmed through the quonsets. Then—it was daylight—they marched into the jungle. The men went into the quonsets. Open cans of food had been cleaned, their metal polished by myriads of tiny tongues. Bonnemeier's shoes had been eaten. The blood-soaked portions of the sheets on his cot had been devoured. The cork lining of the beer-bottle caps the men used for poker chips had been eaten. Leather belts were gone; only their metal buckles remained. Pistol holsters had disappeared. Every scrap of paper had been devoured. But there were no ants; they had left not one of their number.

The men dug a grave and laid Bonnemeier's body in it. They saturated it with gasoline and ignited it. In a little while they covered it with earth.

Harris prepared a breakfast. The men ate it silently. They were tired and nervous. The invasion of the ants had been a terrifying experience. And each man kept thinking about Bonnemeier. But two days later, there was something else to think of.

Zugsfuhrer Bohmbelbohdt, standing sentry duty, was ambushed and tortured by natives.

After Bohmbelbohdt's body had been cremated in its grave, Gueltemeyer said angrily, "We are fools to allow those barbarians to do as they wish with us. We must attack them! They like brutality—we will show them a high degree of it!"

Bohmbelbohdt's murder had unnerved Stern and the other two. A day before, if Gueltemeyer had suggested such a thing, Stern would have argued. All he wanted then was that the natives leave them alone. He didn't want to go looking for trouble. But at this point, he feared that Gueltemeyer was right. The natives would not leave them alone. True, with the witch doctor gone, they might not attack openly, but they would cut them down one by one if given a chance.

"I don't really like it," he said, "but I do want to live. I suppose we have to do something. What do you suggest, Gueltemeyer?"

"Find and annihilate them—so thoroughly and terribly that other natives, fearing similar reprisal, will not molest us!"

Again the Americans drew cards to see who would accompany Korporal Schultz—whom Gueltemeyer had designated—into the jungle to scout for the natives' village.

Mike lost. The following morning, at dawn, he and Schultz went into the jungle. Shortly after noon Schultz grabbed Mike's arm and jerked him behind a tree. "Don't you see him?" Schultz whispered.

Mike peered around the tree. About 40 yards away, barely visible through the foliage, a huge black man was leaning against the trunk of a tree, sharpening his spear with a stone. Back of him, blending into the jungle, were thatched huts.

Mike and Schultz, trembling from the realization that they had almost blundered into the native village, hurriedly made their way back to the base.

EARLY the next morning the Germans and Americans, armed with rifles, automatic pistols and grenades, left the base.

Three hours later they were peering at the village from behind clumps of sword grass. Creeping closer to the village, they saw the natives were eating a meal. The warriors were in groups separate from the women and children. The white men dispersed until they formed a line along one side of the village.

Mike whistled—the signal to begin the attack. The men hurled grenades into groups of warriors. Then, with their Gewehrs, they began to pick off the remaining warriors.

It was a massacre. Mangbetus, confused and terrified, ran screaming and howling in all directions. Some even ran toward the white men. Women and children weren't molested; men were shot.

In a few minutes, except for the wounded and dead, the village was deserted. The white men went into it—except for Hohenstein. He would cause no more trouble. He was nailed to the earth with a spear in his chest.

Gueltemeyer ordered Schultz and Koehn, the only men left of his little command, to shoot each wounded warrior in the head. The Americans didn't argue the point. After so much bloodshed, it no longer seemed terrible. It seemed the only thing to do.

When the last of the warriors had been killed the men carried Hohenstein's body into a native hut. Then they set fire to the entire village, and Hohenstein was cremated with the enemy.

Three days later, early in the morning, a young unarmed Mangbetu warrior and two almost-naked young women came out of the jungle. They walked across the clearing toward the quonsets. When they came to the white men the warrior began to pantomime, indicating that he wanted to trade women for a quonset. The girls he had brought with him, he indicated, were samples.

The men stared at the girls. They were shapely and not unattractive. Gueltemeyer said to Mike, "One of these many useless quonsets for women . . . I say we accept."

"I say we'd be nuts if we didn't," Mike replied with a grin.

Mike took his eyes from the girls and turned to the warrior. "Mac," he said, "you just bought yourself a quonset hut." Then in sign talk, he said that the deal was accepted.

Stern and Hohenstein went at each other's throats, but the others held them back.

proposition any of them ever heard: six lovely girls in exchange for one quonset hut.

Early the following morning the warrior was back with the same two girls and four others and 17 unarmed men. While Gueltemeyer and Mike kept their Gewehrs on the natives, the others hurriedly dismantled one of the smaller quonsets. The warrior shouted to the other natives and they began to carry off sections of the quonset.

After the Mangbetus disappeared into the jungle the men gathered around the girls. "Who gets which?" Harris asked eagerly.

"The cards," Gueltemeyer said. "High card gets first choice."

Two days passed. The girls went into the jungle each morning, bringing back fruits. These were a pleasant supplement to the men's monotonous diet of French Army field rations.

The evening of the second day Harris, still the group's cook, said proudly, "Tonight we got something special. Some fresh meat."

He poured a ladle of stew into each man's bowl. They began to eat it. Suddenly McCarthy plunged his fingers into his stew. He withdrew a tiny hand. "A baby's hand!" he said in horror.

The men stared at it. "That's no baby's hand," Harris said. "That's a monkey's hand. This is monkey stew. My girl made it."

The men ran to the door and dumped their stew onto the ground. Schultz vomited. Mike turned to Harris. "We did not get these women to cook for us. Don't let her do it again."

Three days passed. The men were happy. They had women. And they were no longer harassed by the Mangbetus.

The end of the strange alliance came a few days later at a point where the three Americans and three Germans had almost lost track of time and war. Like everything else that had happened, it happened quickly.

There was a drone in the sky. A US Navy seaplane set down with a splash on the river. Stern looked at Gueltemeyer. "That ends it, Otto," he said.

"Yes," Gueltemeyer said. "It ends it. Our agreement about prisoners of war still holds?"

"Of course. You know that."

"Yes. Of course I do."

Gueltemeyer left and went to his men, and Stern to his. They began to collect their gear. Gueltemeyer insisted that his two-man command put on helmets and battle dress. They would not look like soldiers otherwise.

THE seaplane taxied to the wharf on the beach. The crew climbed out. They were Lieutenant jg Robert Johnson of Cincinnati, the pilot, Lieutenant jg Joseph M. Ostdiek of Minneapolis, navigator, and Aviation Radioman 1/c Joe Carlotta of Chicago.

The six men walked toward them. The Mangbetu girls followed.

They met the fliers midway between the river and the quonsets. The airmen looked at Stern, McCarthy and Harris, then at the girls, then at Gueltemeyer's group. They didn't understand.

"They told us there were only three of you to pick up. You're six men, and why are the other three wearing German equipment?"

"Because they're Germans," Mike said. Gueltemeyer smiled, but he was wary. He still had no intention of becoming a POW.

The airmen looked the Germans over, studied the Lugers, jack boots, tunics. Lieutenant Johnson stepped back. "By God! What's going on here?"

"A lot," Stern said. "Believe it or not, these men are are our friends."

"Not your POWs?"

"No sir," Stern said, and told him what had happened. When he had finished, the air crewmen were shaking their heads.

"I've heard of everything now," Johnson mumbled. "And your agreement about not taking each other POWs will be respected, as far as I'm concerned."

The men and the girls went to the quonsets. Harris opened bottles of beer. The airmen couldn't keep their eyes off the Germans. The whole affair was still too strange.

While they were drinking beer and talking about the past weeks, Gueltemeyer asked Johnson if he would take him and the other Germans with him and put them down before they arrived in British territory. "Three of us in this jungle," he said, "would not live long."

Johnson balked. Not taking them prisoner was one thing. Helping them was another.

It wasn't easy for Stern to persuade Johnson into going along with this request, but he agreed finally at Stern's insistence.

After the beer, the girls followed the men to the wharf and watched them leave. Two hours later the seaplane landed on a river on the border of Spanish Guinea and Johnson taxied near the bank. "We will find our way to the German consul," Gueltemeyer said. "He will arrange for us to rejoin our unit."

Gueltemeyer and his two soldiers jumped out of the hatch of the plane and began to wade ashore. Stern called to him. Gueltemeyer turned, standing in knee-deep water.

"Good-by, Otto," Stern said. "There's nothing more to say than that, I guess. You go back to your war. I go back to mine."

"That's right. Nothing more to say. I'm glad I met you, Mike."

"Same here, Otto."

Stern leaned out the hatch and extended his arm. They shook hands. Then Gueltemeyer turned and waded to his men.

STERN slammed the door and the seaplane took off again. As it lifted from the water, Stern could see the three German soldiers walking into the jungle.

Several hours later they landed at the RAF base near Idaban, British Nigeria, then flew on to Freetown the next day. There they reported the incident to Navy headquarters, where the officers listened in amazement, but let the matter rest. A few days later, Stern, McCarthy and Harris were assigned to other duty.

They never heard from Gueltemeyer or the others again. ◆◆◆

While Stern and Gueltemeyer stood under the shower, the girls kept the tub filled.

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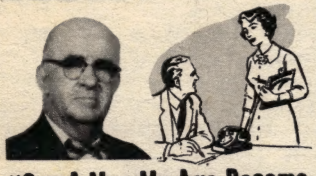

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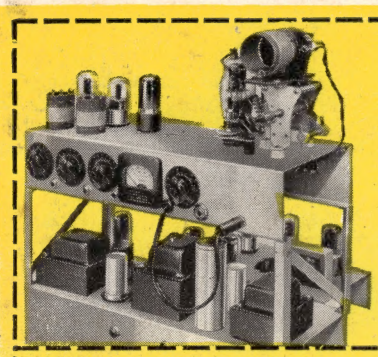

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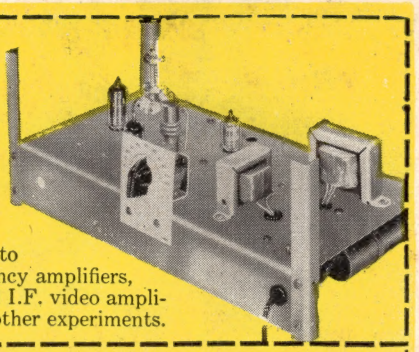

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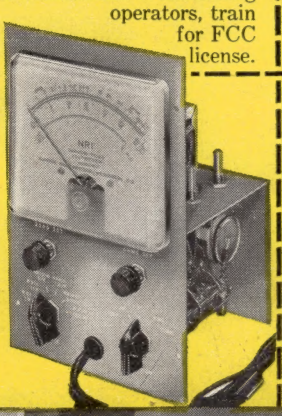

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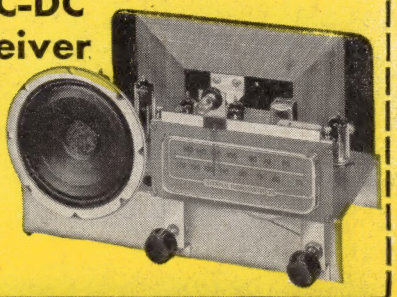
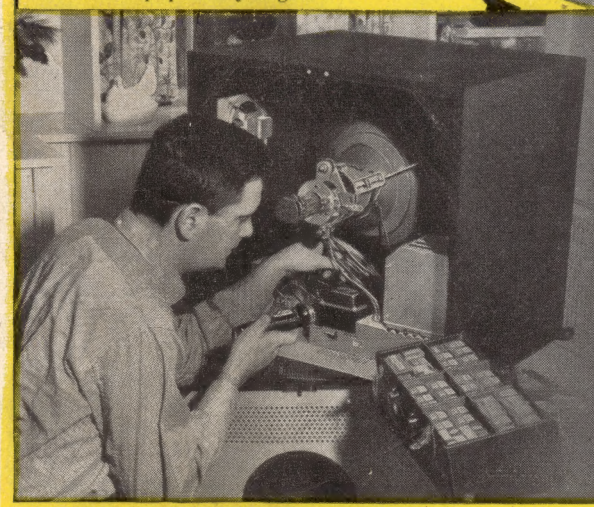




Learn RADIO TELEVISION

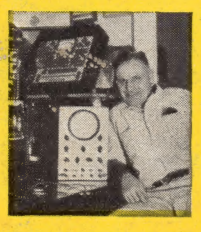
by Practicing at Home

WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGCU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.

Paid for Instruments



"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.

Has Own TV Business

"We have an appliance store with our Radio and TV servicing, and get TV repairs. During my Army service, NRI training helped get me a top rated job." W. M. WEIDNER, Fairfax, South Dakota.

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Fast Growing Field Offers Good Pay, Bright Future

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It's the trained man who gets ahead. The fellow who uses his spare time to develop knowledge and skill gets the better job, drives a better car, lives in a better home, is respected for what he knows and can do. So plan now to get into Radio-TV.

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